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KLAW & ERLANGER'S PRODUCTION OF

THE GRAND MOGUL

A MUSICAL COMEDY

LYRICS BY
FRANK PIXLEY

MUSIC BY
GUSTAV LUDERS

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON SAN FRANCISCO.
JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG AND VIENNA
ALLAN & CO. MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
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1918

THE GRAND MOGUL.

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts.

Produced under the Management of

KLAW and ERLANGER.

Book and Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hon. Josephus Walker, Provisional Governor of Hawaii. . . . . JOHN DUNSMURE.

Lieut. Commander Newton, in command of U.S. Gunboat "Yorktown" . . GEORGE MOORE.

Lofty Baldwin, an aeronaut with soaring ambitions . . . . . W. H. MACART.

Prof. Muggs, F. R. G. S., traveling in the interest of science . . . SAGER MIDGLEY.

Jack Marlin, skipper of the schooner "Kate Flyaway". . . . . J. K. ADAMS.

Hannibal, colored body servant to Gov. Walker . . . . . A. SEYMOUR BROWN.

Yu Li, celestial assistant to Baldwin . . . . . EUGENE MOULAN.

The Grand Mogul, ruler of the Island of Inde. . . . . JOHN DUNSMURE.

Lumbago, the Mogul's Prime Minister . . . . . A. SEYMOUR BROWN.

Ruth Walker, daughter of Gov. Walker . . . . . MAUD LILLIAN BERRI.

Lola, a half-caste Kanaka girl . . . . . EDITH ST. CLAIR.

Dolly Muggs, daughter of Prof. Muggs. . . . . CARRIE REYNOLDS.

Fuzzywudge, the Mogul's wife . . . . . PHOEBE COYNE.

Middy, messenger to Newton . . . . . PAULINE THORNE.

and

G. Washington Barker, a former circus side-showman . . . . . FRANK MOULAN.

Synopsis of Scenes.

ACT I. Grounds of the Royal Palace at Honolulu.

ACT II. Throne Roon of the Grand Mogul's Palace, Island of Inde.

ACT III. Fortified Square, outside of the Grand Mogul's Palace.
The next morning.

TIME The Summer of 1898

Stage Manager HERBERT GRESHAM.

M.W.&SONS

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ACT II.

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ACT III.

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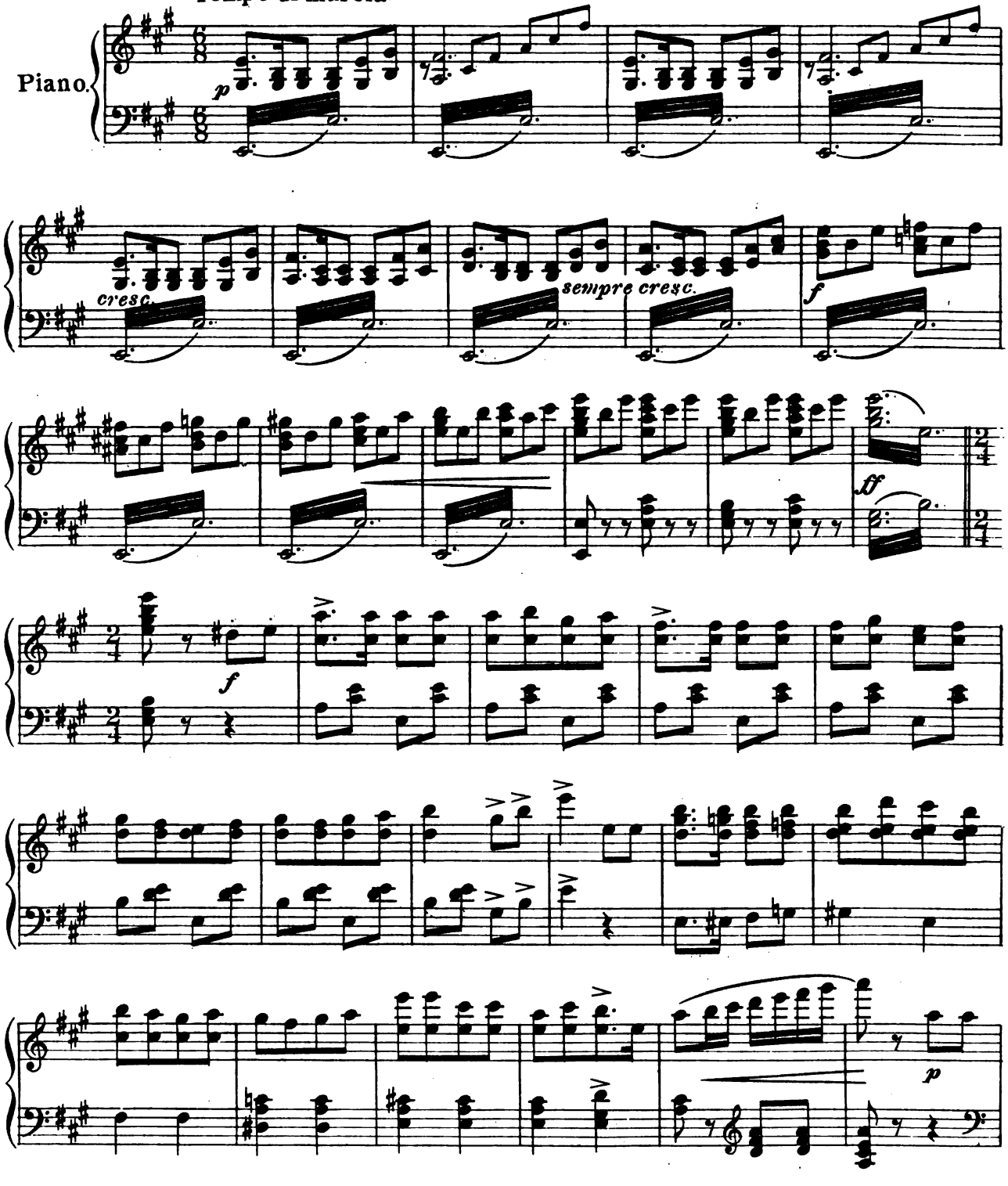
"The Grand Mogul."

Overture.

GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di marcia.



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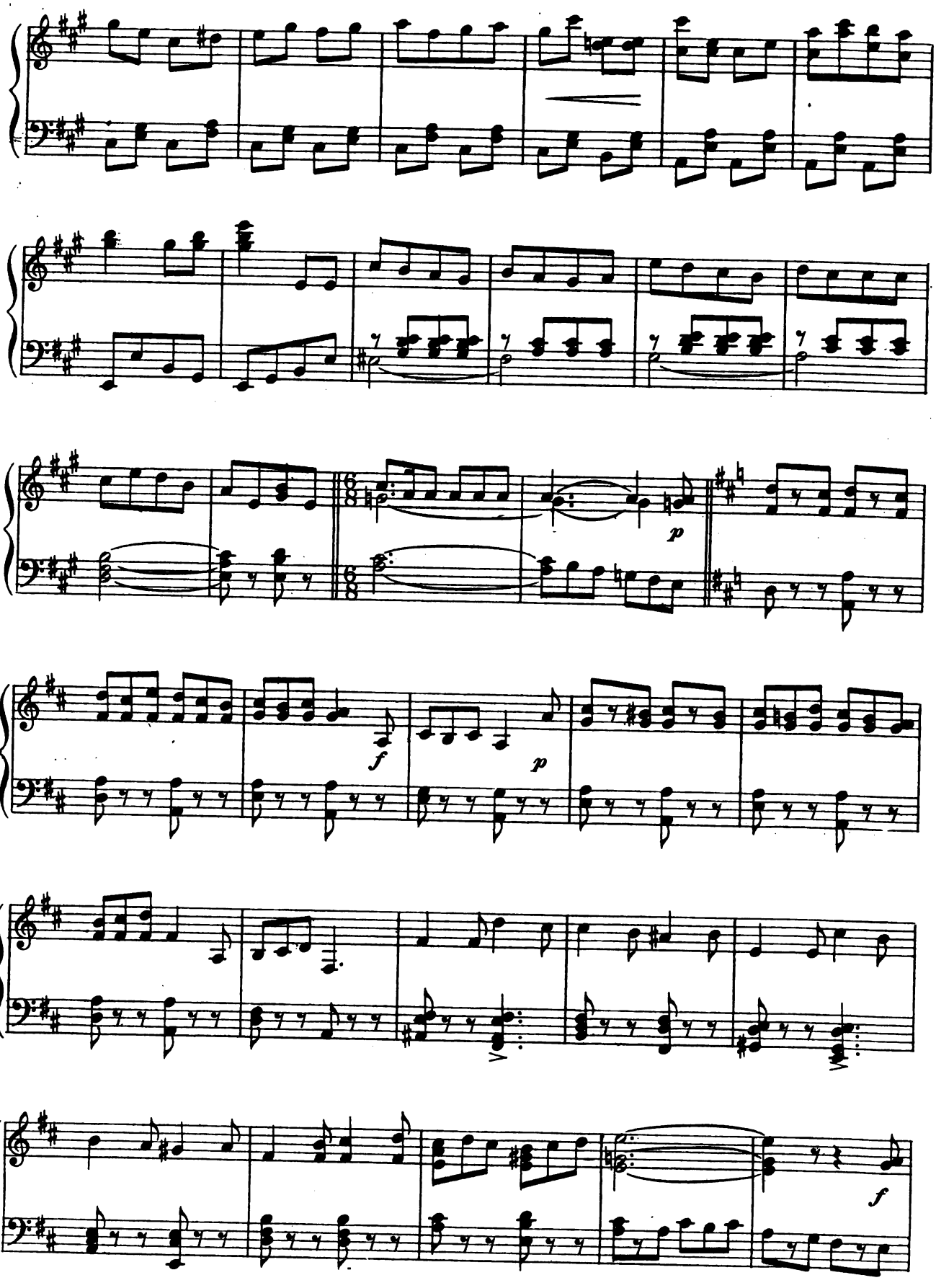
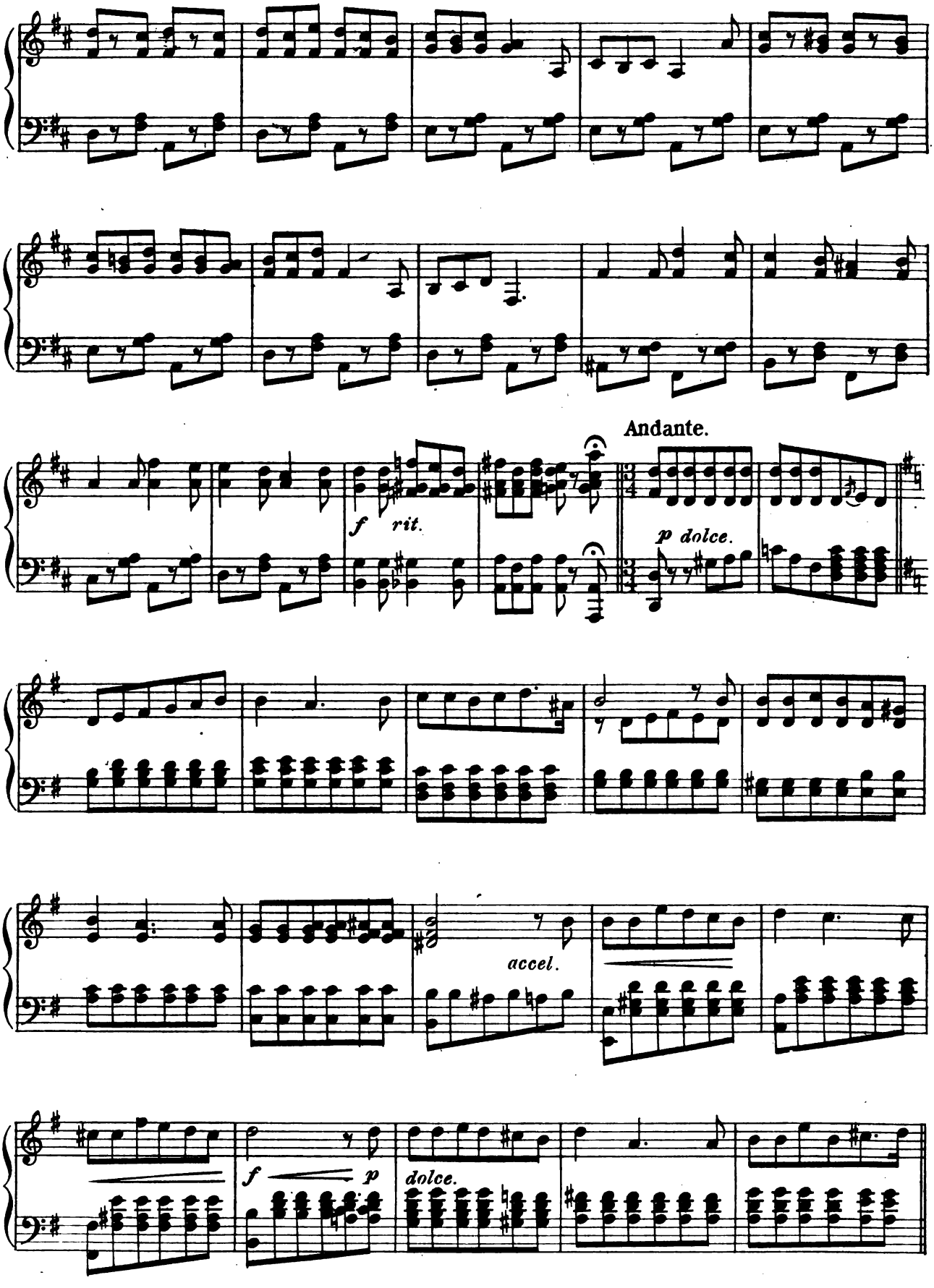
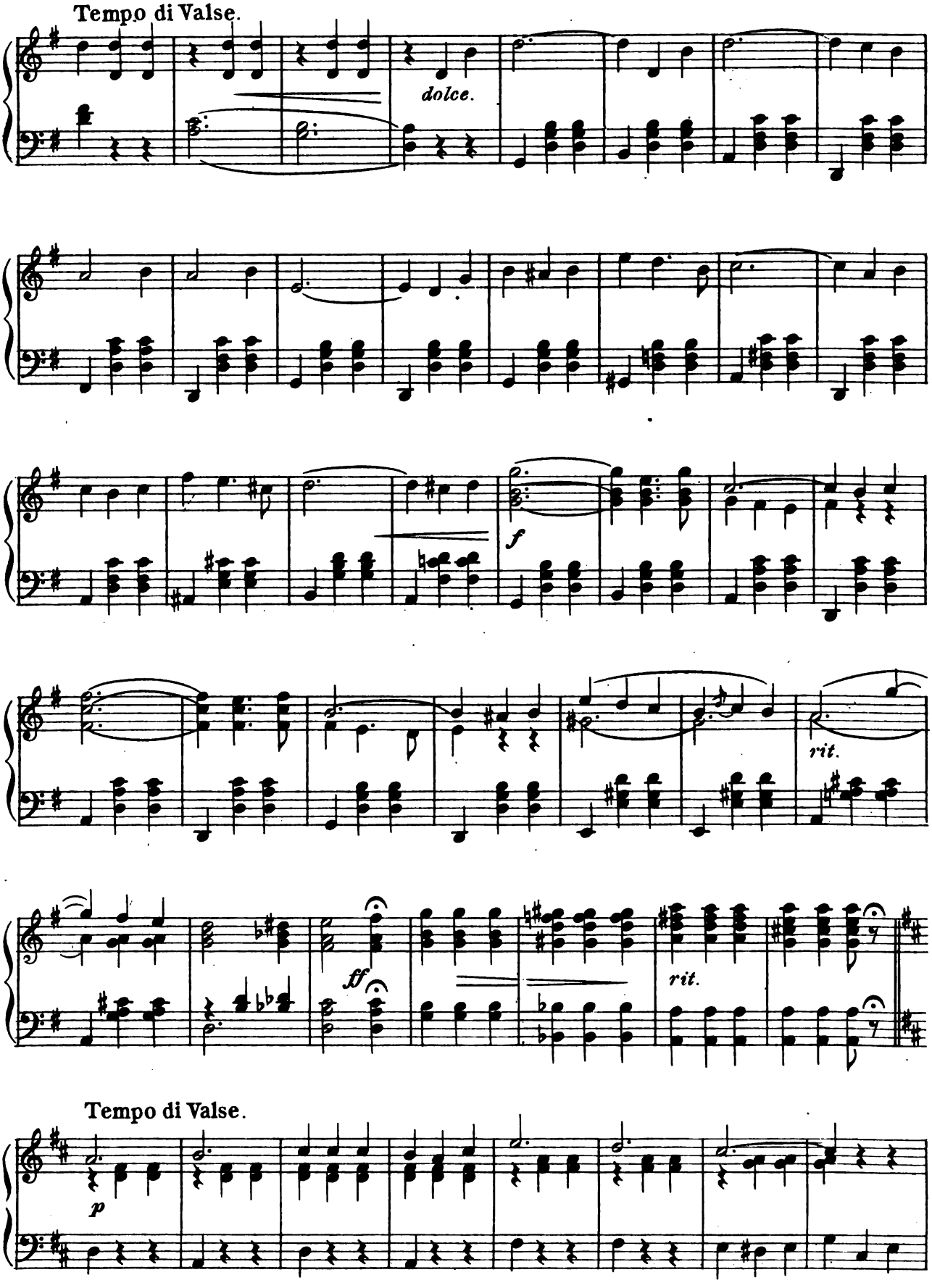
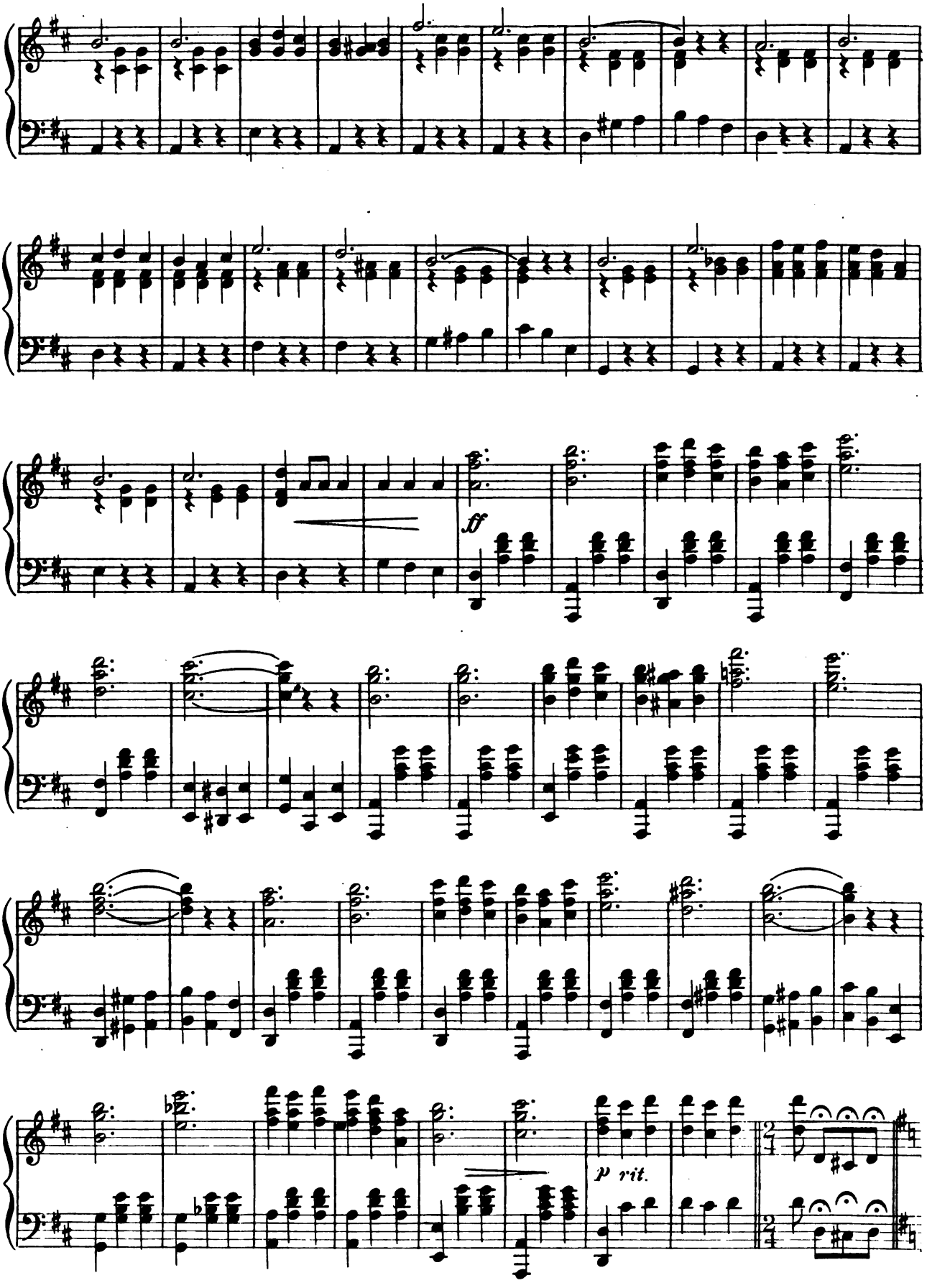
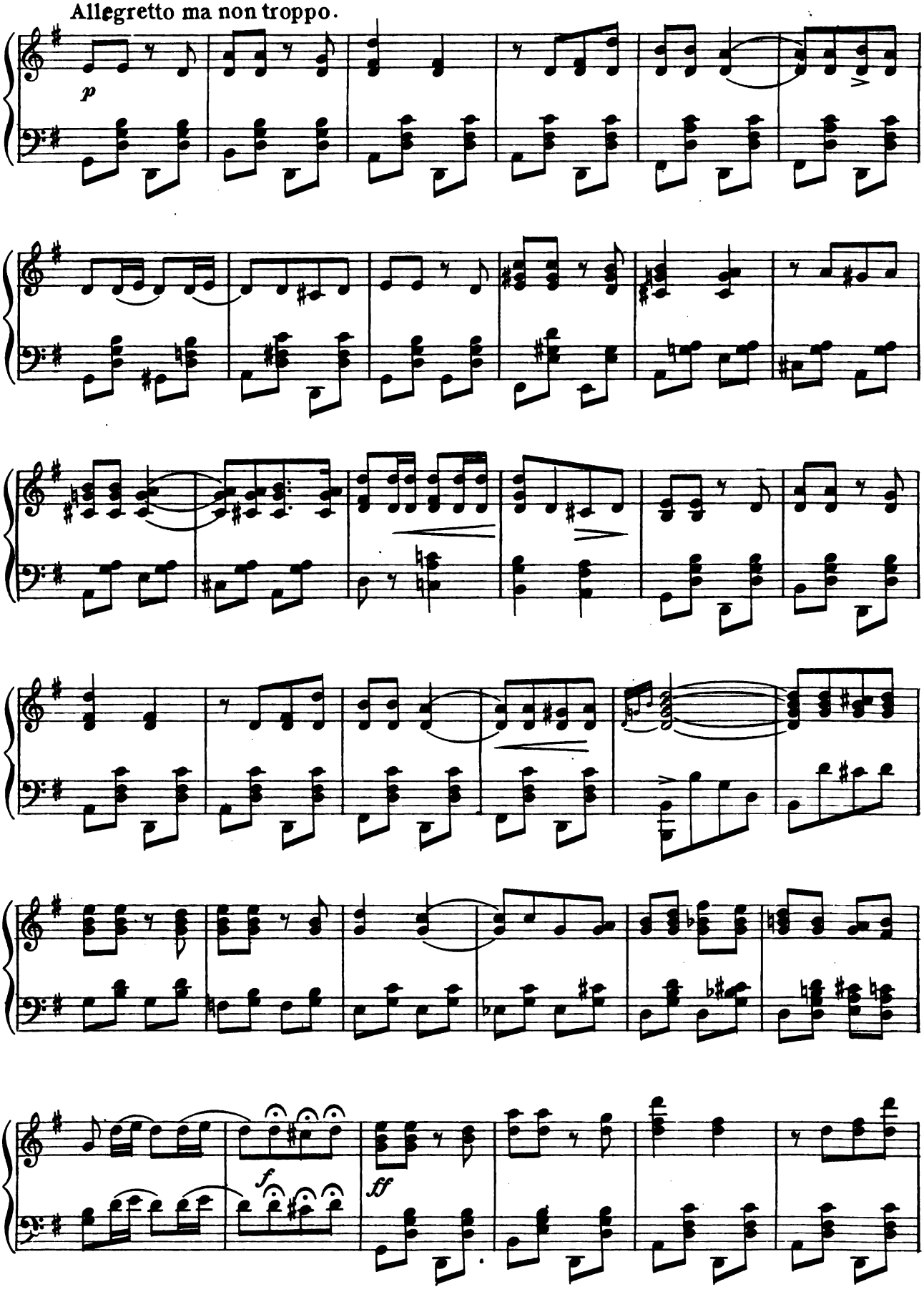

p
f
p
f

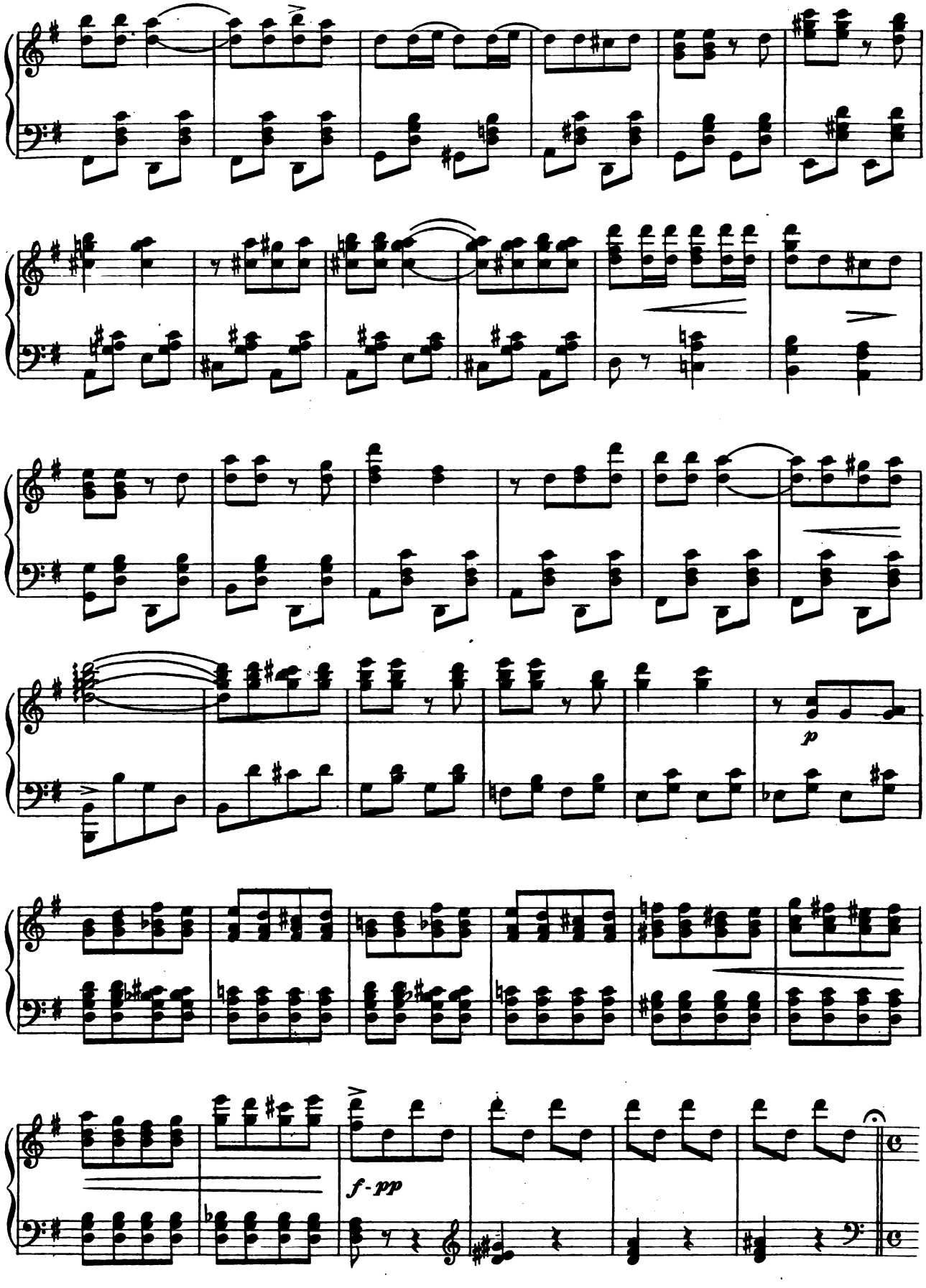

Andante.
f
rit.
p dolce.
accel.
f
p
dolce.

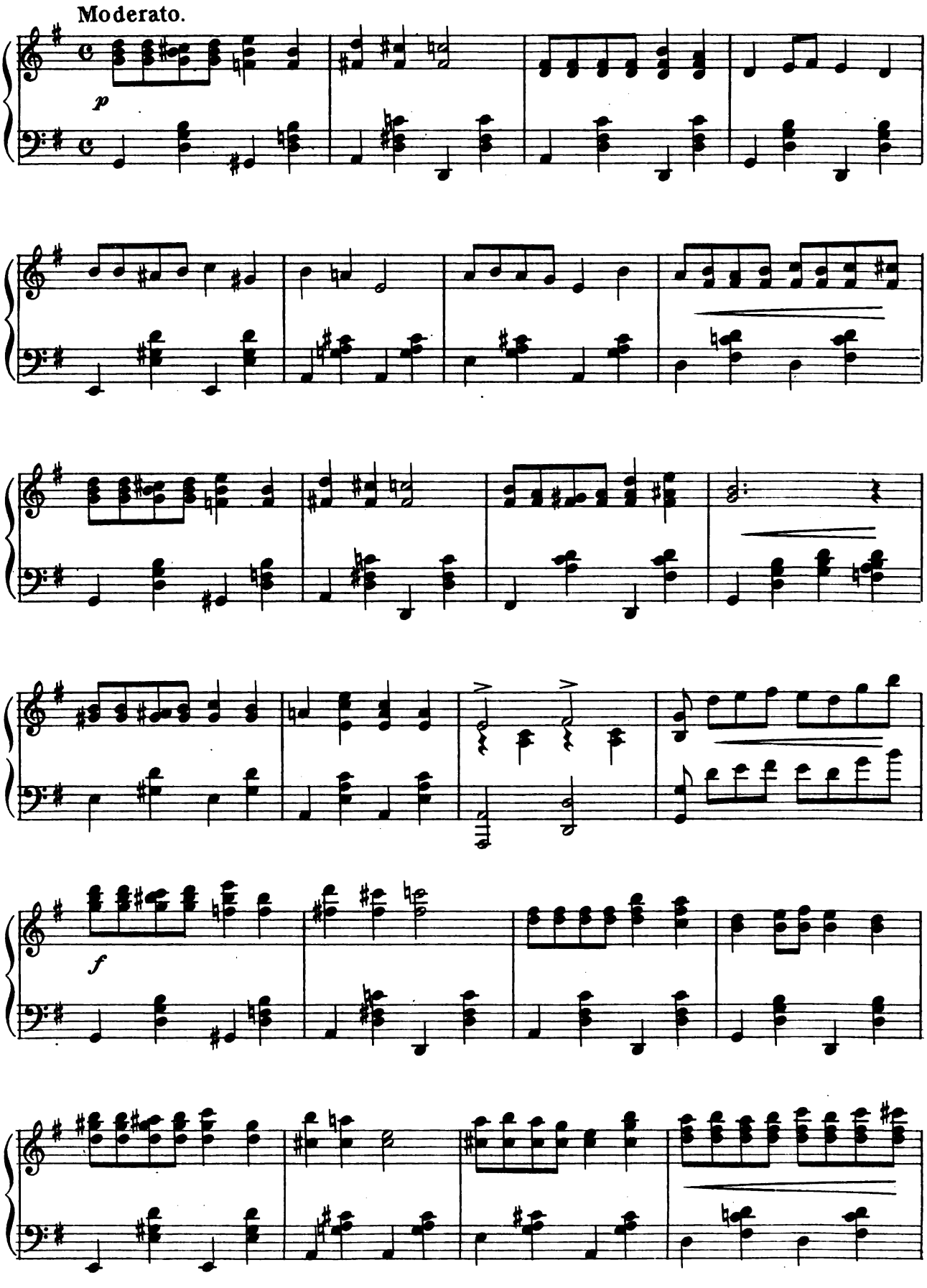

Tempo di Valse.
dolce.
f
rit.
ff
rit.
Tempo di Valse.
p

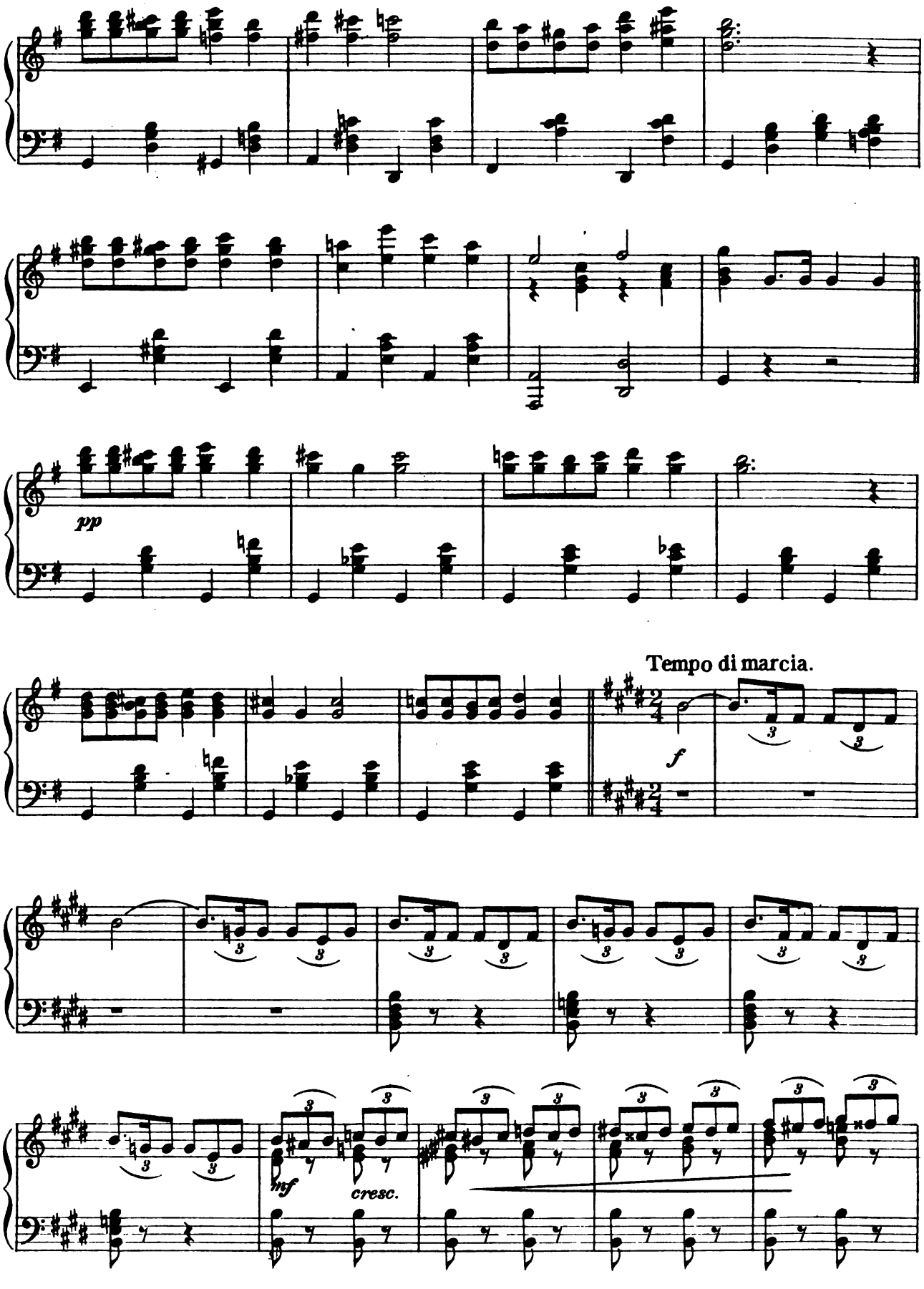

ff
p rit.

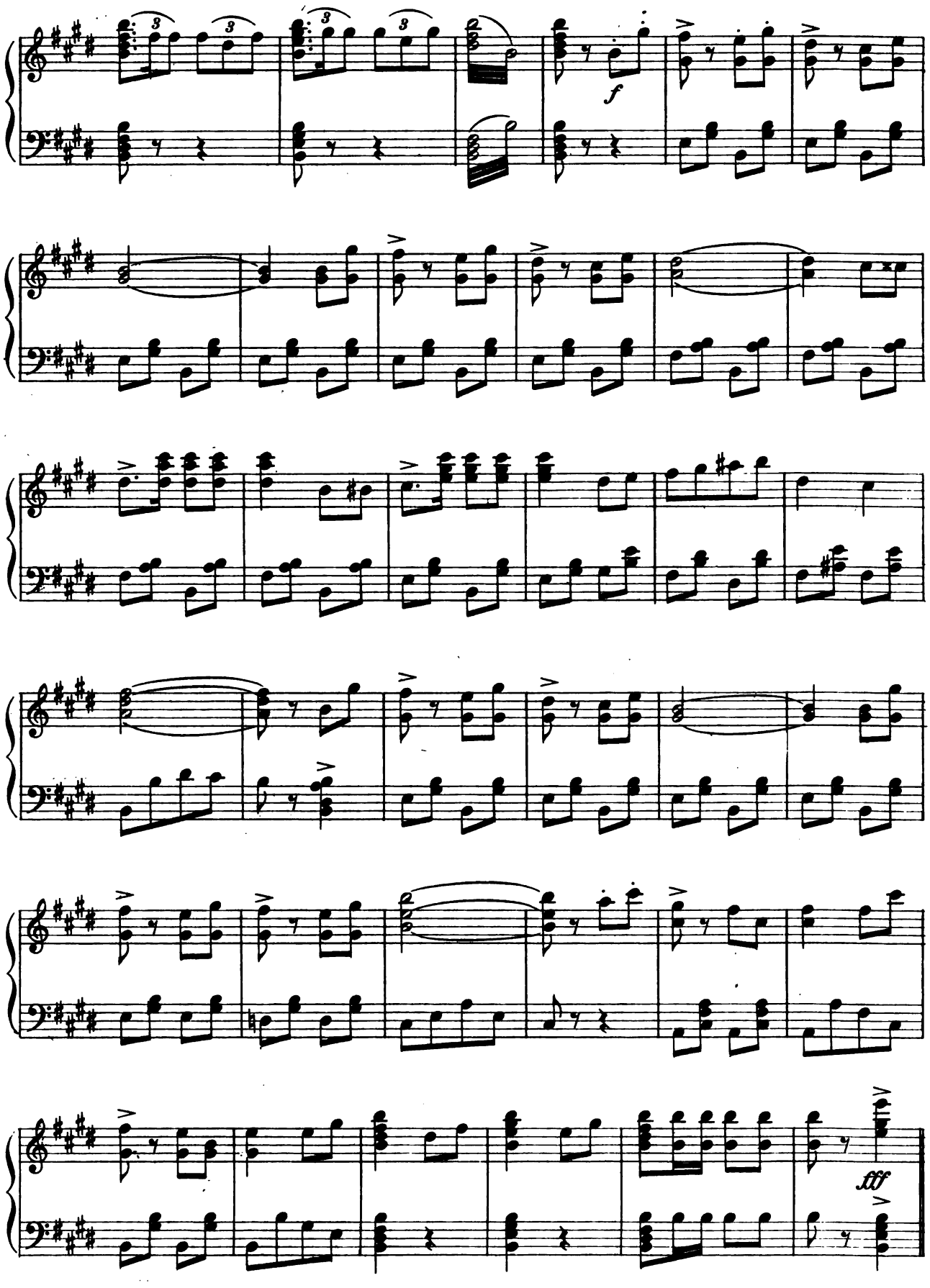
Allegretto ma non troppo.

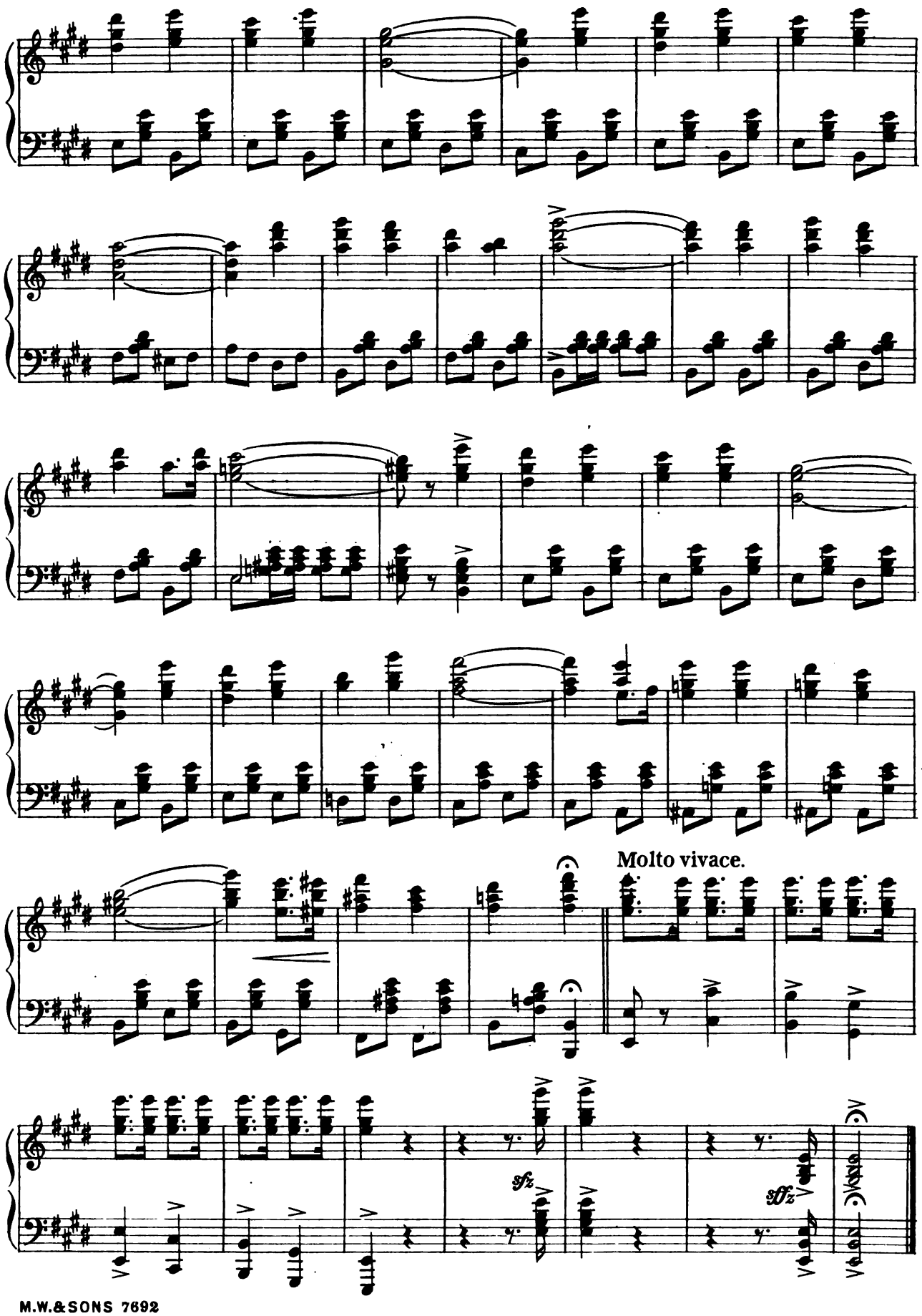



p
f - pp


Moderato.
p
f


pp
Tempo di marcia.
f
mf
cresc.


f
fff


Molto vivace.
sfz
sfz

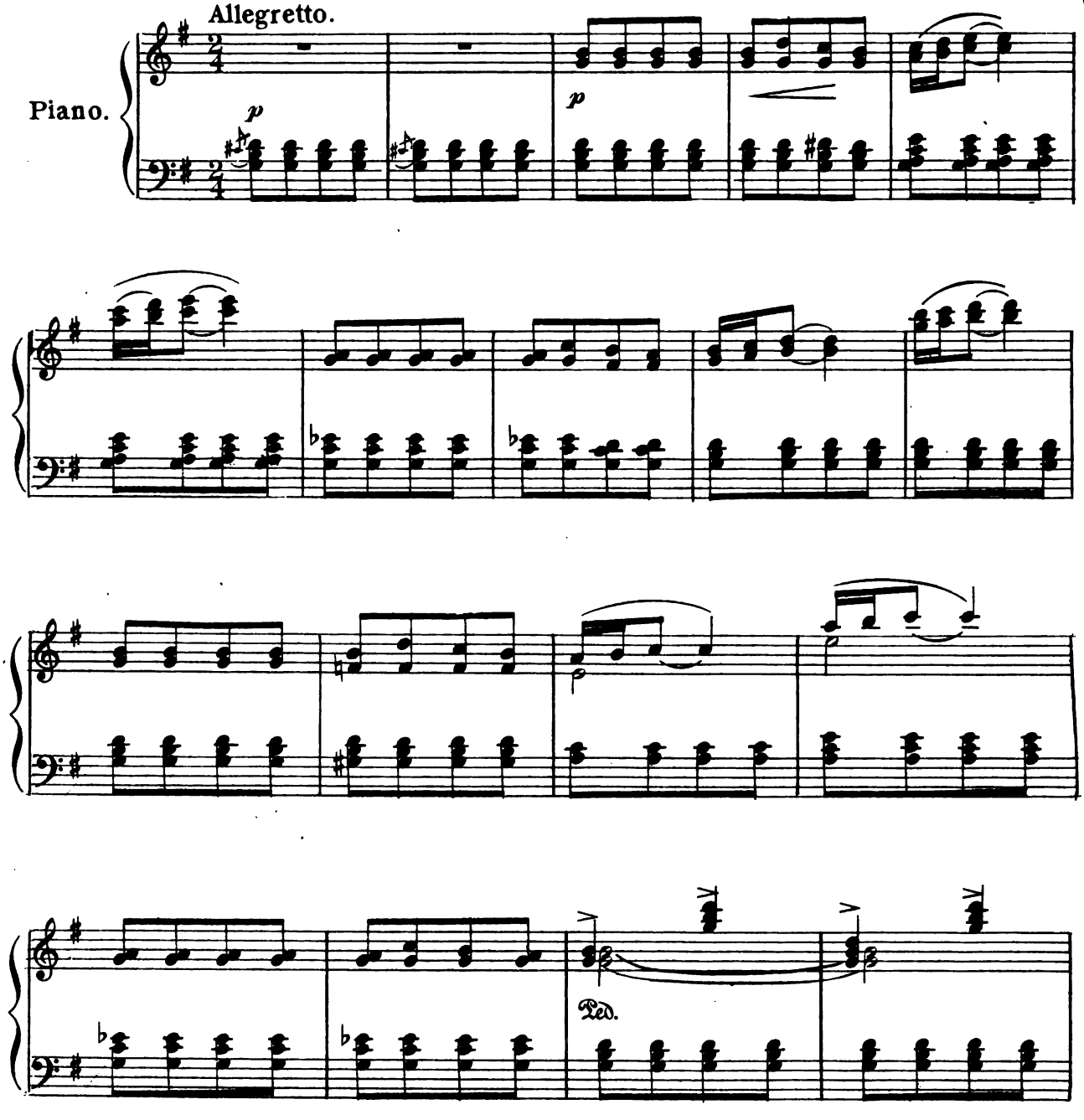
ACT I.

No 1. Opening Chorus.

A ENSEMBLE "Gently Through The Palms."
B-SOLO Lola "Honolulu."
C-Entrance of Governor.
D-SOLO Governor "Annexation."

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LÜDERS.



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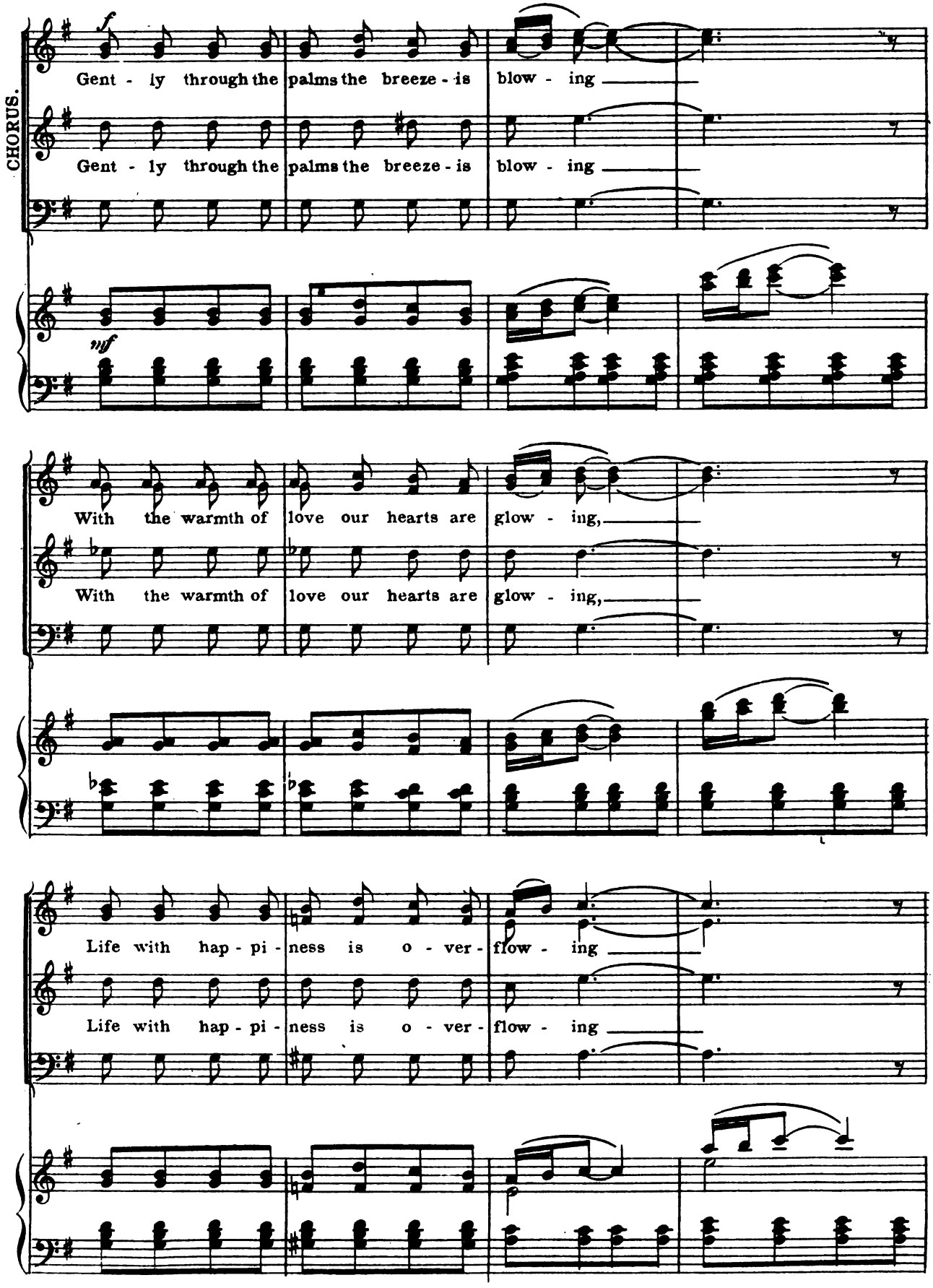
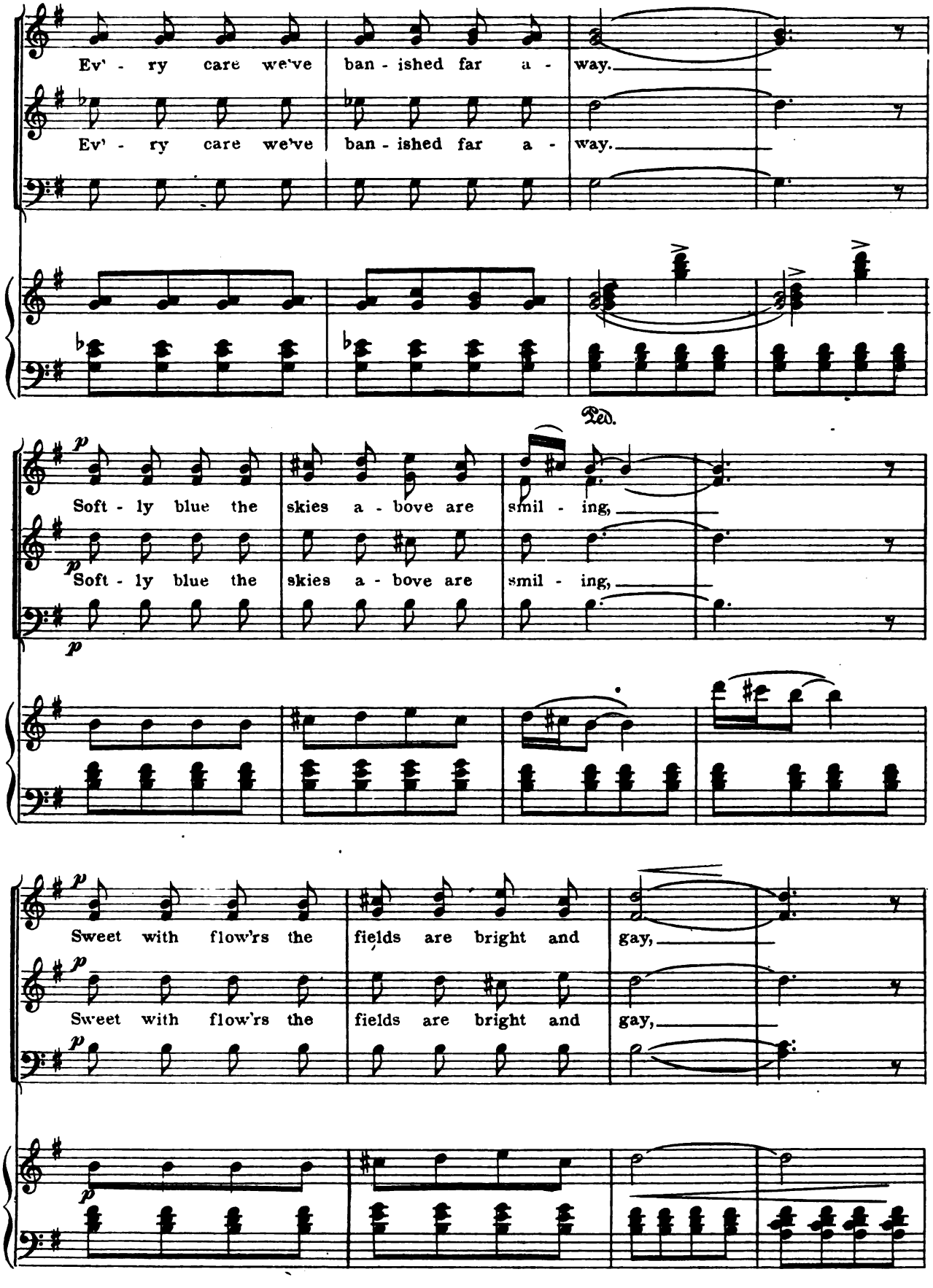
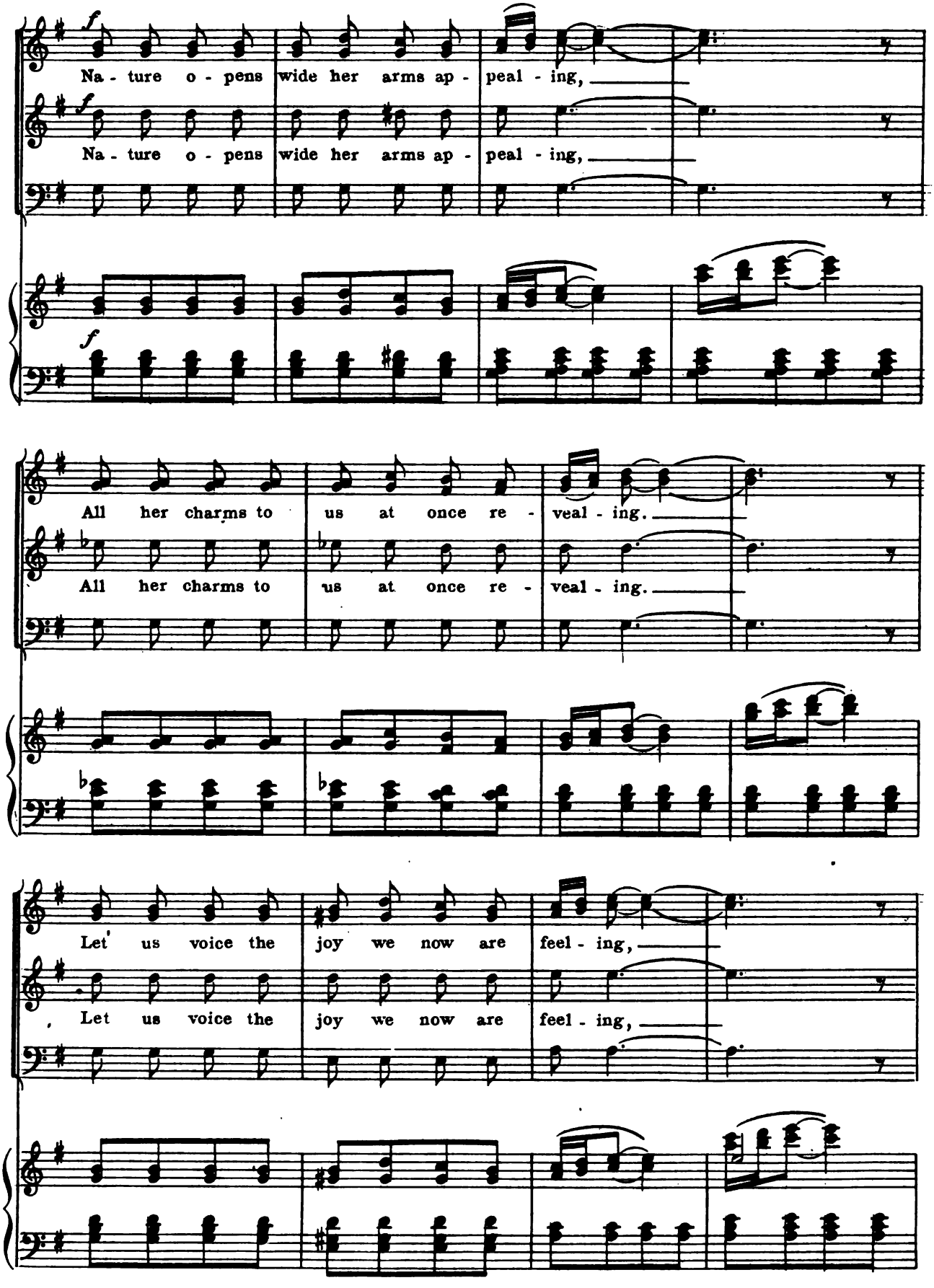
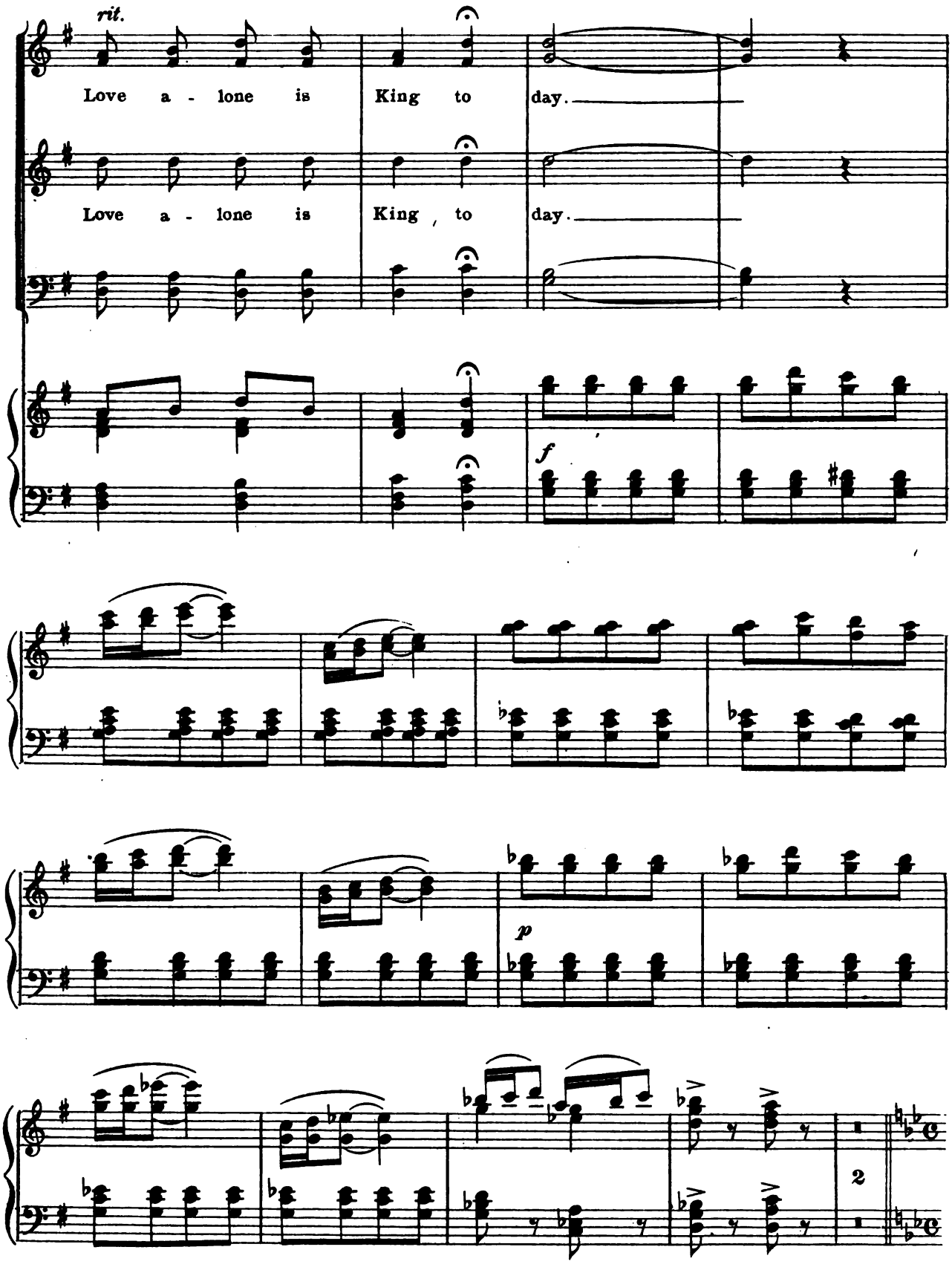

CHORUS.
f
Gent - ly through the palms the breeze - is blow - ing
Gent - ly through the palms the breeze - is blow - ing
mf
With the warmth of love our hearts are glow - ing,
With the warmth of love our hearts are glow - ing,
Life with hap - pi - ness is o - ver - flow - ing
Life with hap - pi - ness is o - ver - flow - ing

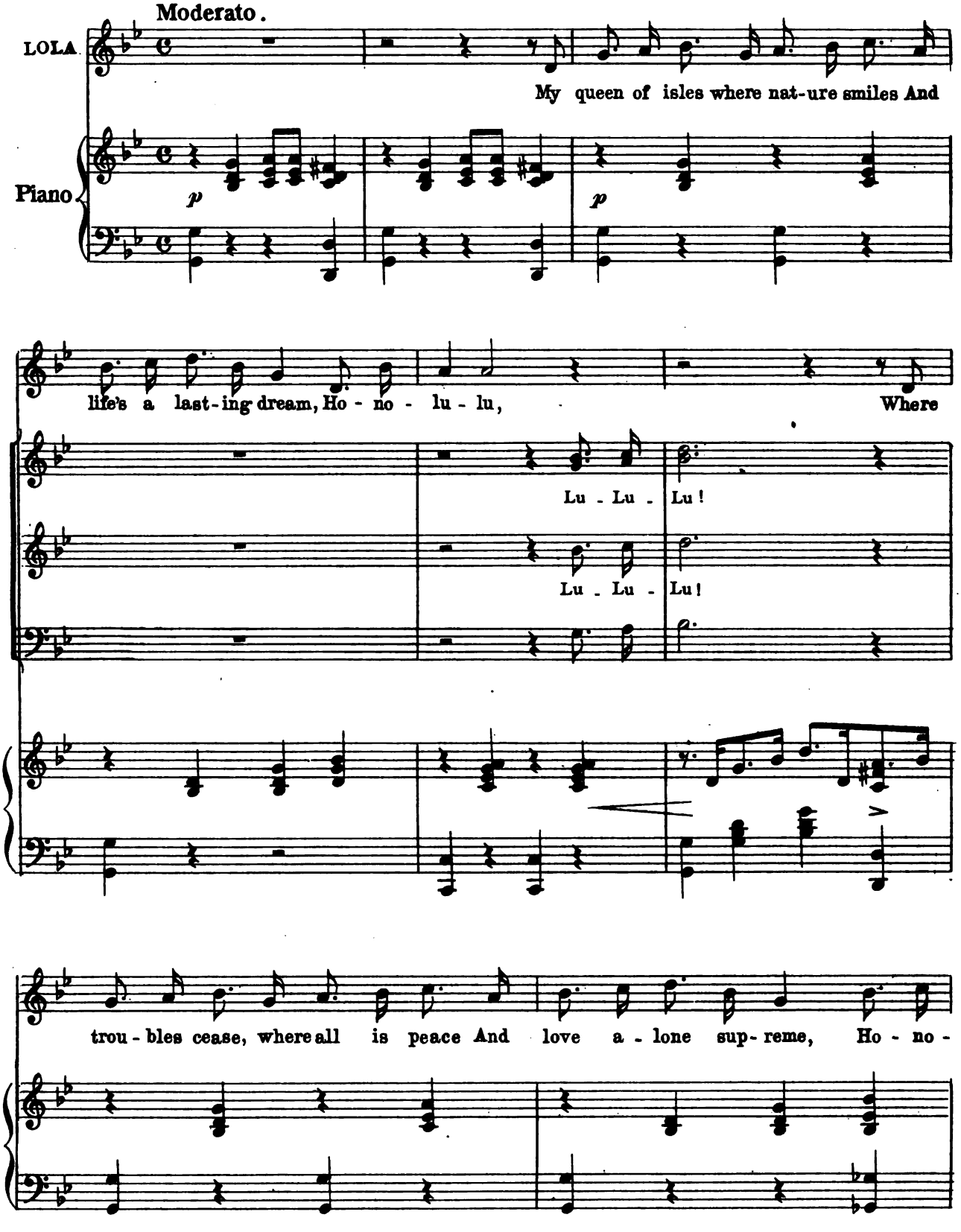

Ev' - ry care we've ban - ished far a - way.
Ev' - ry care we've ban - ished far a - way.
Ped.
Soft - ly blue the skies a - bove are smil - ing,
Soft - ly blue the skies a - bove are smil - ing,
Sweet with flow'rs the fields are bright and gay,
Sweet with flow'rs the fields are bright and gay,

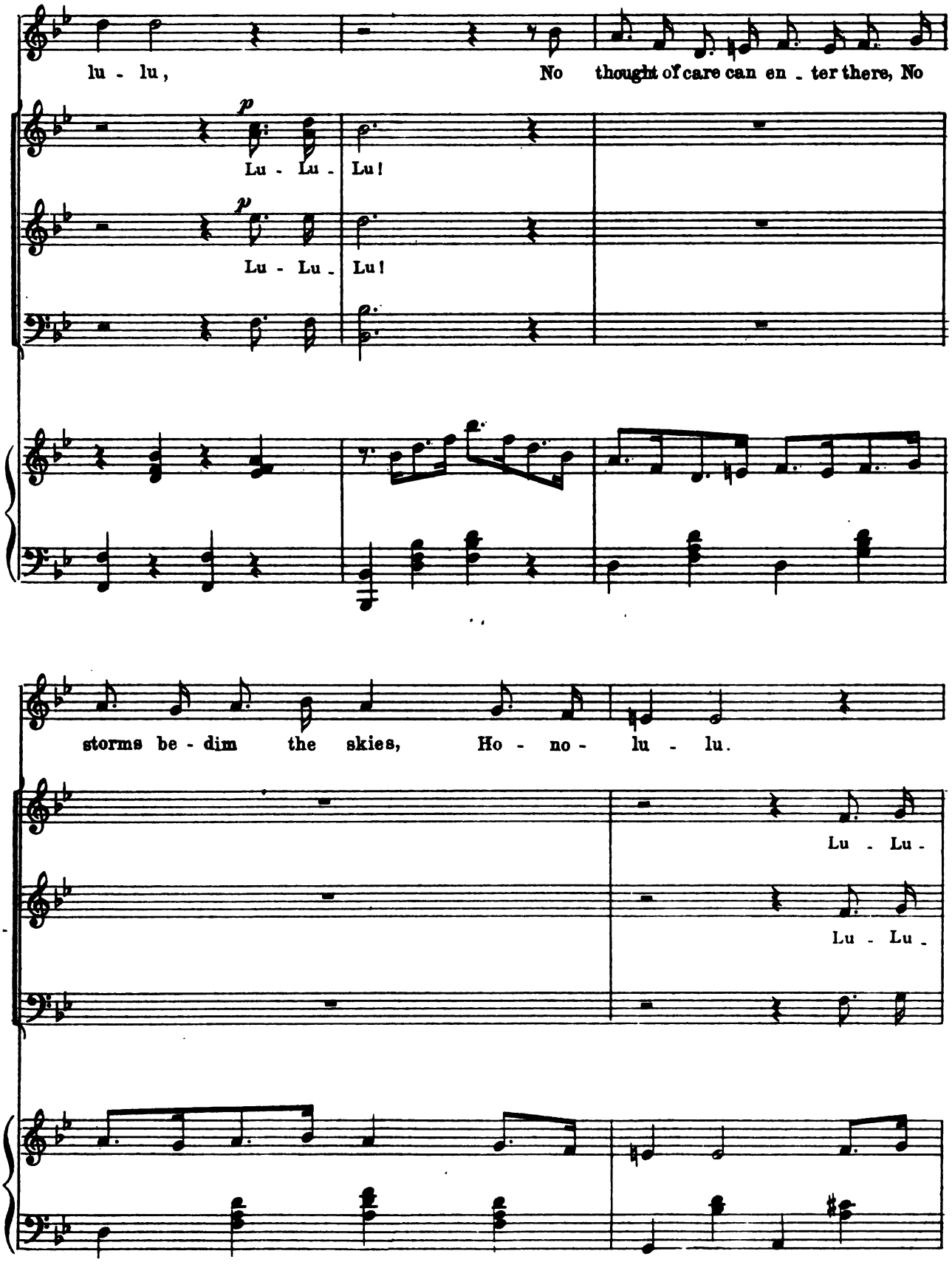

Na - ture o - pens wide her arms ap - peal - ing,
Na - ture o - pens wide her arms ap - peal - ing,
All her charms to us at once re - veal - ing.
All her charms to us at once re - veal - ing.
Let us voice the joy we now are feel - ing,
Let us voice the joy we now are feel - ing,

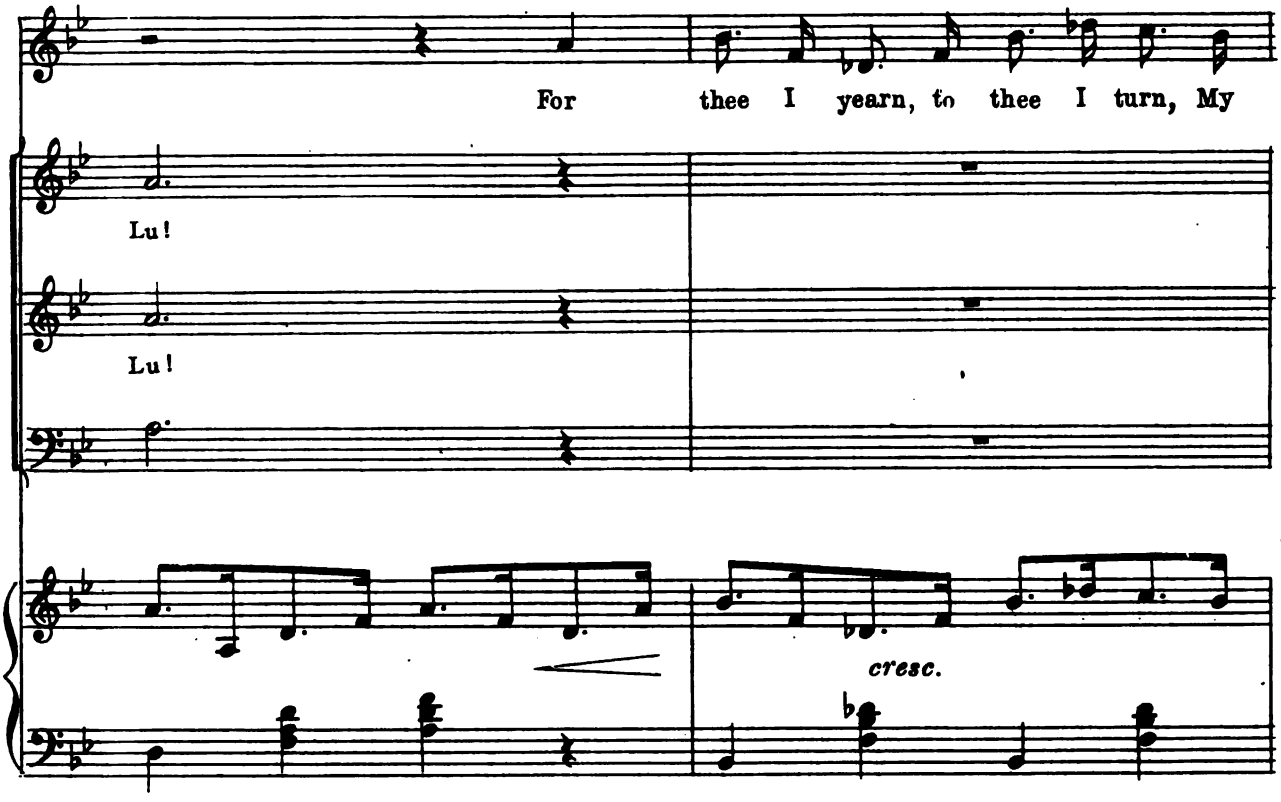

rit.
Love a - lone is King to day.
Love a - lone is King to day.
f
p
2

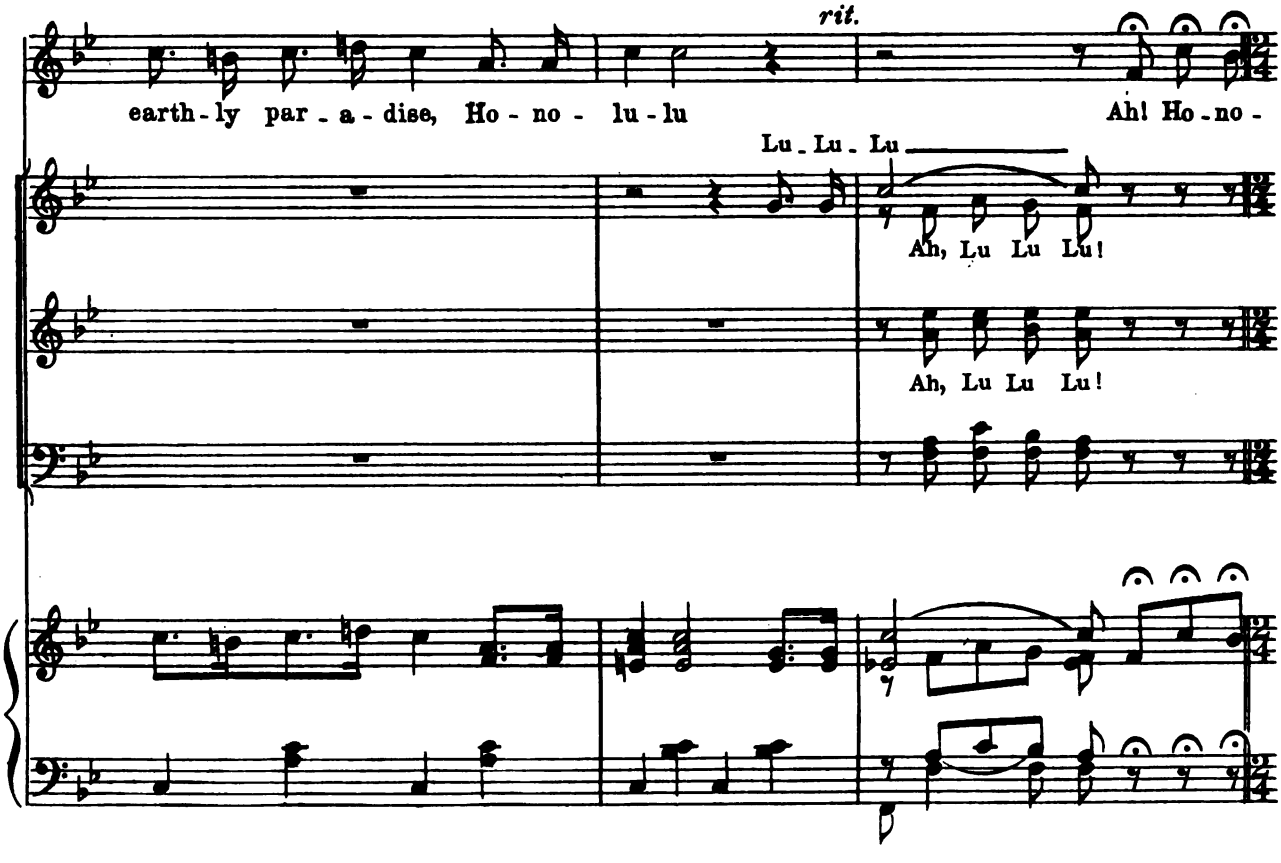
B "Honolulu."

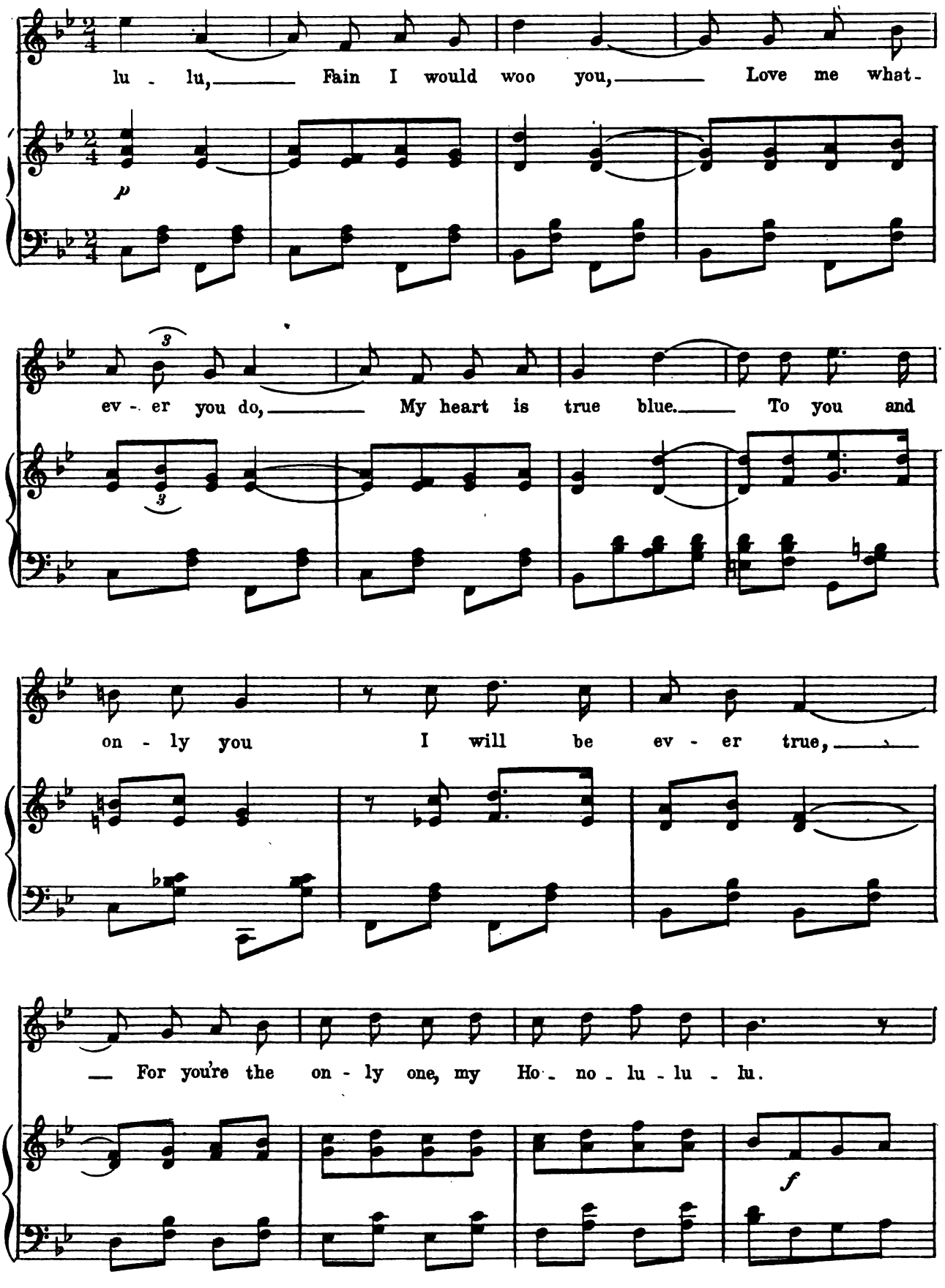
Lola.

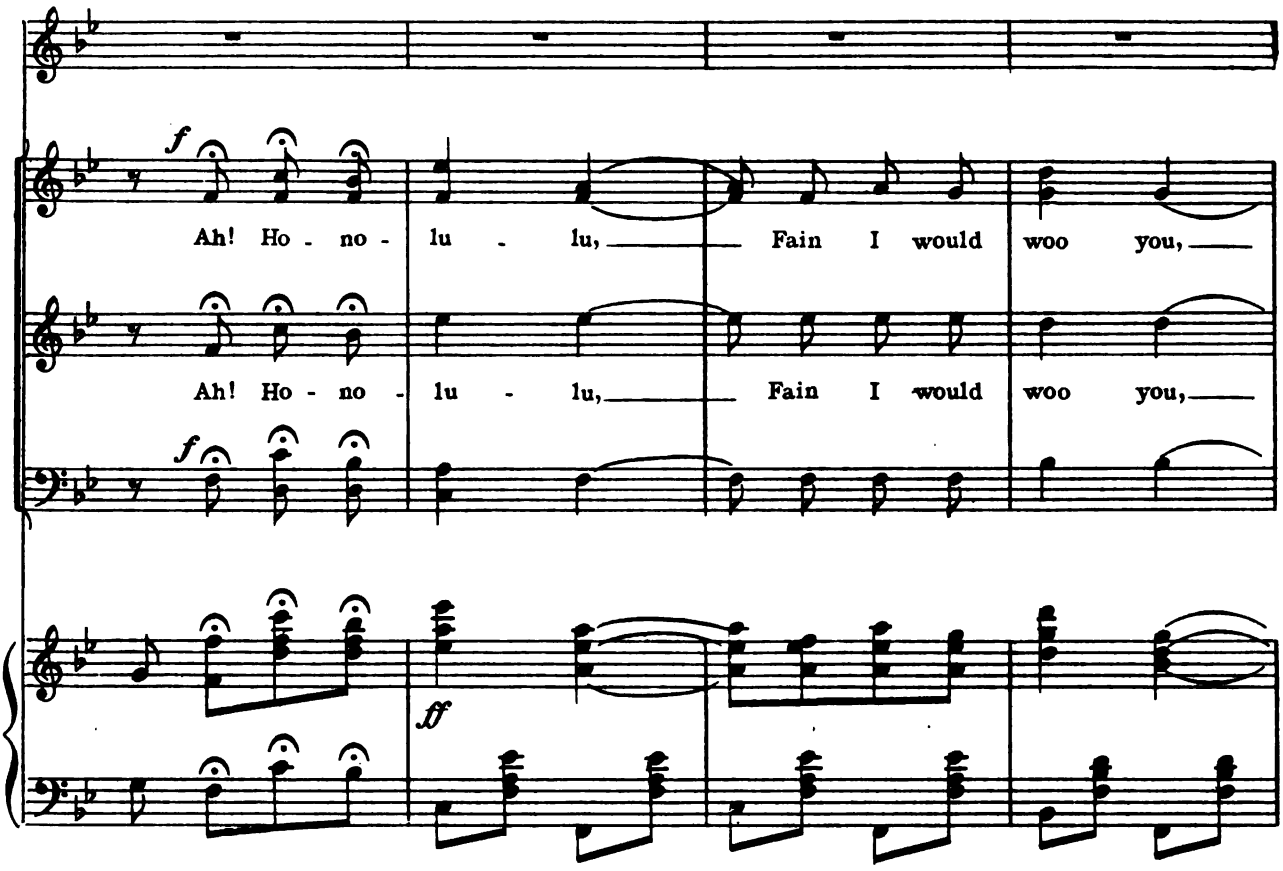


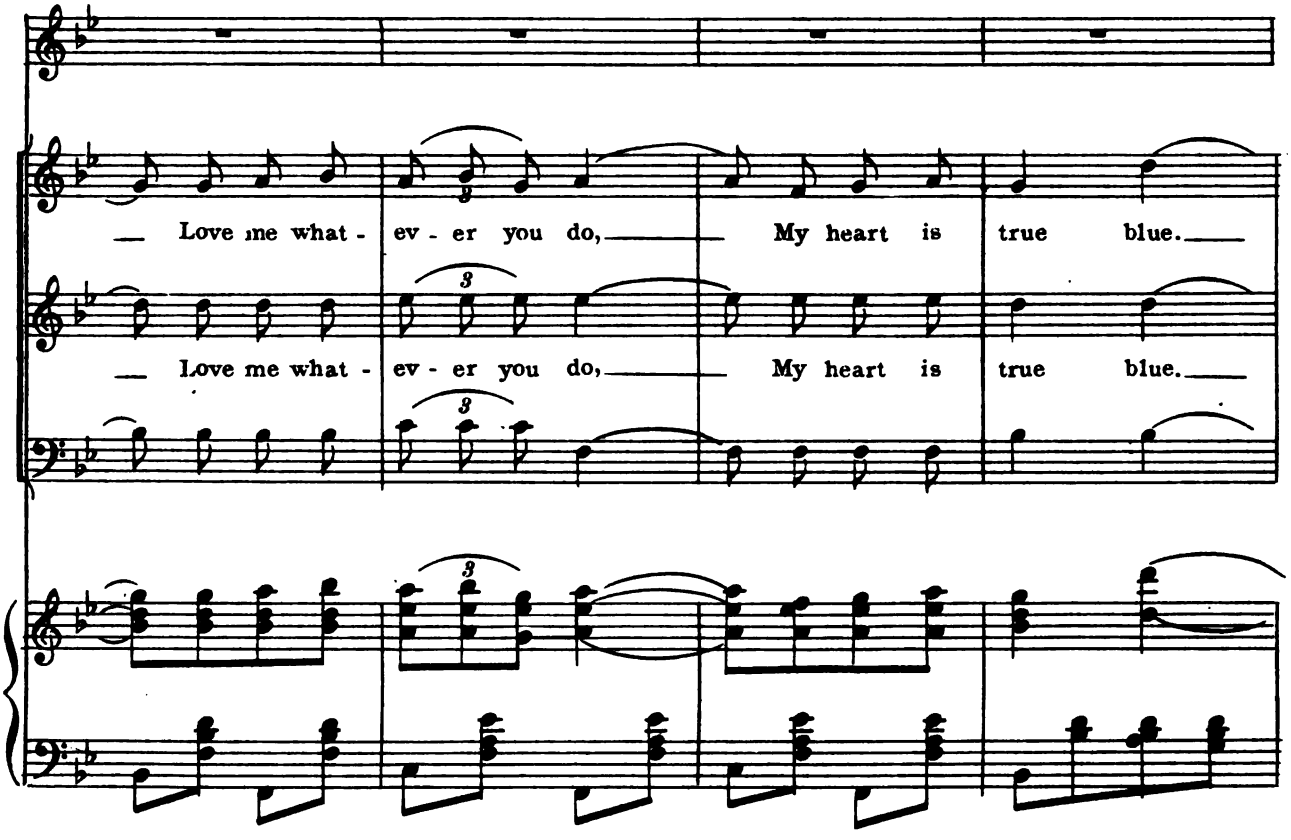

lu - lu,
No thought of care can en - ter there, No
p
Lu - Lu - Lu!
p
Lu - Lu - Lu!
storms be - dim the skies, Ho - no - lu - lu.
Lu - Lu -
Lu - Lu -

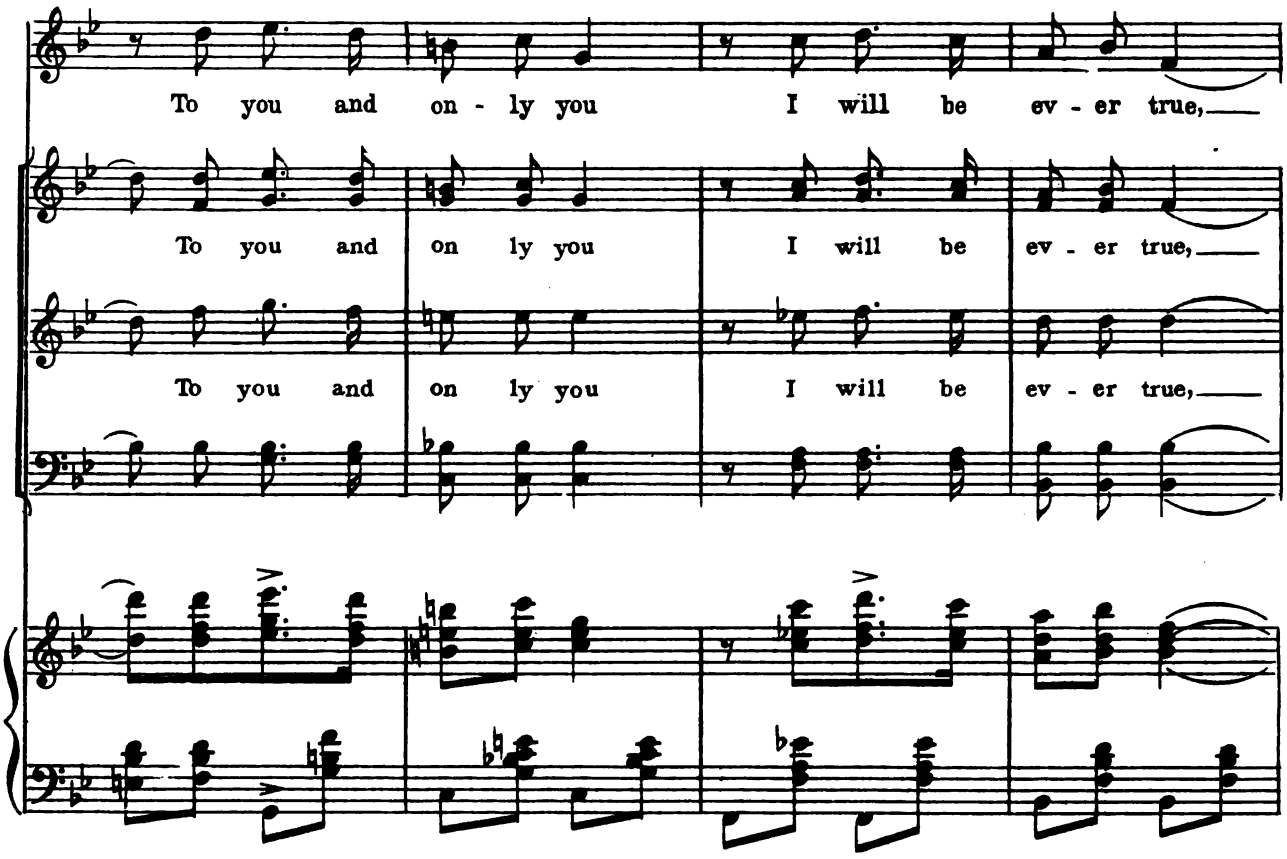

For thee I yearn, to thee I turn, My
Lu!
Lu!
cresc.

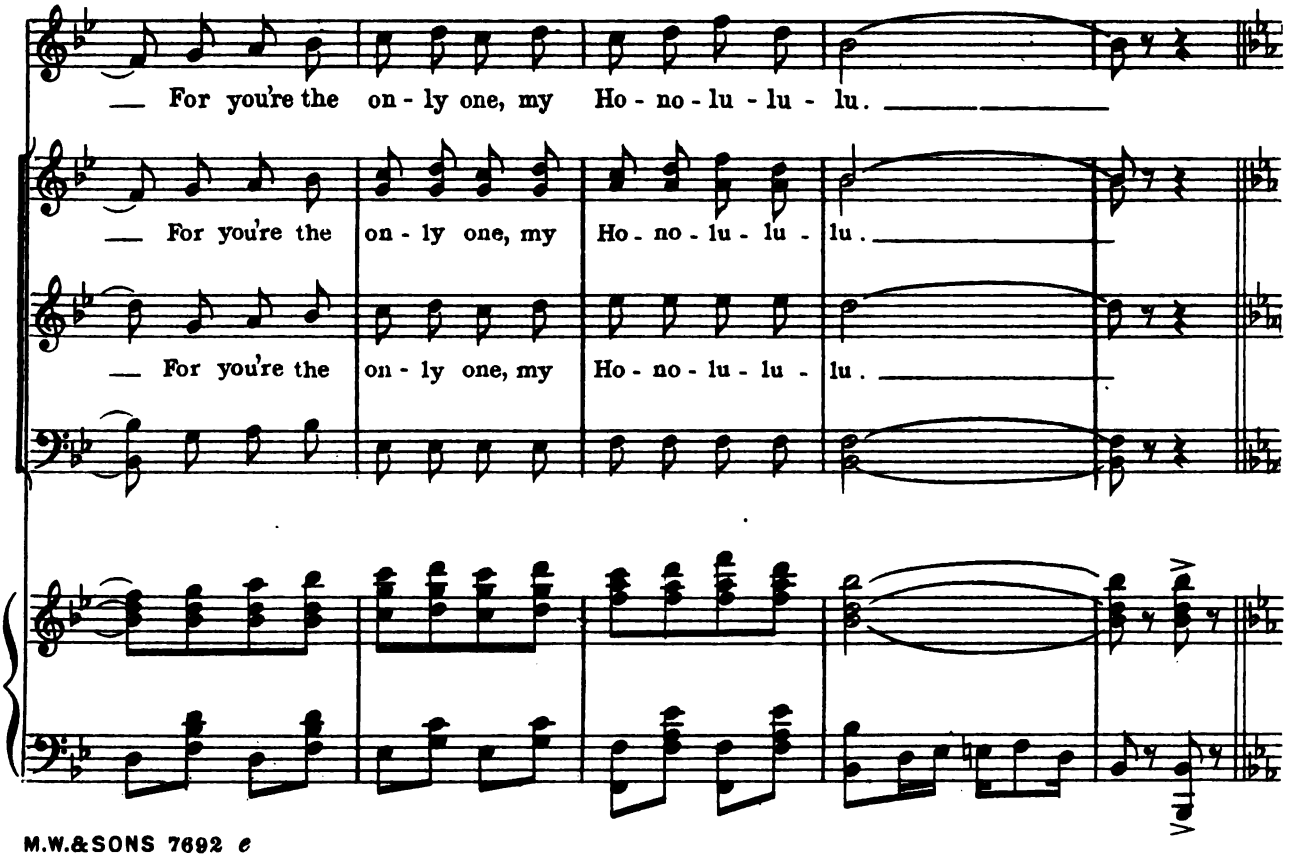

rit.
earth-ly par-a-dise, Ho-no-lu-lu
Ah! Ho-no-
Lu. Lu. Lu.
Ah, Lu Lu Lu!
Ah, Lu Lu Lu!


lu - lu, Fain I would woo you, Love me what-
p
ev - er you do, My heart is true blue. To you and
on - ly you I will be ev - er true,
For you're the on - ly one, my Ho - no - lu - lu - lu.
f

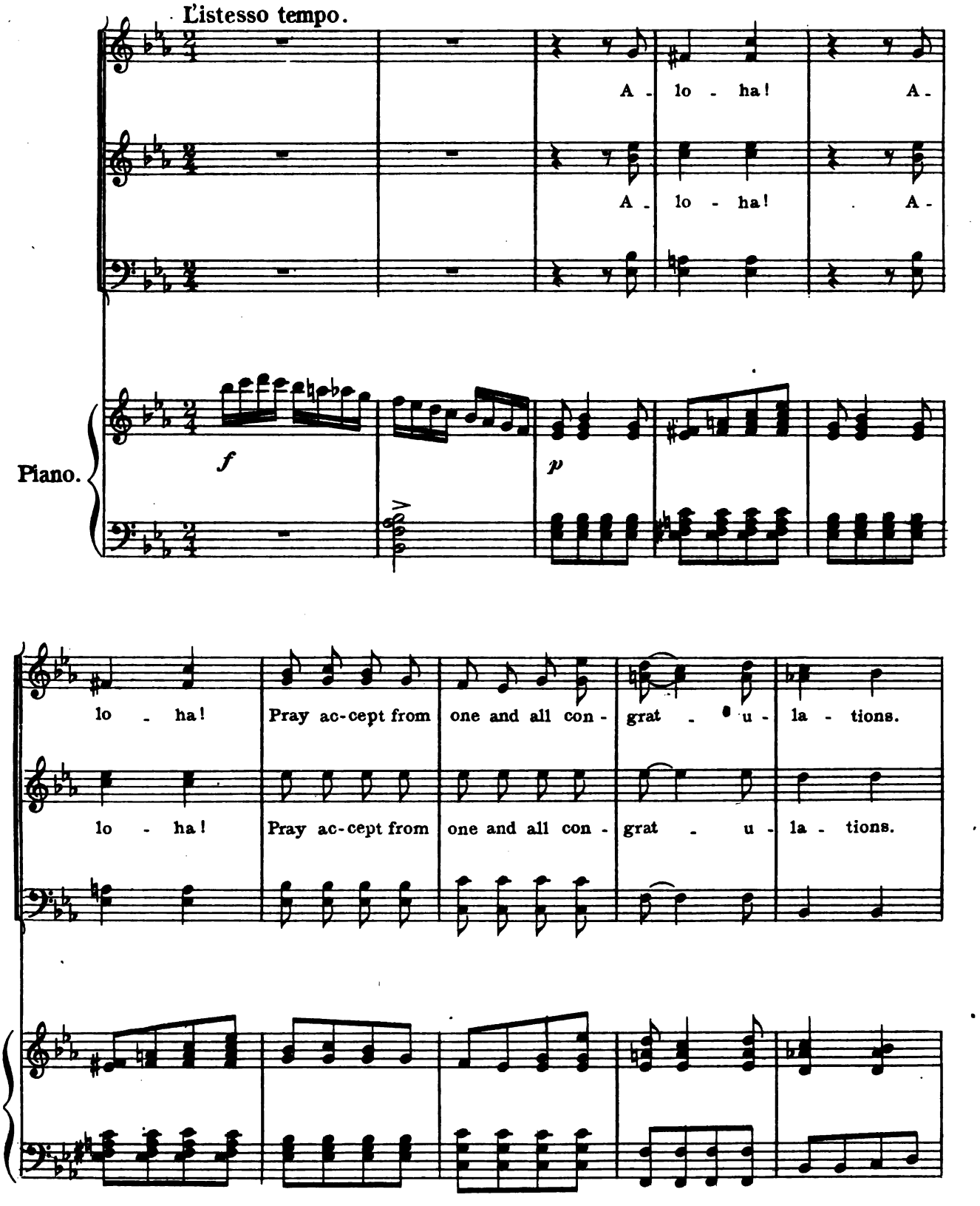

f
Ah! Ho - no - lu - lu, Fain I would woo you,
Ah! Ho - no - lu - lu, Fain I would woo you,
f
ff


Love me what - ev - er you do, My heart is true blue.
Love me what - ev - er you do, My heart is true blue.
3
3
3

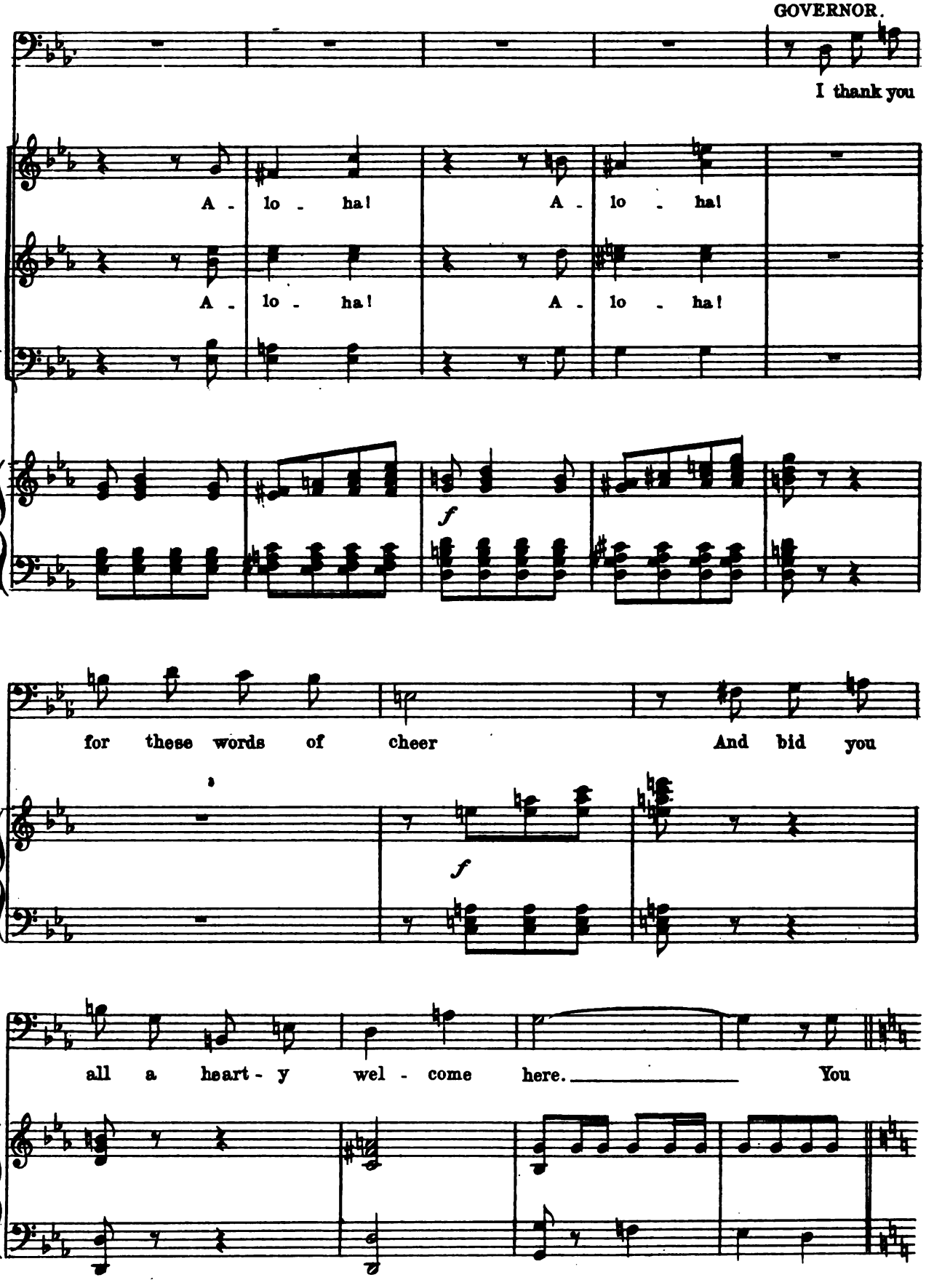

To you and on - ly you I will be ev - er true,
To you and on ly you I will be ev - er true,
To you and on ly you I will be ev - er true,


For you're the on - ly one, my Ho - no - lu - lu - lu.
For you're the on - ly one, my Ho - no - lu - lu - lu.
For you're the on - ly one, my Ho - no - lu - lu - lu.

C-Entrance of Governor.



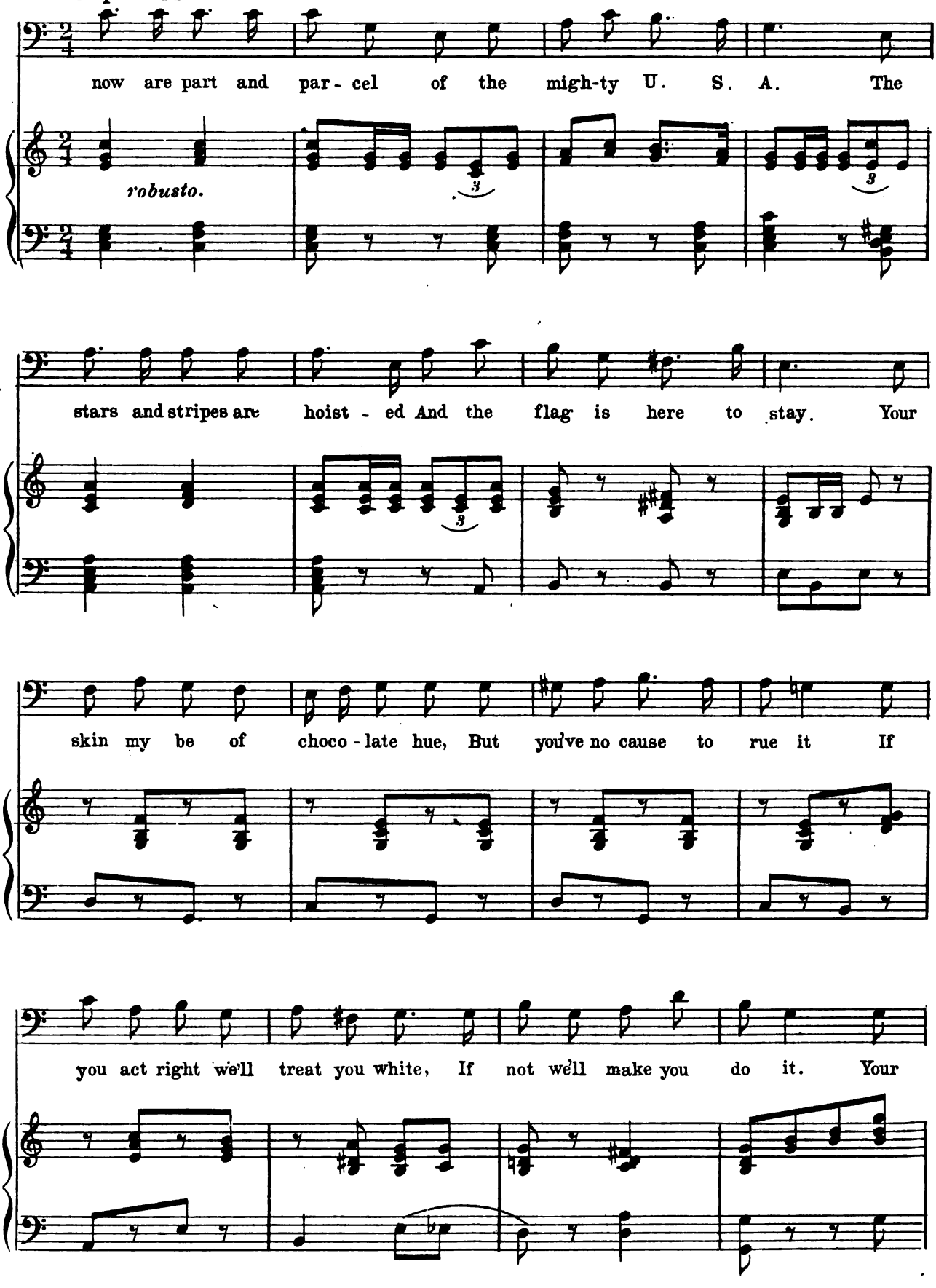
GOVERNOR.

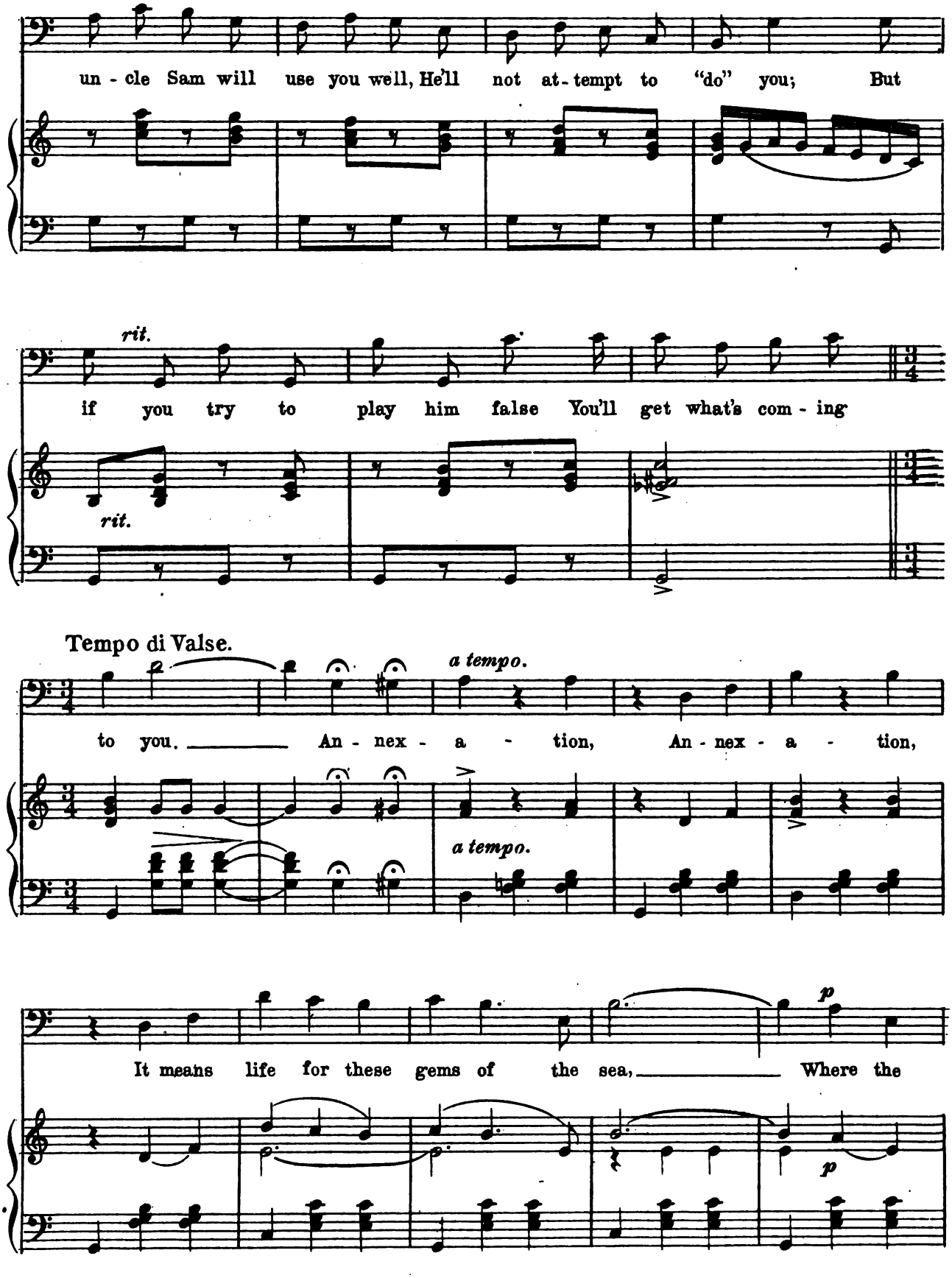

I thank you
A - lo - ha! A - lo - ha!
A - lo - ha! A - lo - ha!
f
for these words of cheer And bid you
f
all a heart - y wel - come here. You

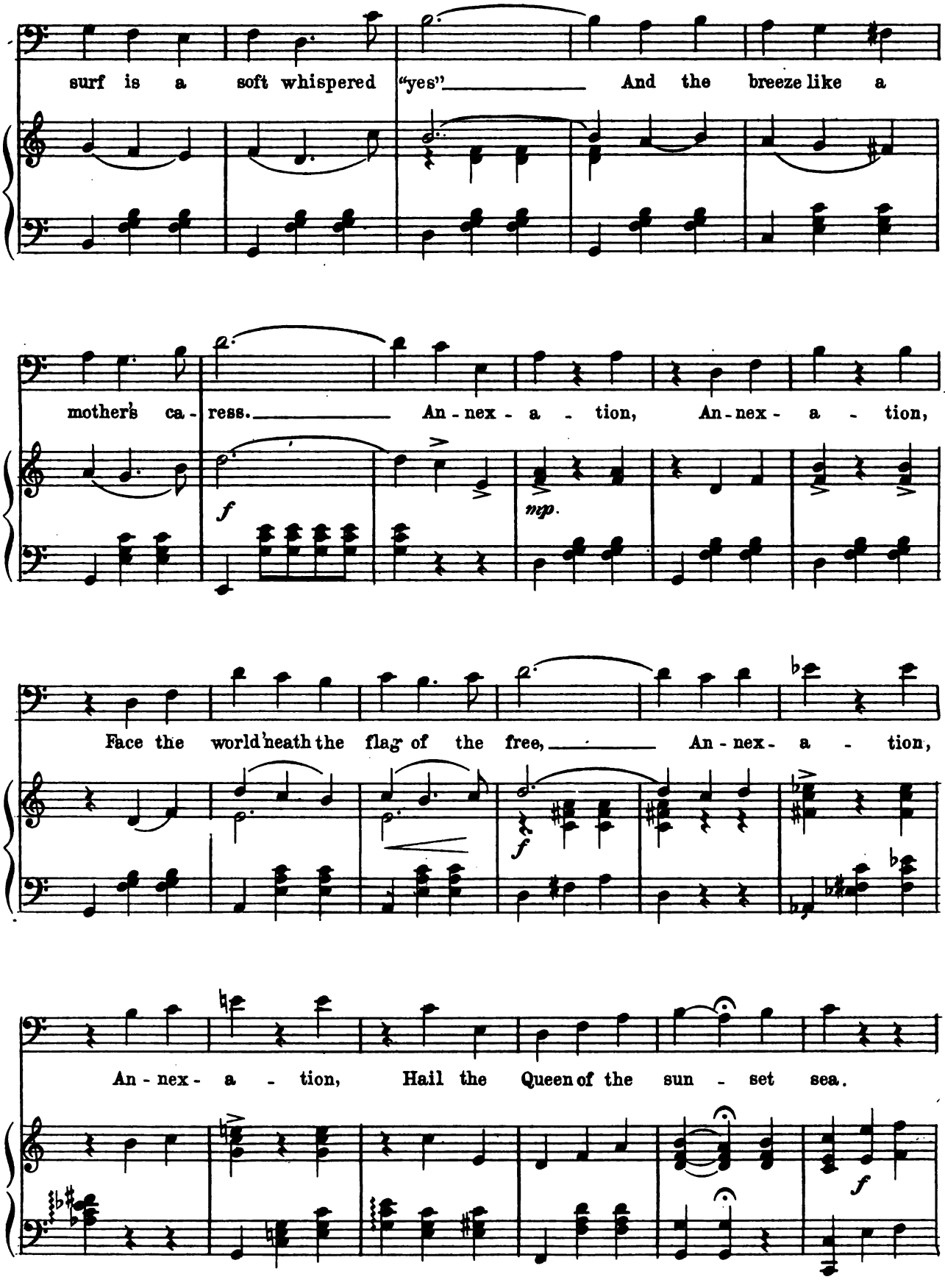
D-"ANNEXATION."

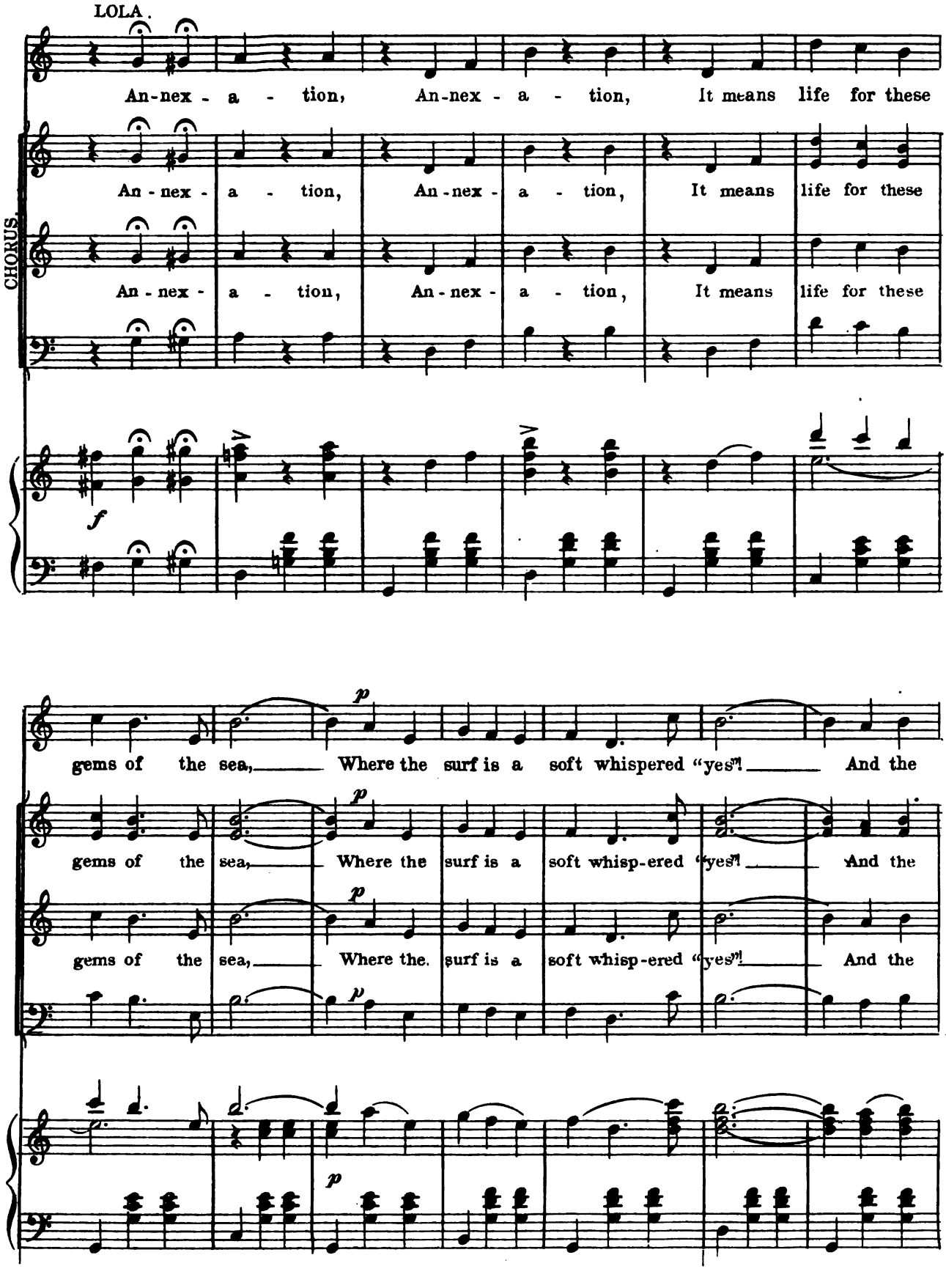
Governor.

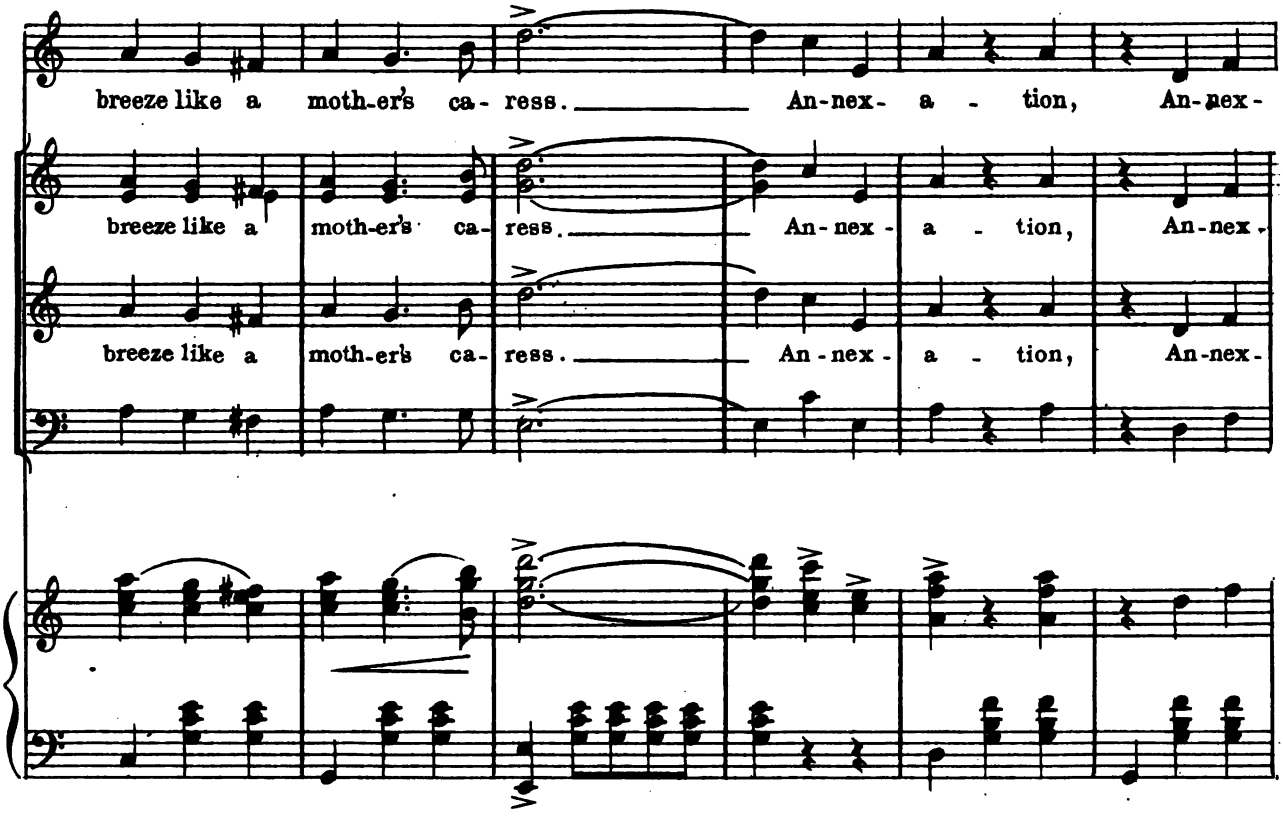
Tempo di Marcia

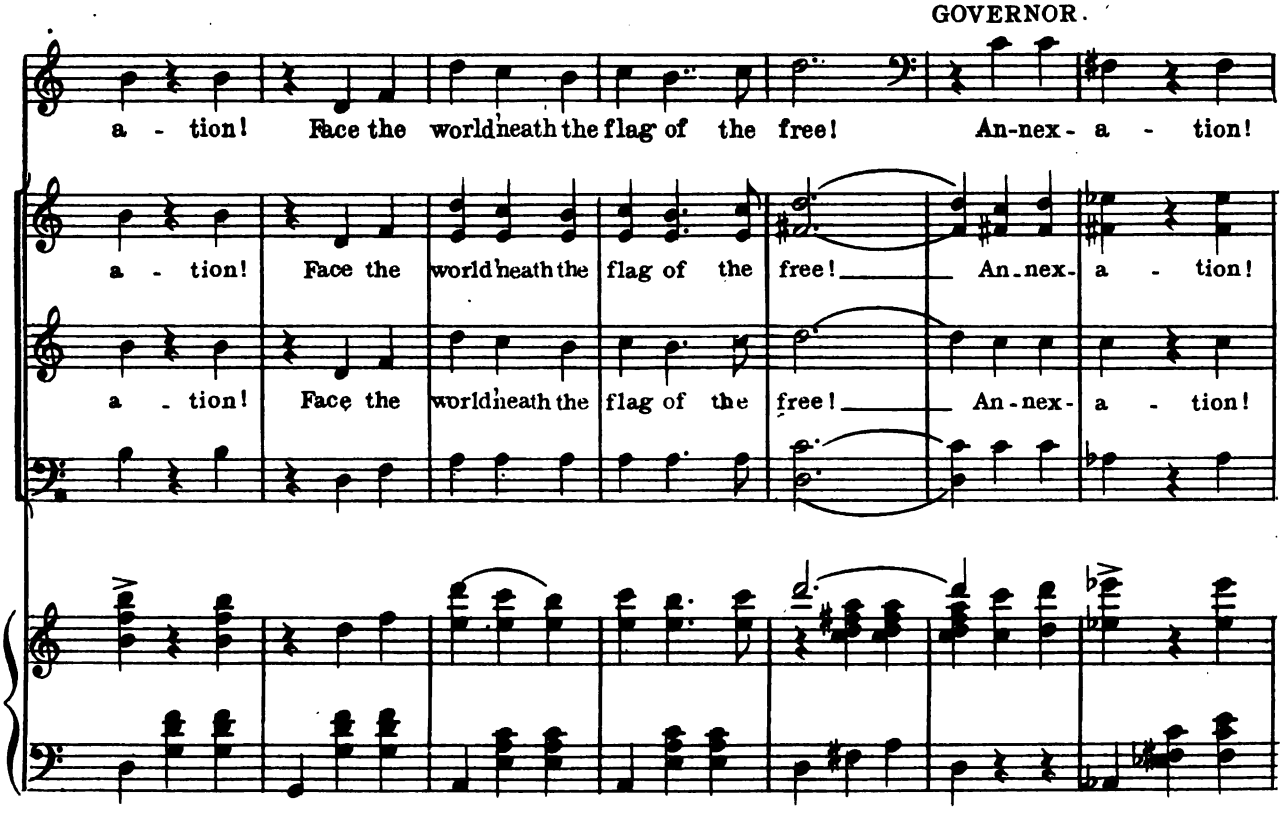


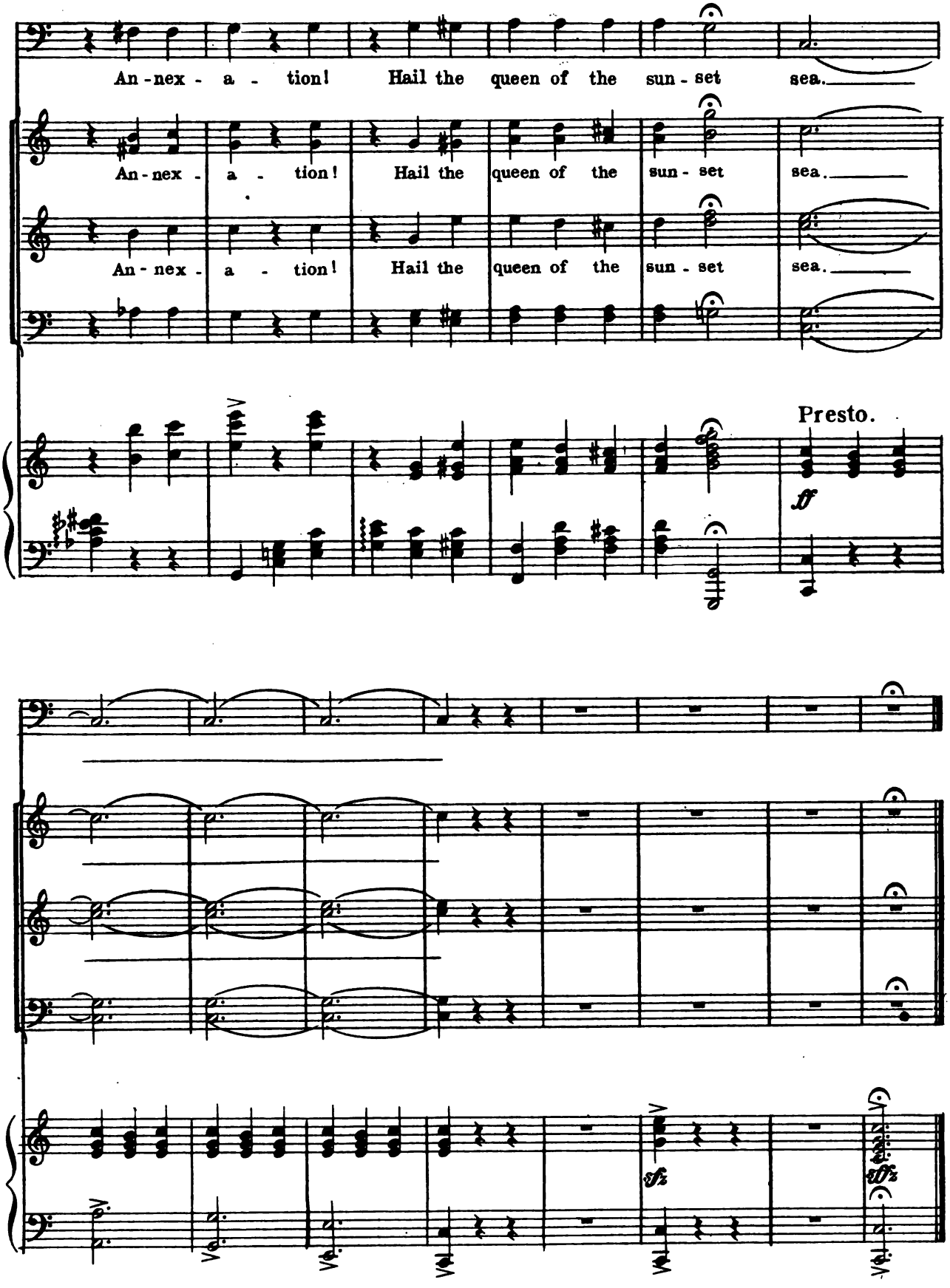

un - cle Sam will use you well, He'll not at - tempt to "do" you; But
rit.
if you try to play him false You'll get what's com - ing
rit.
Tempo di Valse.
a tempo.
to you. An - nex - a - tion, An - nex - a - tion,
a tempo.
p
It means life for these gems of the sea, Where the
p


surf is a soft whispered "yes" And the breeze like a
mother's ca - ress. An - nex - a - tion, An - nex - a - tion,
f
mp.
Face the world 'neath the flag of the free, An - nex - a - tion,
f
An - nex - a - tion, Hail the Queen of the sun - set sea.
f


LOLA.
An-nex - a - tion, An-nex - a - tion, It means life for these
CHORUS.
An - nex - a - tion, An - nex - a - tion, It means life for these
An - nex - a - tion, An - nex - a - tion, It means life for these
f
gems of the sea, Where the surf is a soft whispered "yes"! And the
gems of the sea, Where the surf is a soft whisp-ered "yes"! And the
gems of the sea, Where the surf is a soft whisp-ered "yes"! And the
p


breeze like a moth-er's ca- ress. An-nex- a - tion, An-nex-
breeze like a moth-er's ca- ress. An-nex- a - tion, An-nex-
breeze like a moth-er's ca- ress. An-nex- a - tion, An-nex-


GOVERNOR.
a - tion! Face the world heath the flag of the free! An-nex- a - tion!
a - tion! Face the world heath the flag of the free! An-nex- a - tion!
a - tion! Face the world heath the flag of the free! An-nex- a - tion!


An - nex - a - tion! Hail the queen of the sun - set sea.
An - nex - a - tion! Hail the queen of the sun - set sea.
An - nex - a - tion! Hail the queen of the sun - set sea.
Presto.
ff
sfz
sfz

3524

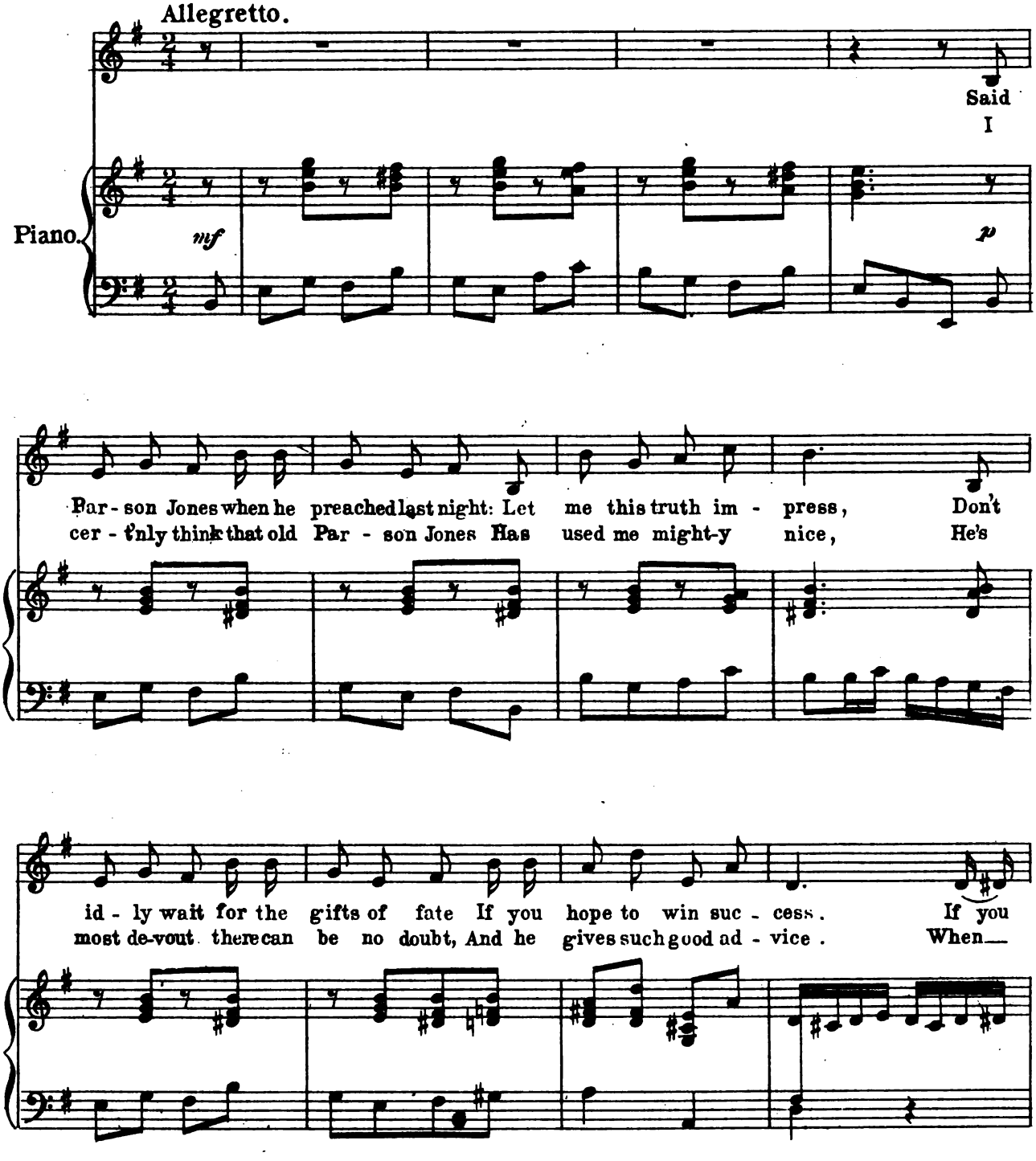
No 2.

Help Yourself.

Hannibal .

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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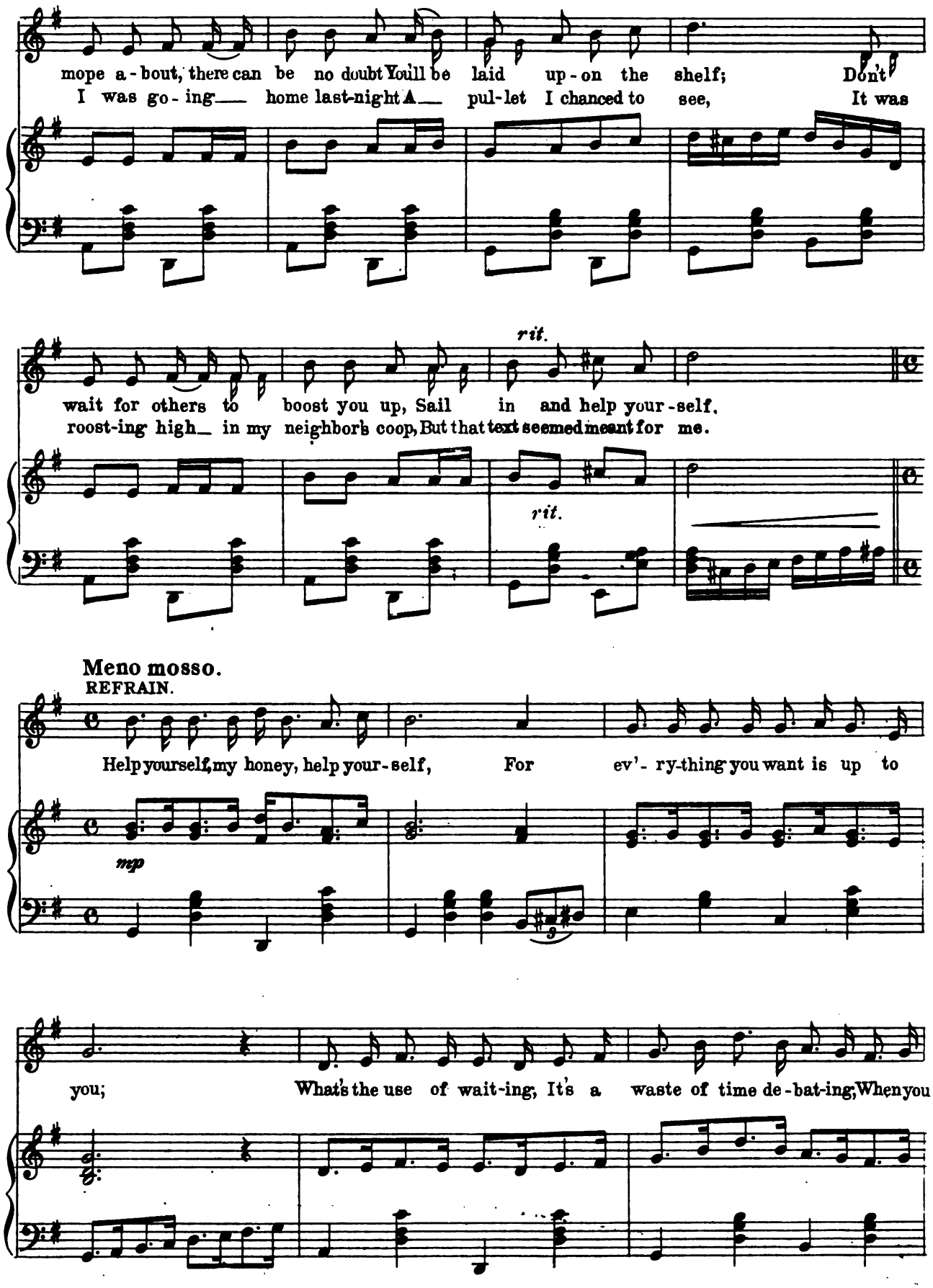
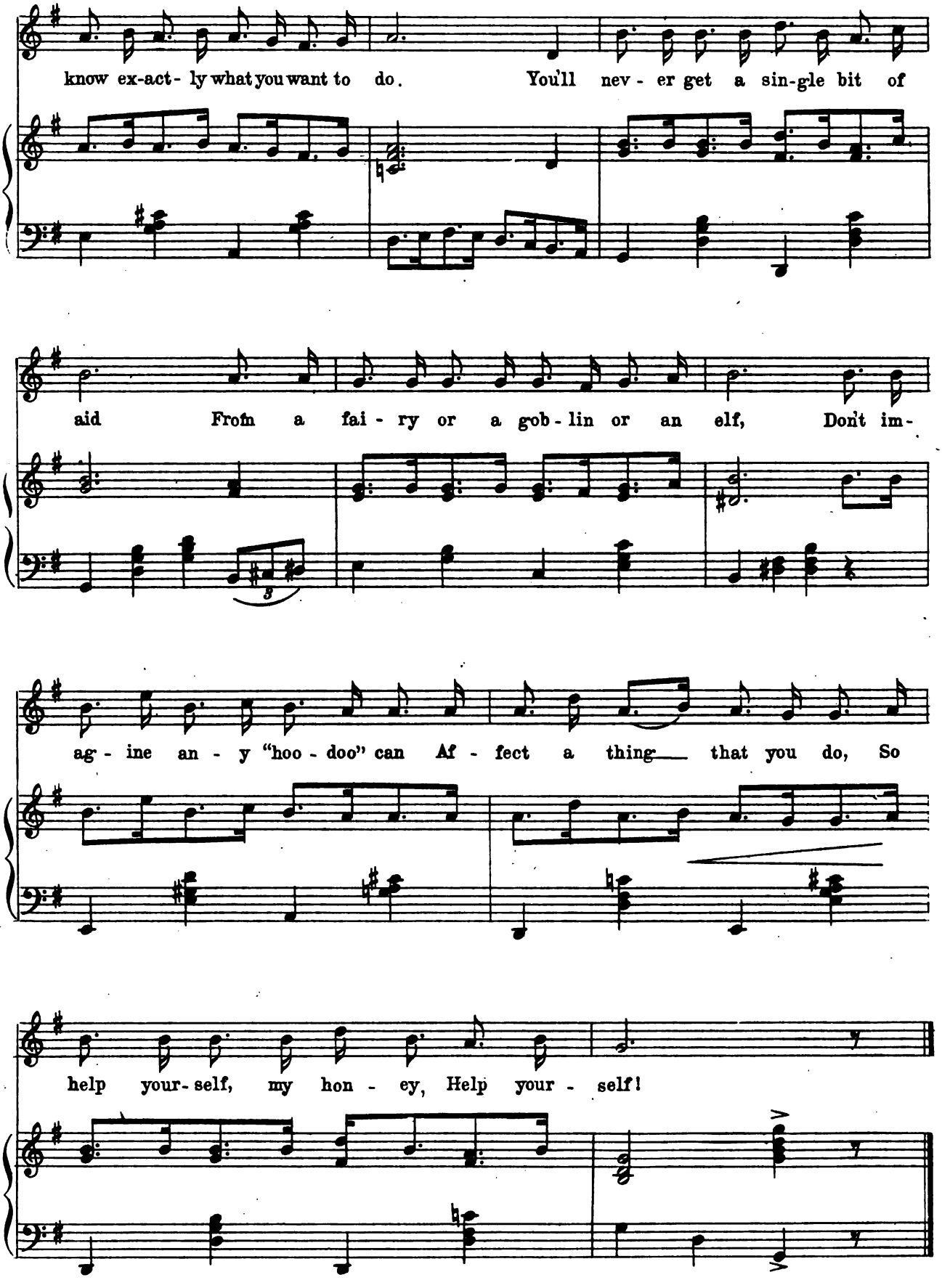

mope a - bout, there can be no doubt You'll be laid up - on the shelf; Don't
I was go - ing home last-night A pul-let I chanced to see, It was
rit.
wait for others to boost you up, Sail in and help your - self.
roost-ing high in my neighbor's coop, But that text seemed meant for me.
rit.
Meno mosso.
REFRAIN.
Help yourself, my honey, help your - self, For ev'- ry-thing you want is up to
mp
you; What's the use of wait-ing, It's a waste of time de - bat-ing; When you


know ex-act- ly what you want to do. You'll nev - er get a sin-gle bit of
aid From a fai - ry or a gob - lin or an elf, Don't im-
ag - ine an - y "hoo - doo" can Af - fect a thing that you do, So
help your- self, my hon - ey, Help your - self!

3532

Only a Clover Blossom.

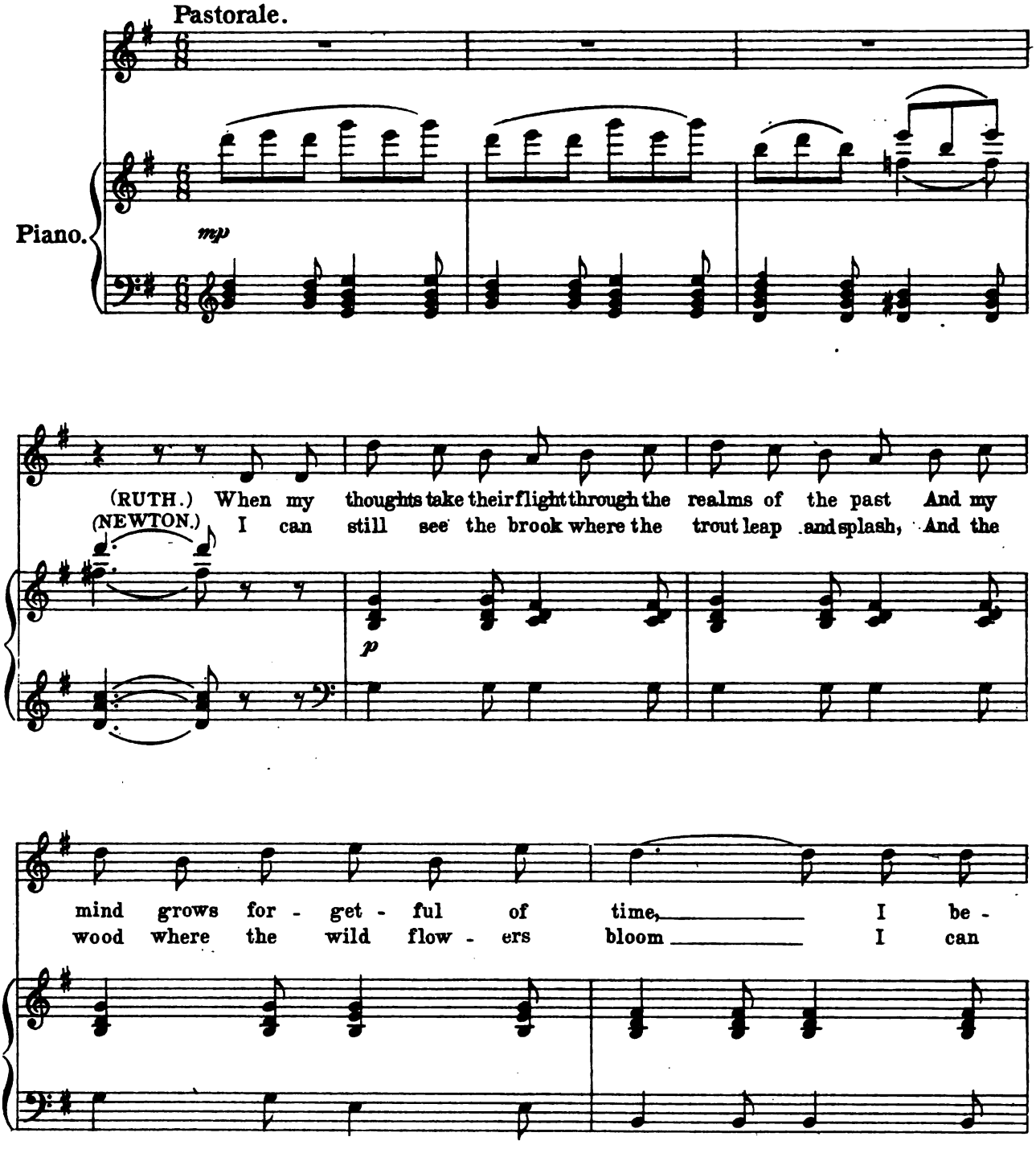
No 3.

DUET.

Ruth and Newton.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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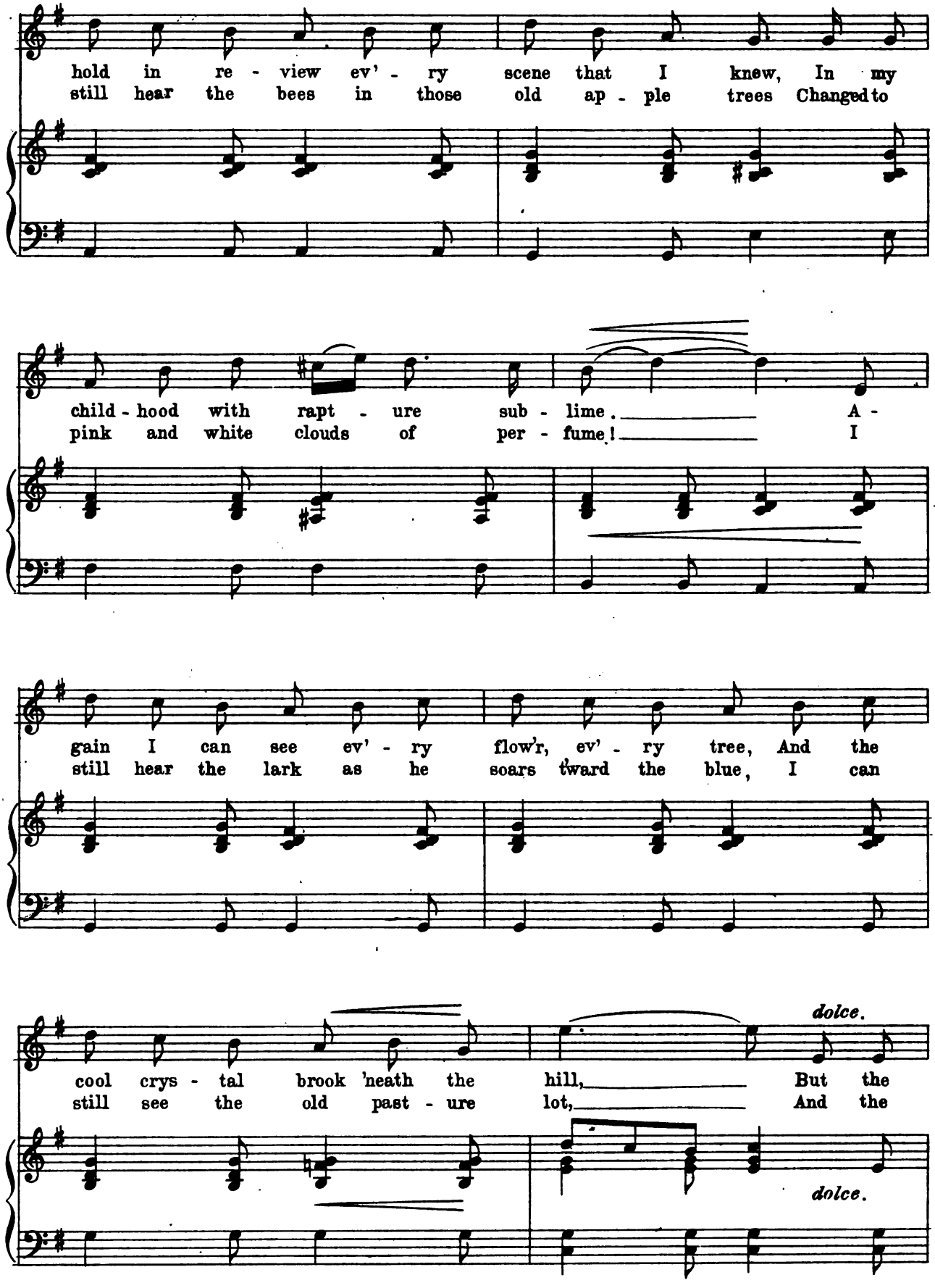
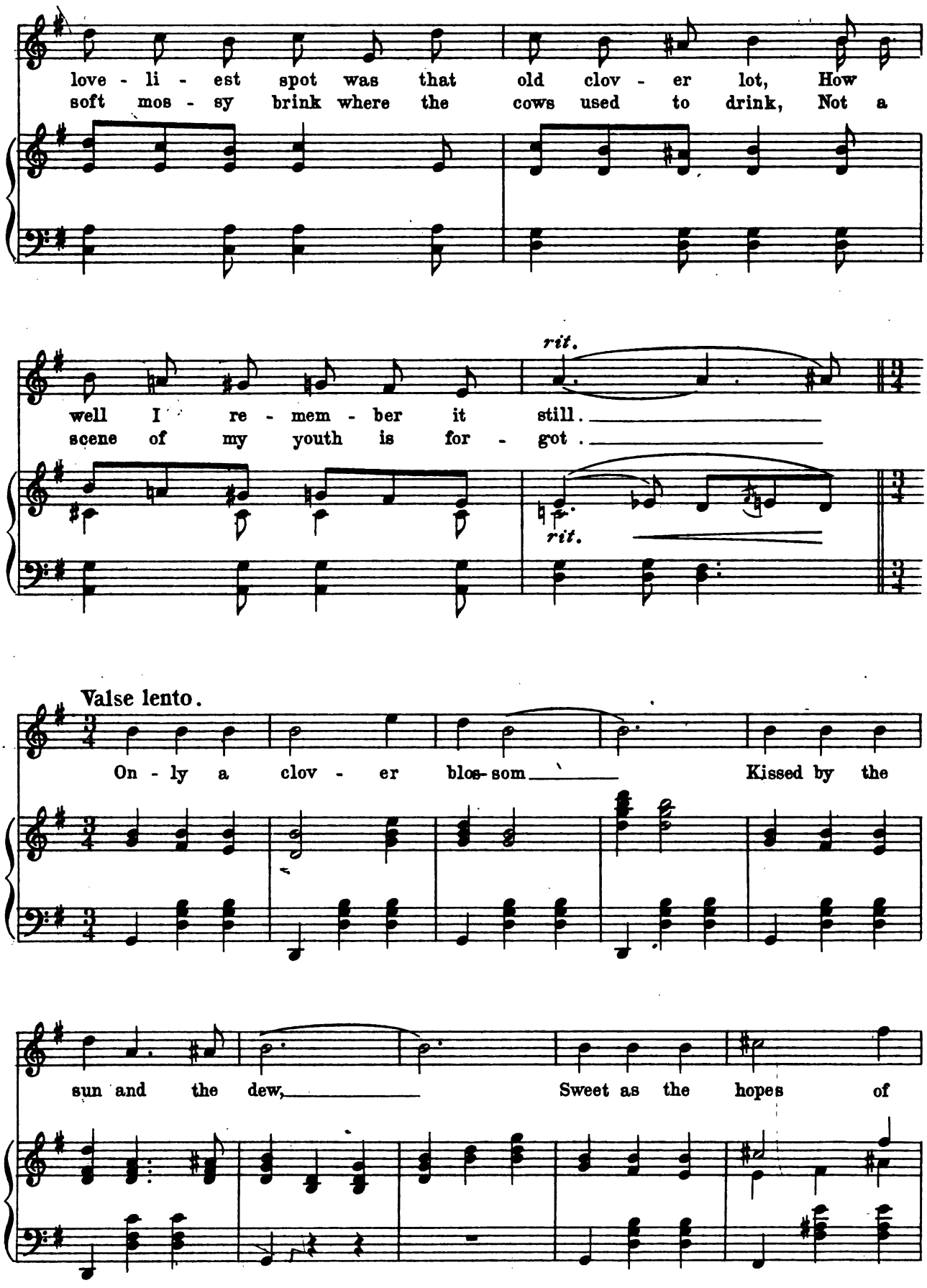
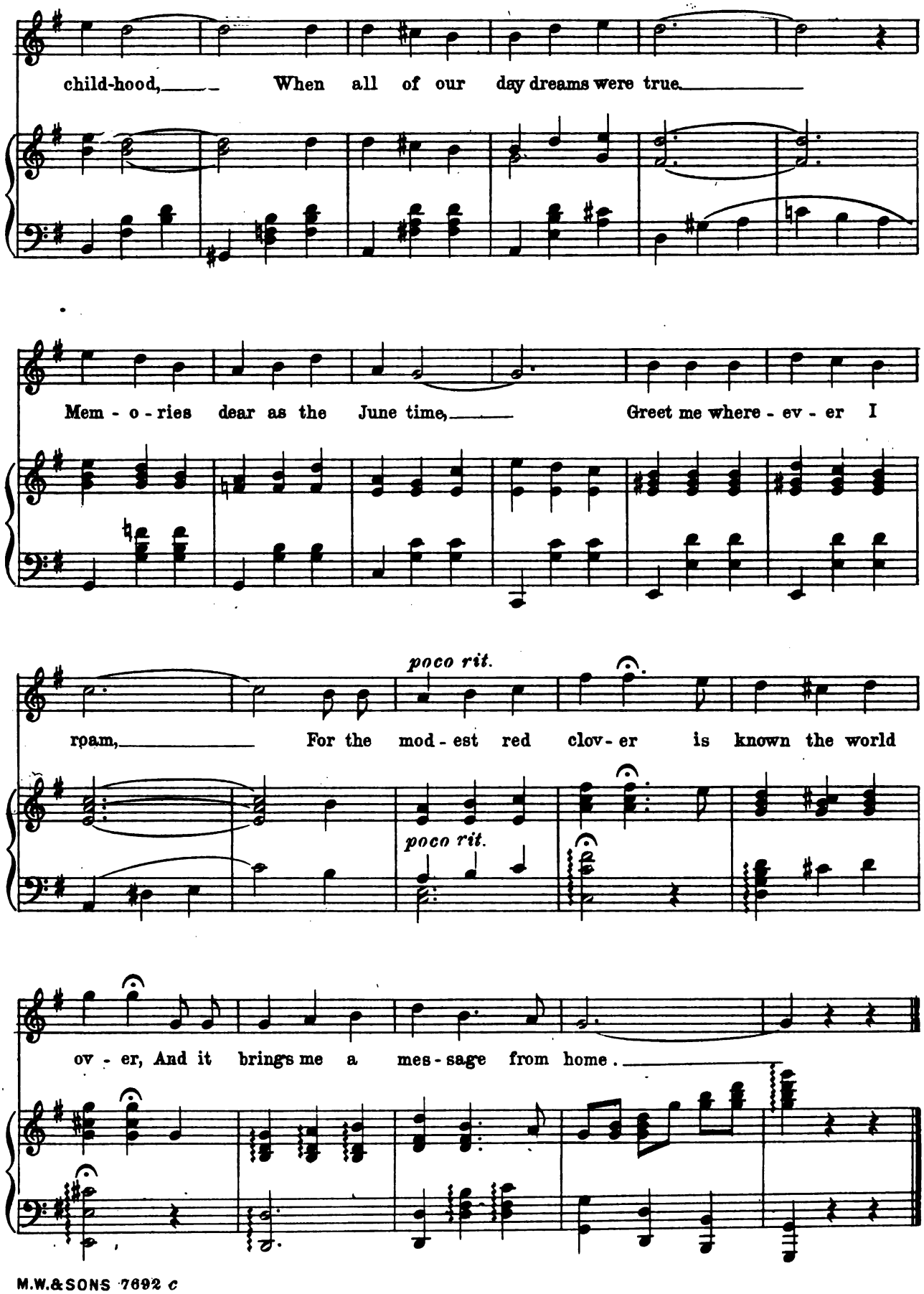

hold in re - view ev' - ry scene that I knew, In my
still hear the bees in those old ap - ple trees Changed to
child - hood with rapt - ure sub - lime. A -
pink and white clouds of per - fume! I
gain I can see ev' - ry flow'r, ev' - ry tree, And the
still hear the lark as he soars t'ward the blue, I can
dolce.
cool crys - tal brook 'neath the hill, But the
still see the old past - ure lot, And the
dolce.


love - li - est spot was that old clov - er lot, How
soft mos - sy brink where the cows used to drink, Not a
rit.
well I re - mem - ber it still.
scene of my youth is for - got.
rit.
Valse lento.
On - ly a clov - er blos - som Kissed by the
sun and the dew, Sweet as the hopes of


child-hood, When all of our day dreams were true.
Mem - o - ries dear as the June time, Greet me where - ev - er I
poco rit.
roam, For the mod - est red clov - er is known the world
poco rit.
ov - er, And it brings me a mes - sage from home.

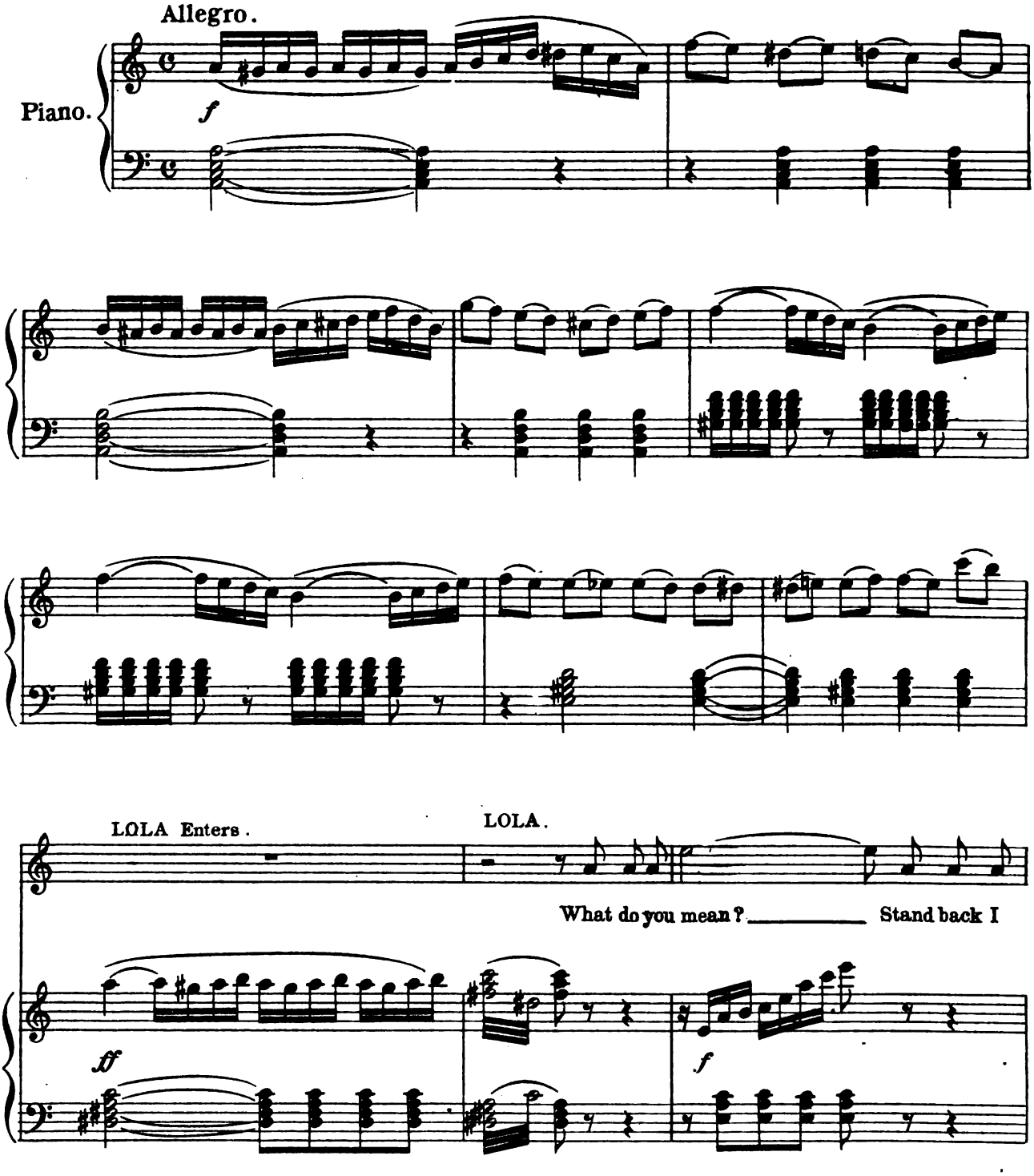
Entrance and Song.

No 4.

A. ENSEMBLE Lola, Baldwin and Chorus of Kanakas.
"What Do You Mean?"
B. SOLO "I'm The Only One Of My Kind."

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS



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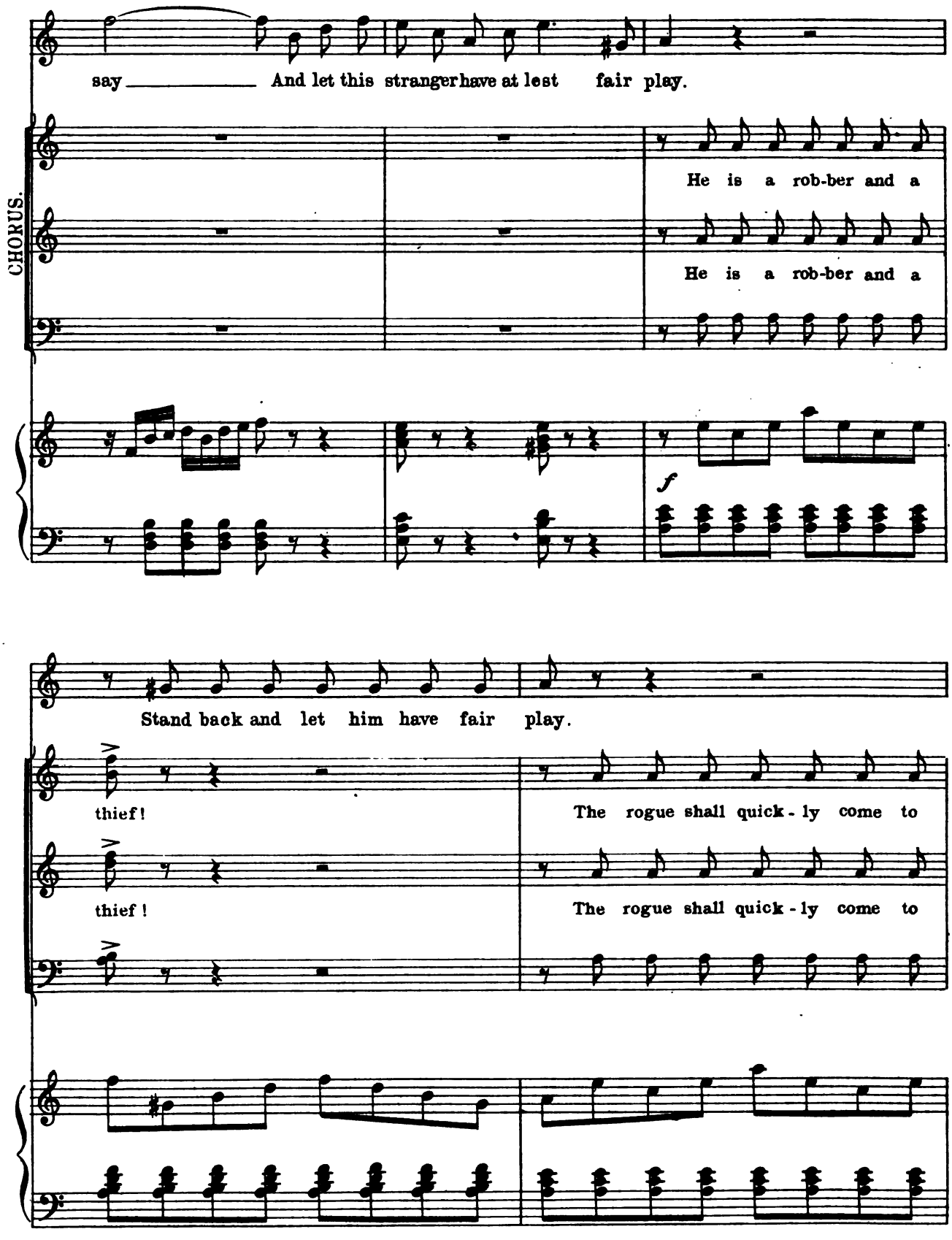
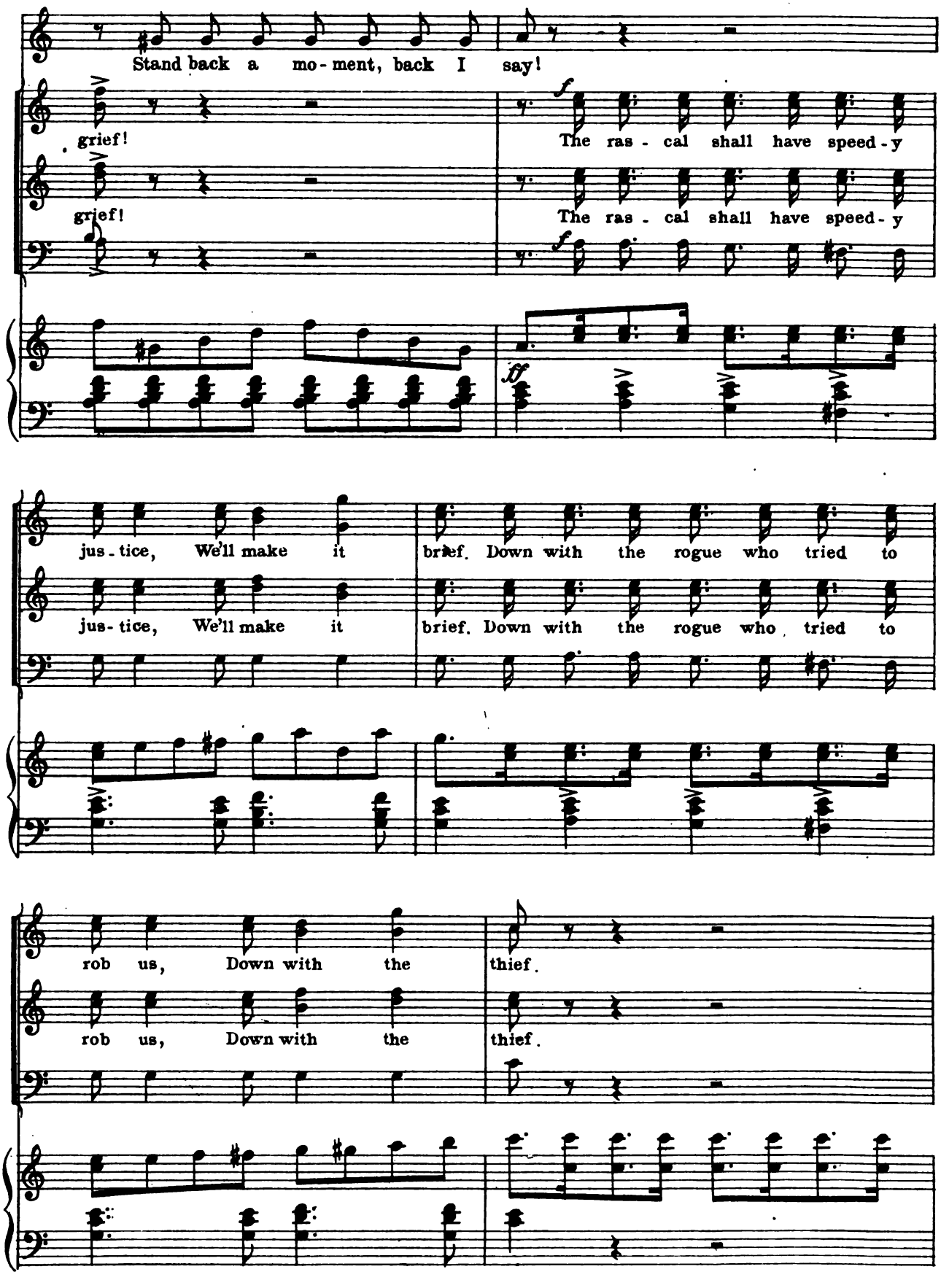

say ____ And let this stranger have at lest fair play.
CHORUS.
He is a rob-ber and a
He is a rob-ber and a
f
Stand back and let him have fair play.
thief!
The rogue shall quick-ly come to
thief!
The rogue shall quick-ly come to


Stand back a mo - ment, back I say!
grief!
The ras - cal shall have speed - y
grief!
The ras - cal shall have speed - y
jus - tice, We'll make it
brief. Down with the rogue who tried to
jus - tice, We'll make it
brief. Down with the rogue who tried to
rob us, Down with the
thief.
rob us, Down with the
thief.

BALDWIN. *p* **Allegretto grazioso.**

Make no mis-take, Good counsel take, You'll rue it if you

p

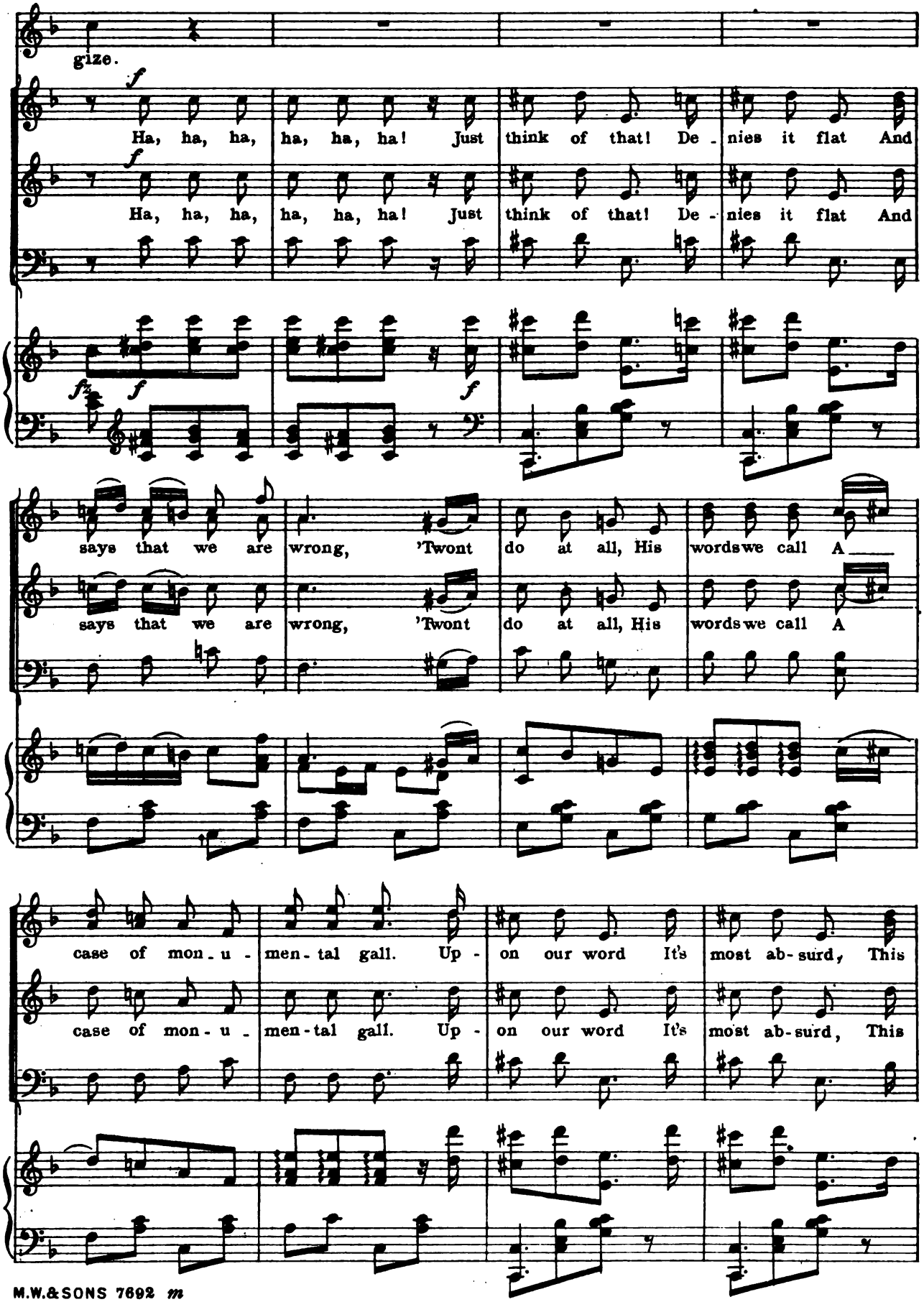
don't. You must not fight, That's not po-lite, I know this man and

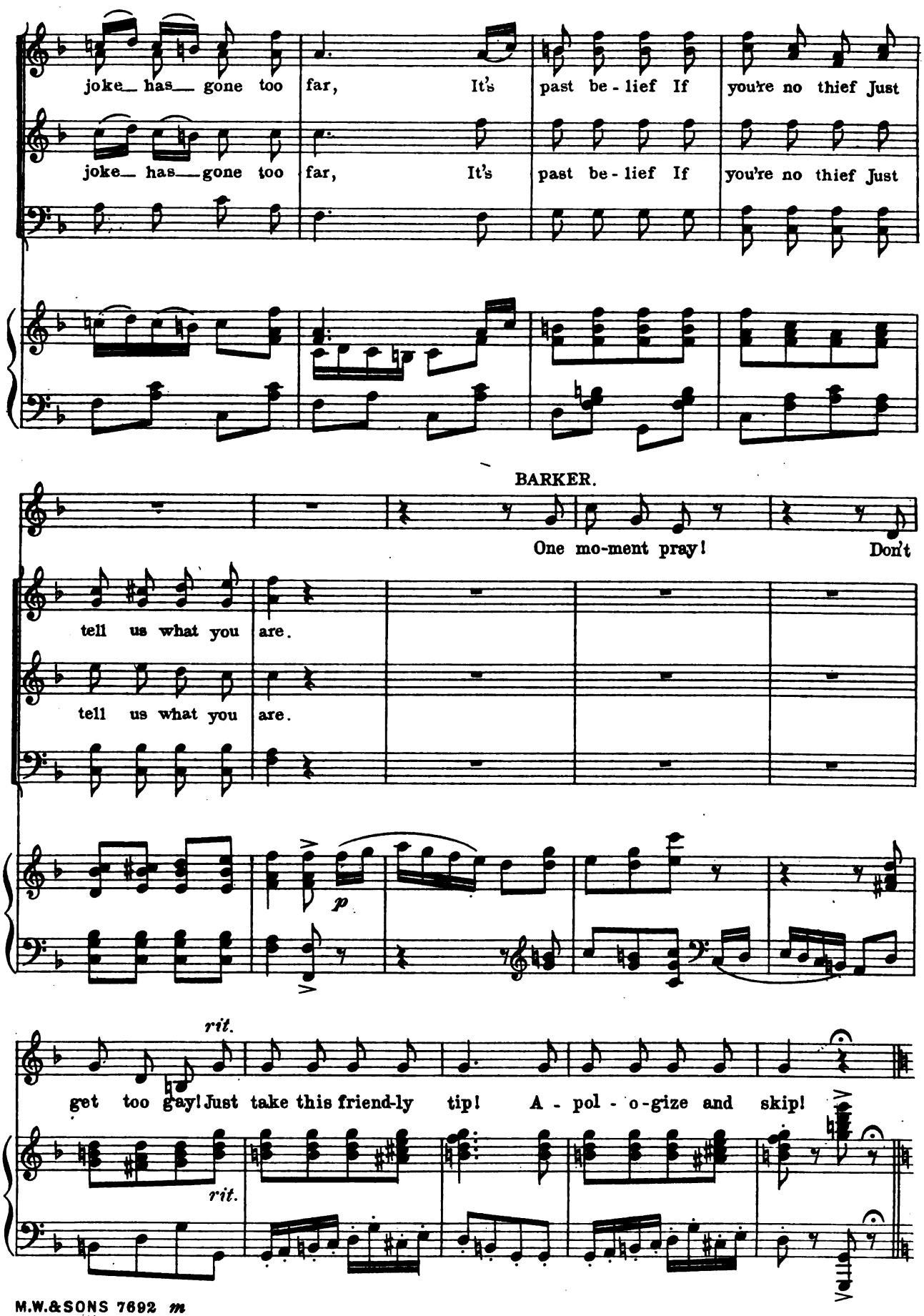
BARKER.

he's all right! Nay! chide them not, Their talk's all rot, It fills me with sur-

p

prise, 'Twill all be plain When I ex-plain, Then they'll a - pol - o -


gize.
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Just think of that! De - nies it flat And
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Just think of that! De - nies it flat And
says that we are wrong, 'Twont do at all, His words we call A
says that we are wrong, 'Twont do at all, His words we call A
case of mon - u - men - tal gall. Up - on our word It's most ab - surd, This
case of mon - u - men - tal gall. Up - on our word It's most ab - surd, This


joke has gone too far, It's past be-lief If you're no thief Just
joke has gone too far, It's past be-lief If you're no thief Just
BARKER.
One mo-ment pray! Don't
tell us what you are.
tell us what you are.
p
rit.
get too gay! Just take this friend-ly tip! A-pol-o-gize and skip!
rit.

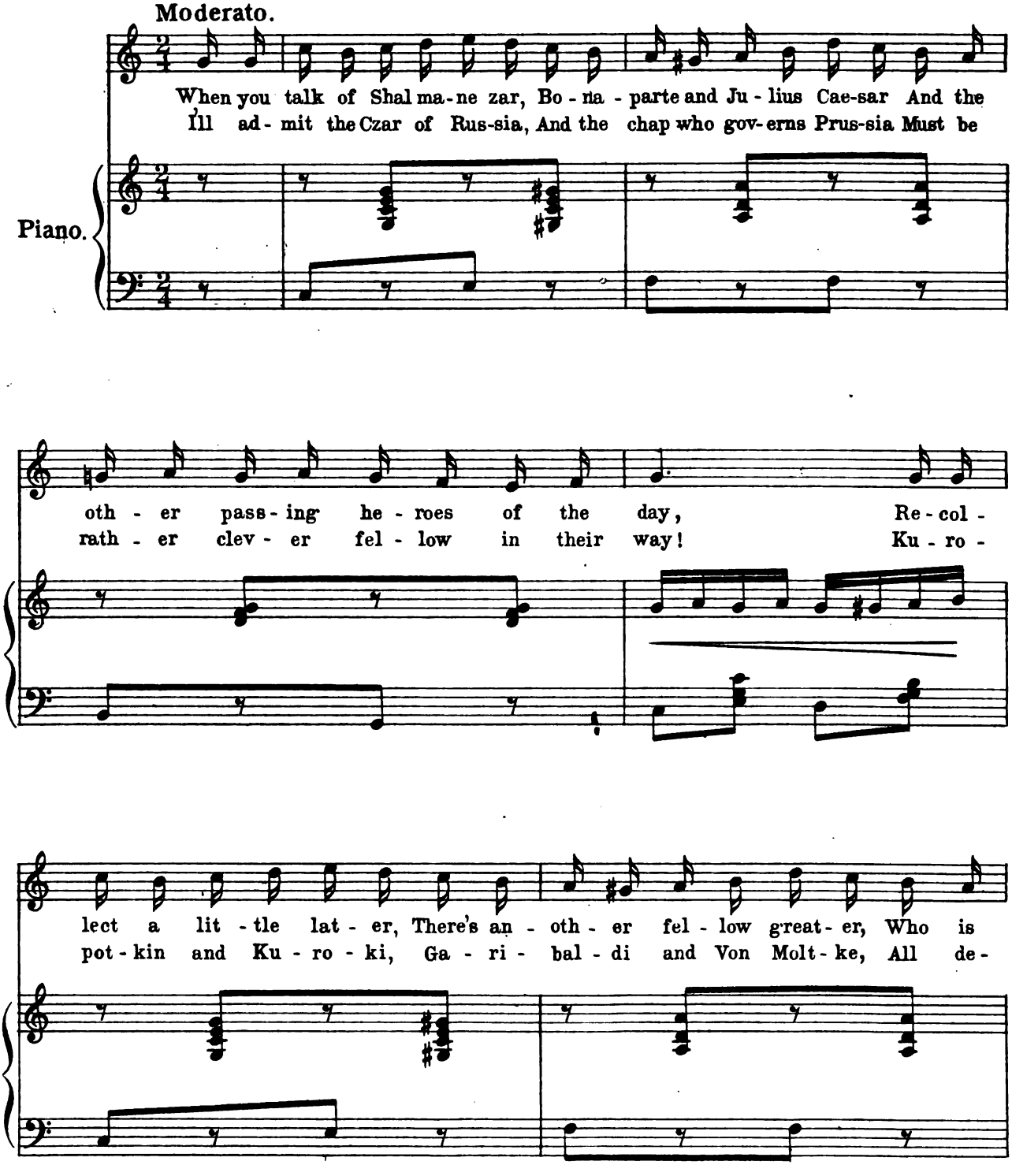
I'm The Only One Of My Kind.

B Solo - Barker.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Moderato.



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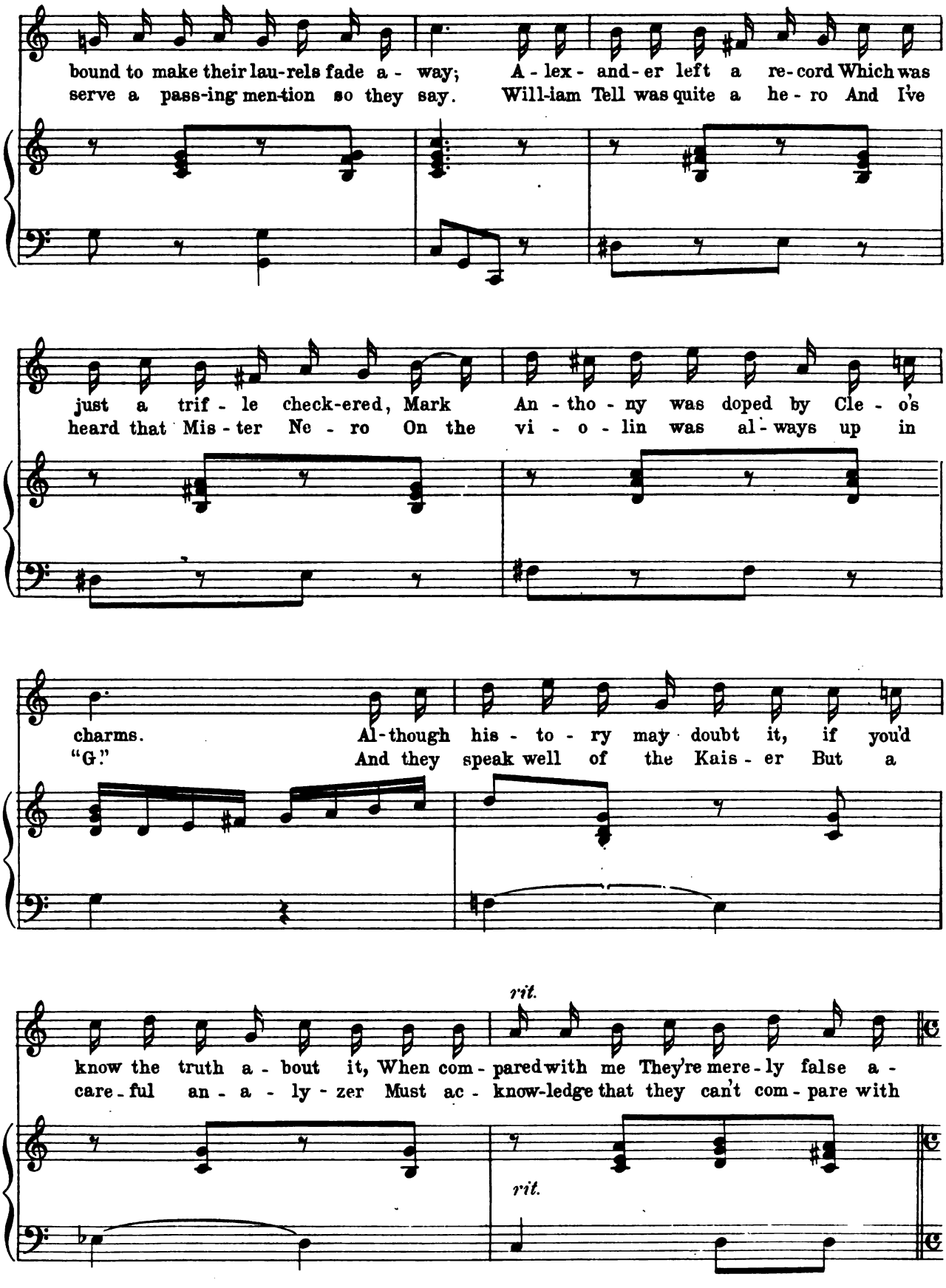
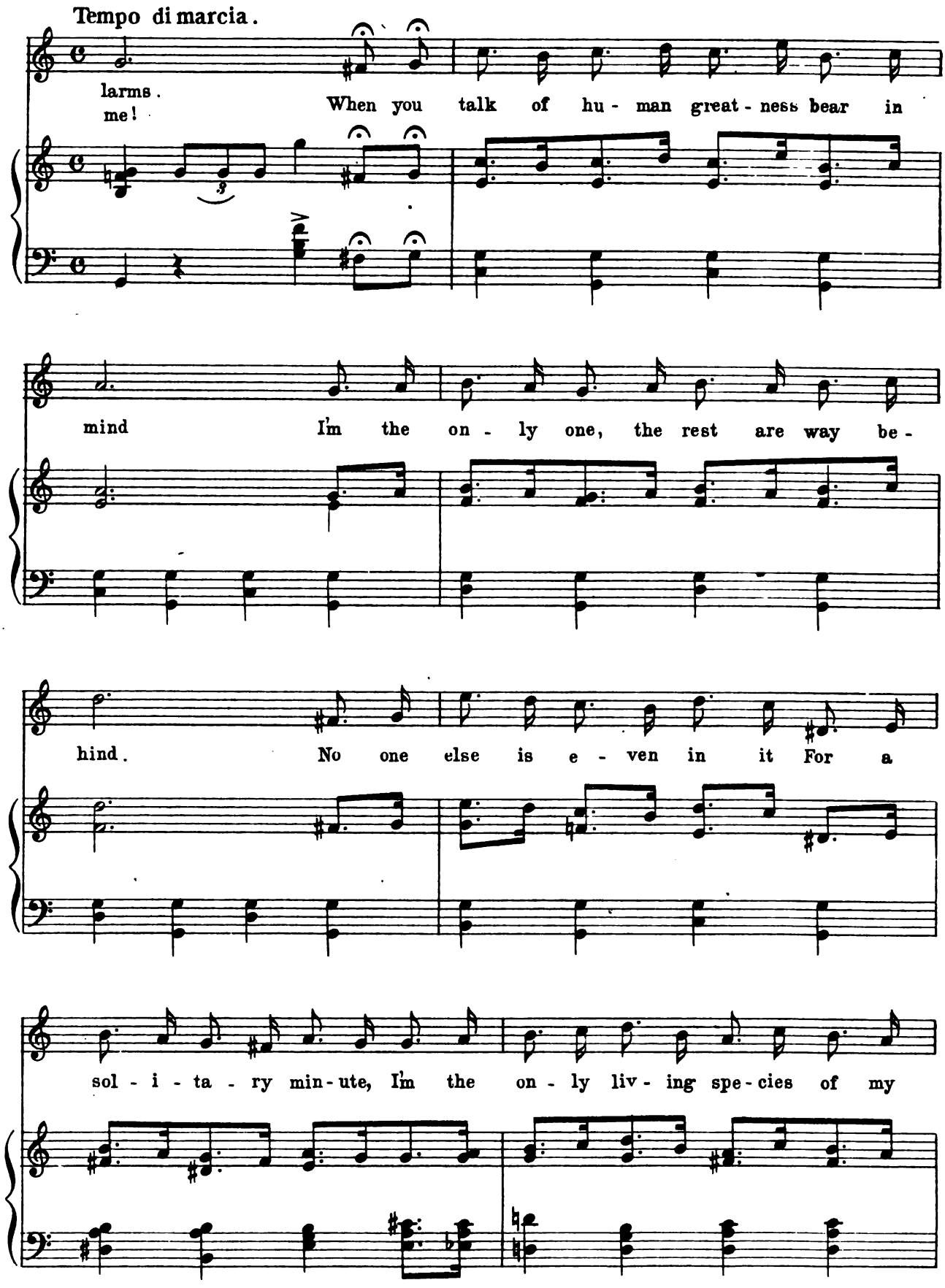

bound to make their lau-rels fade a - way; A - lex - and - er left a re - cord Which was
serve a pass-ing men-tion so they say. Will-iam Tell was quite a he - ro And I've
just a trif - le check-ered, Mark An - tho - ny was doped by Cle - o's
heard that Mis - ter Ne - ro On the vi - o - lin was al - ways up in
charms. Al-though his - to - ry may doubt it, if you'd
"G." And they speak well of the Kais - er But a
rit.
know the truth a - bout it, When com - pared with me They're mere - ly false a -
care - ful an - a - ly - zer Must ac - know-ledge that they can't com - pare with
rit.


Tempo di marcia.
larms.
me!
When you talk of hu - man great - ness bear in
mind I'm the on - ly one, the rest are way be -
hind. No one else is e - ven in it For a
sol - i - ta - ry min - ute, I'm the on - ly liv - ing spe - cies of my

LOLA.

kind. When you talk of hu-man great-ness bear in mind He's the

CHORUS.

When you talk of hu - man great-ness bear in mind He's the

When you talk of hu - man great-ness bear in mind He's the

on - ly one, the rest are way be - hind. No one else is e - ven in it for a

on - ly one, the rest are way be - hind. No one else is e - ven in it for a

on - ly one, the rest are way be - hind. No one else is e - ven in it for a

BARKER.

sol- i - ta - ry min-ute, He's the on - ly one, the on - ly, He's the on - ly, on - ly, on - ly, I'm the

sol - i - ta - ry min-ute, He's the on - ly one, the on - ly, He's the on - ly, on - ly, on - ly,

sol - i - ta - ry min-ute, He's the on - ly one, the on - ly, He's the on - ly, on - ly, on - ly,

on - ly, on - ly, on - ly, on - ly, on - ly, I'm the on - ly one of my kind.

He's the on - ly one of his kind.

He's the on - ly one of his kind.

DANCE.

Nº 5.

Aloha.

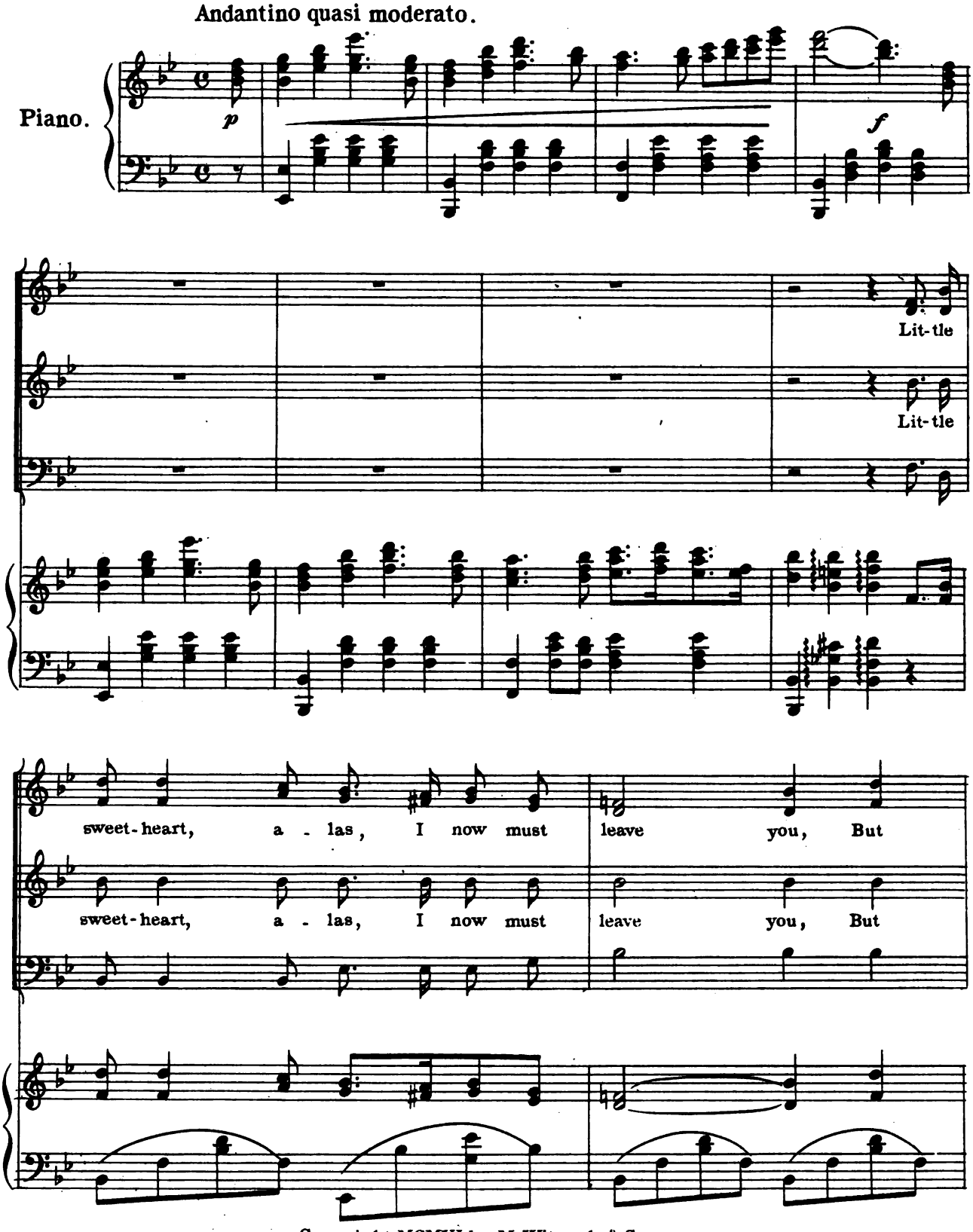
(I Love You.)

Melody from Hawaiian Folk Songs.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Andantino quasi moderato.



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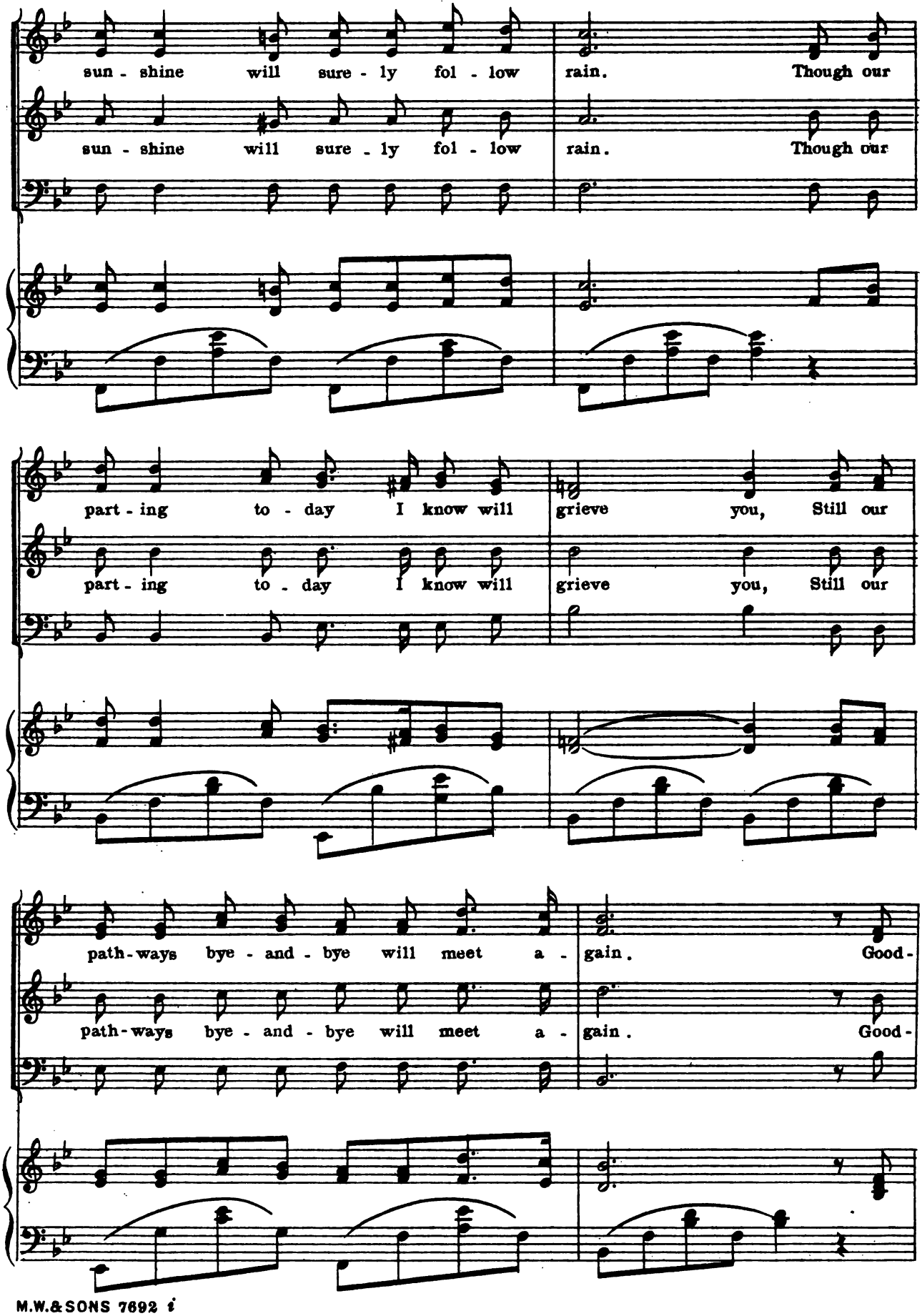
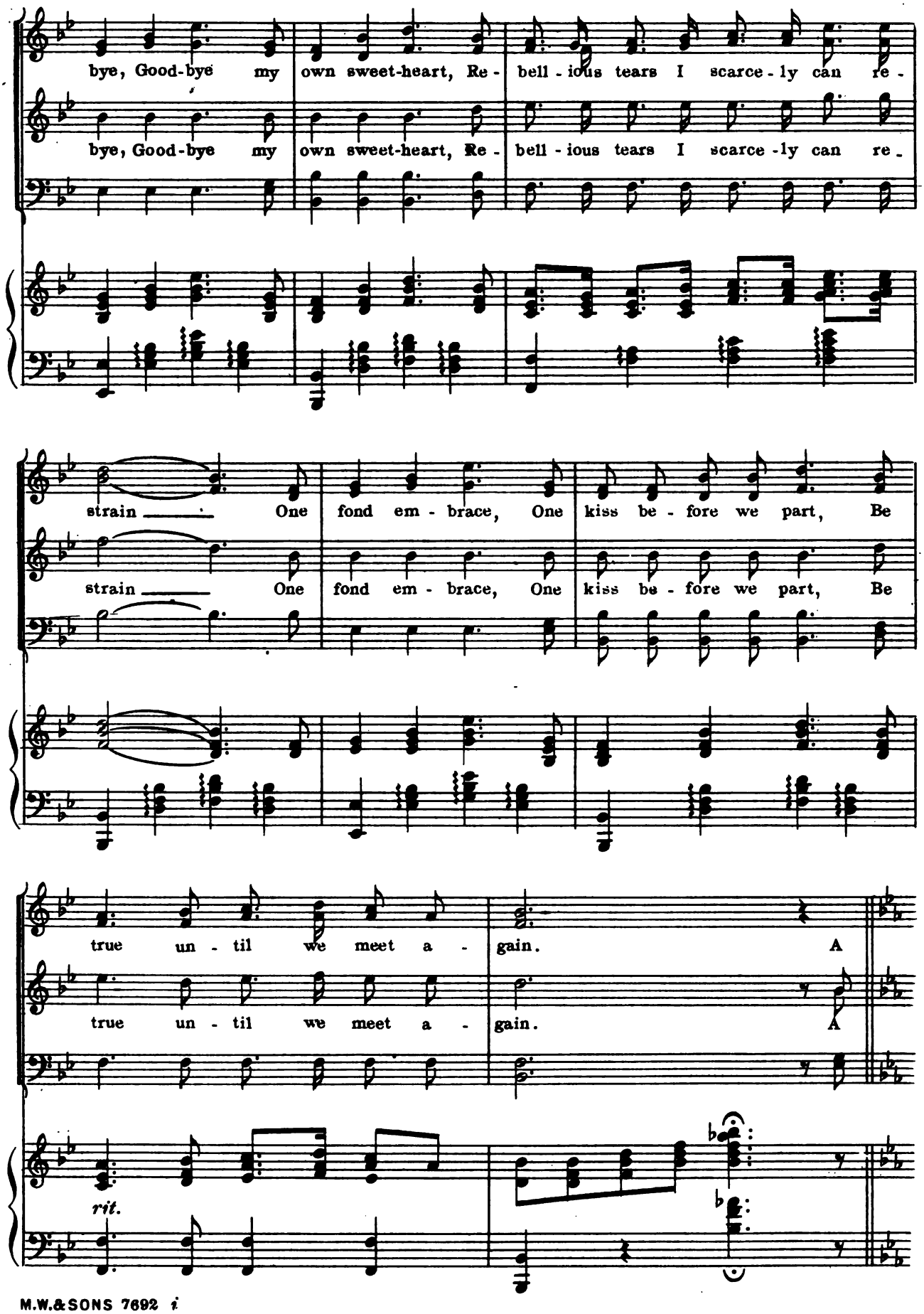
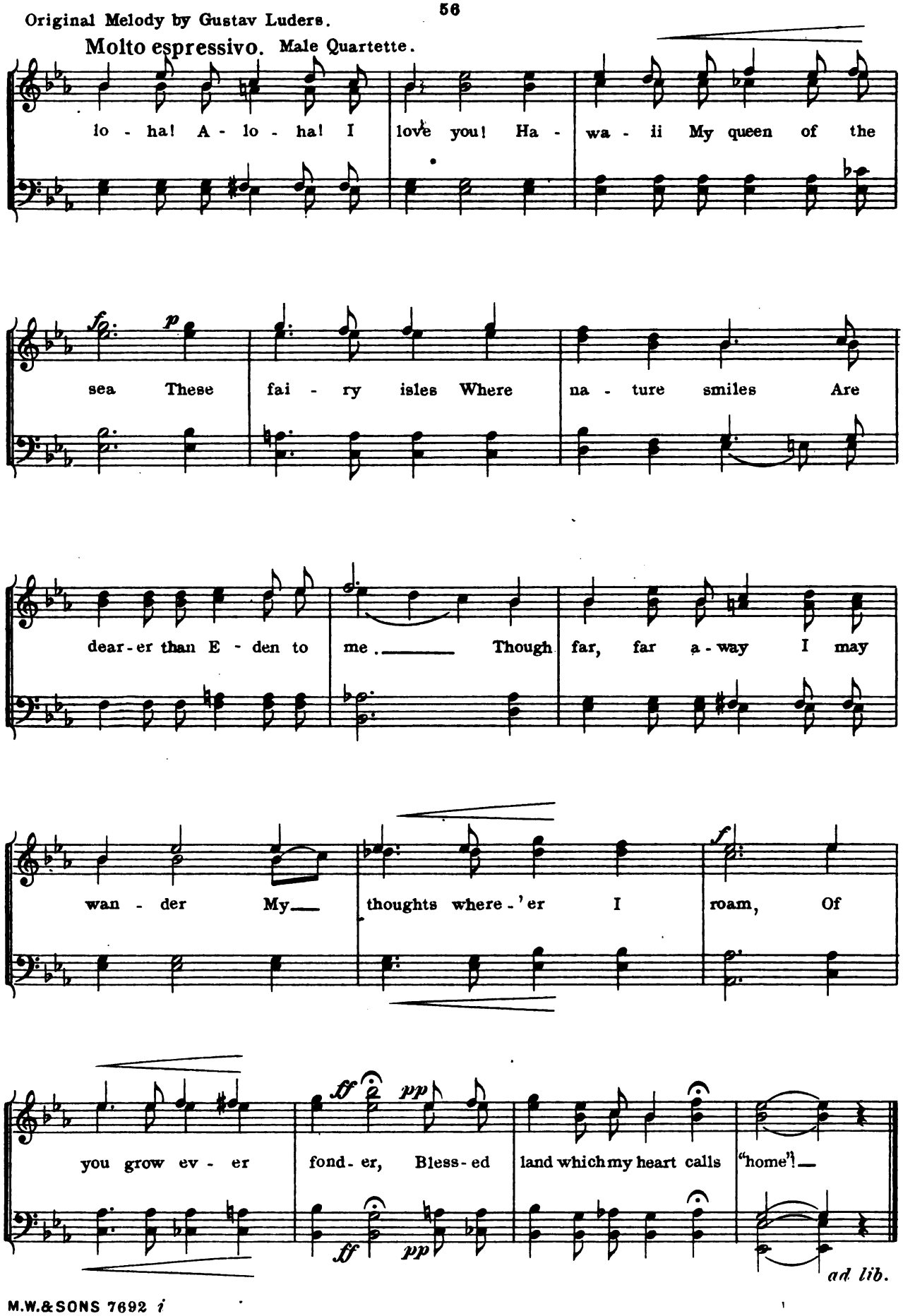

sun - shine will sure - ly fol - low rain. Though our
sun - shine will sure - ly fol - low rain. Though our
part - ing to - day I know will grieve you, Still our
part - ing to - day I know will grieve you, Still our
path - ways bye - and - bye will meet a - gain. Good -
path - ways bye - and - bye will meet a - gain. Good -


bye, Good-bye my own sweet-heart, Re - bell - ious tears I scarce - ly can re -
bye, Good-bye my own sweet-heart, Re - bell - ious tears I scarce - ly can re -
strain One fond em - brace, One kiss be - fore we part, Be
strain One fond em - brace, One kiss be - fore we part, Be
true un - til we meet a - gain. A
true un - til we meet a - gain. A
rit.

Original Melody by Gustav Luders.

Molto espressivo. Male Quartette.



3535

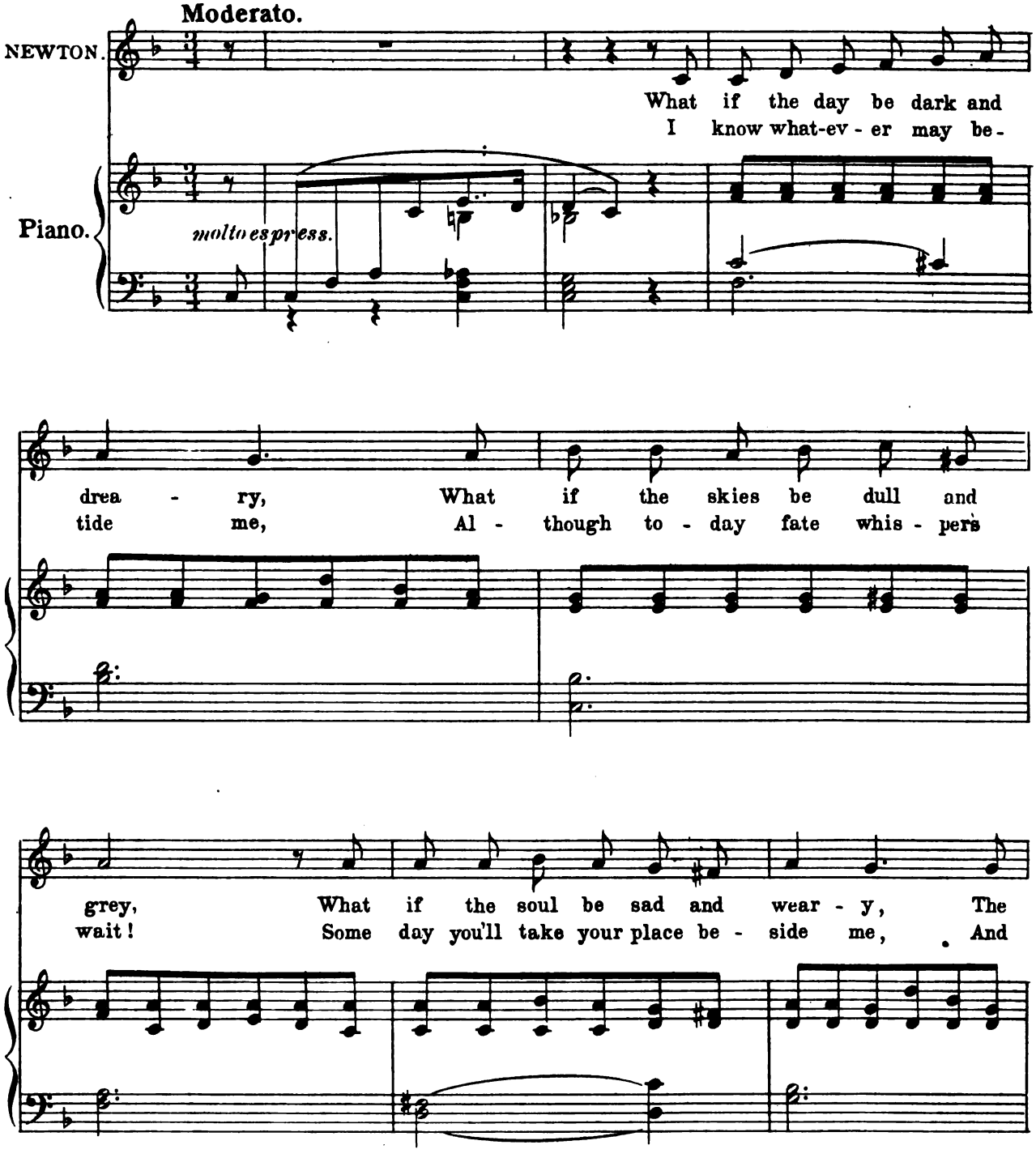
No 6.

Bye and Bye.

Newton.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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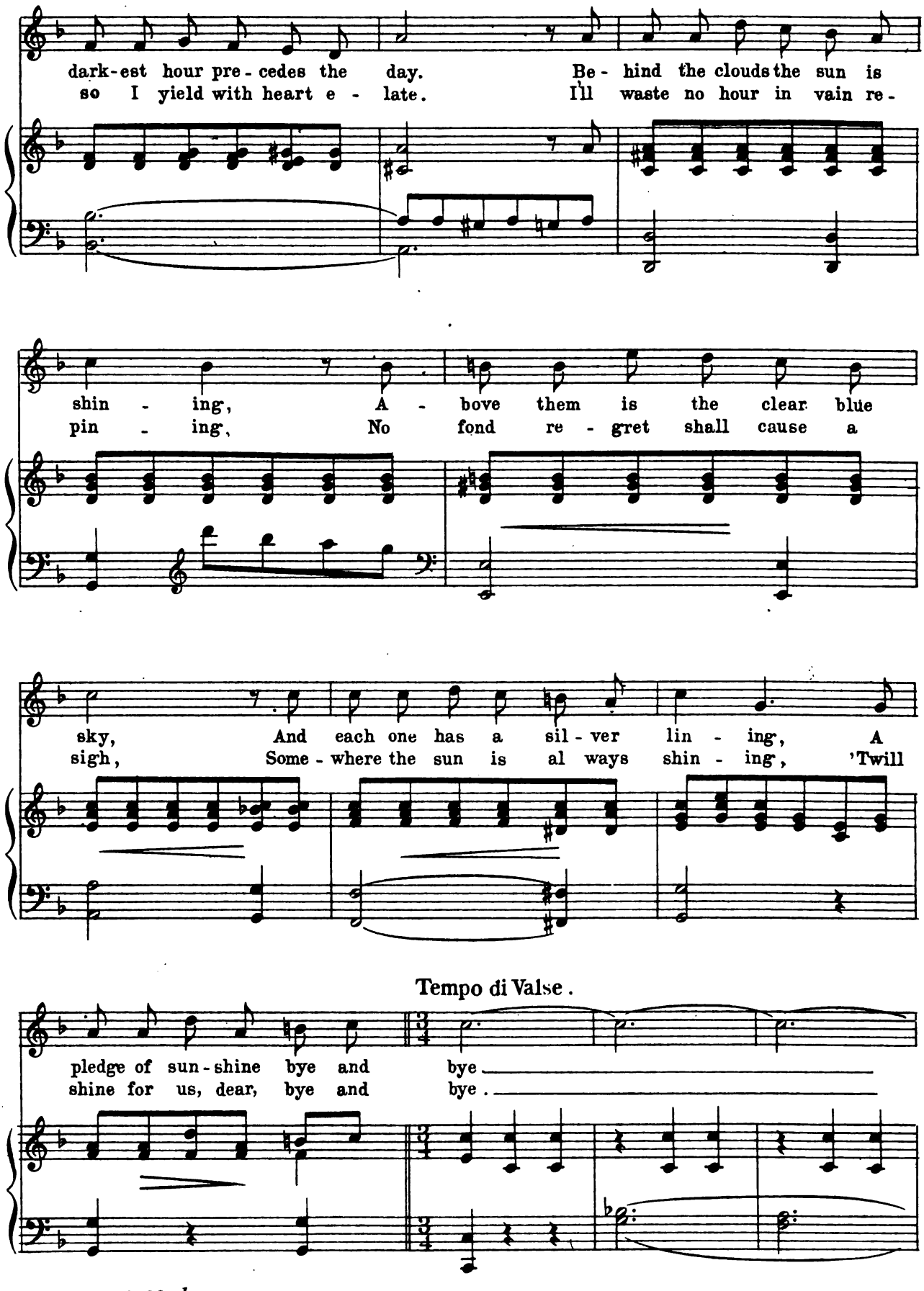
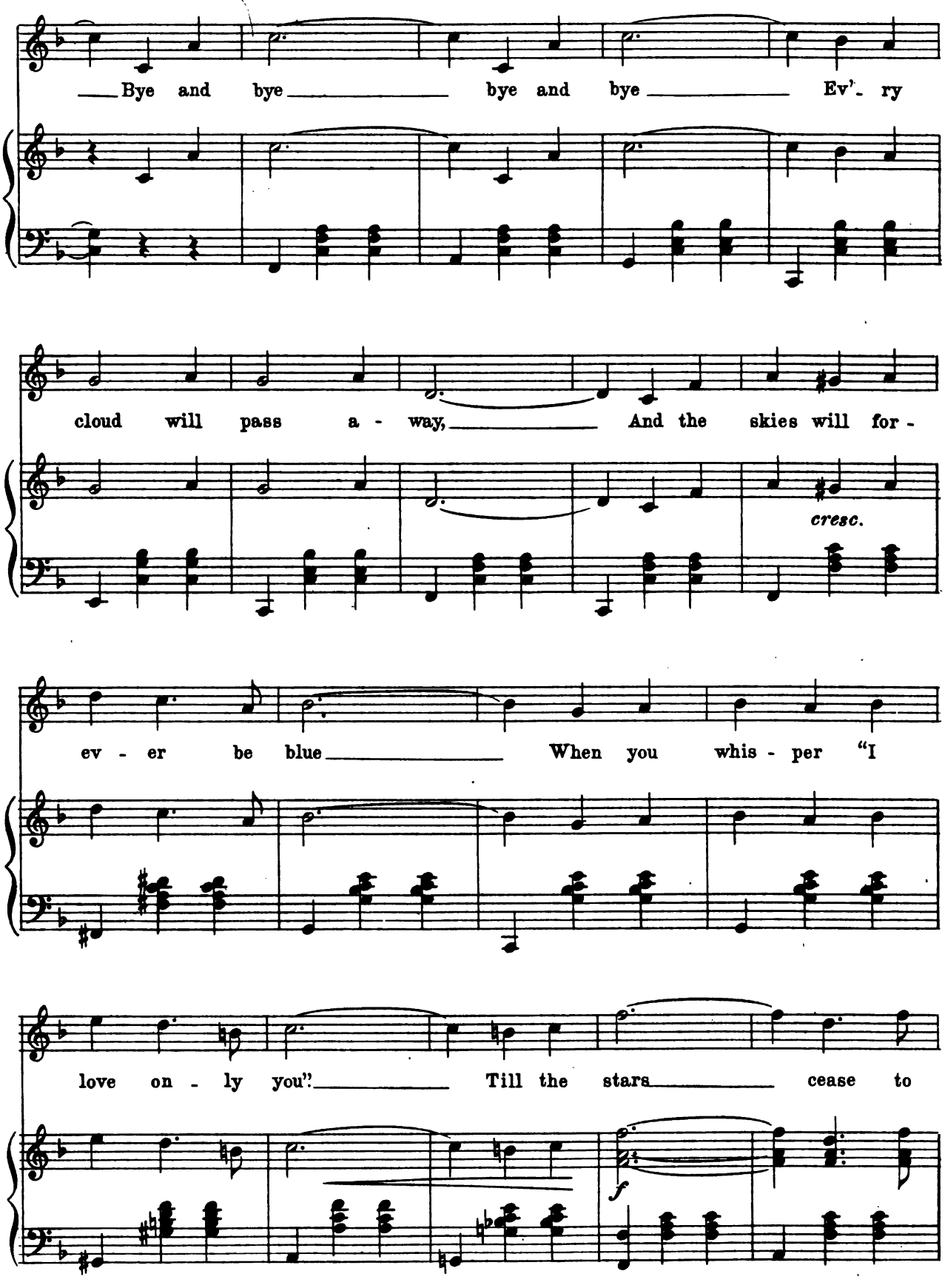
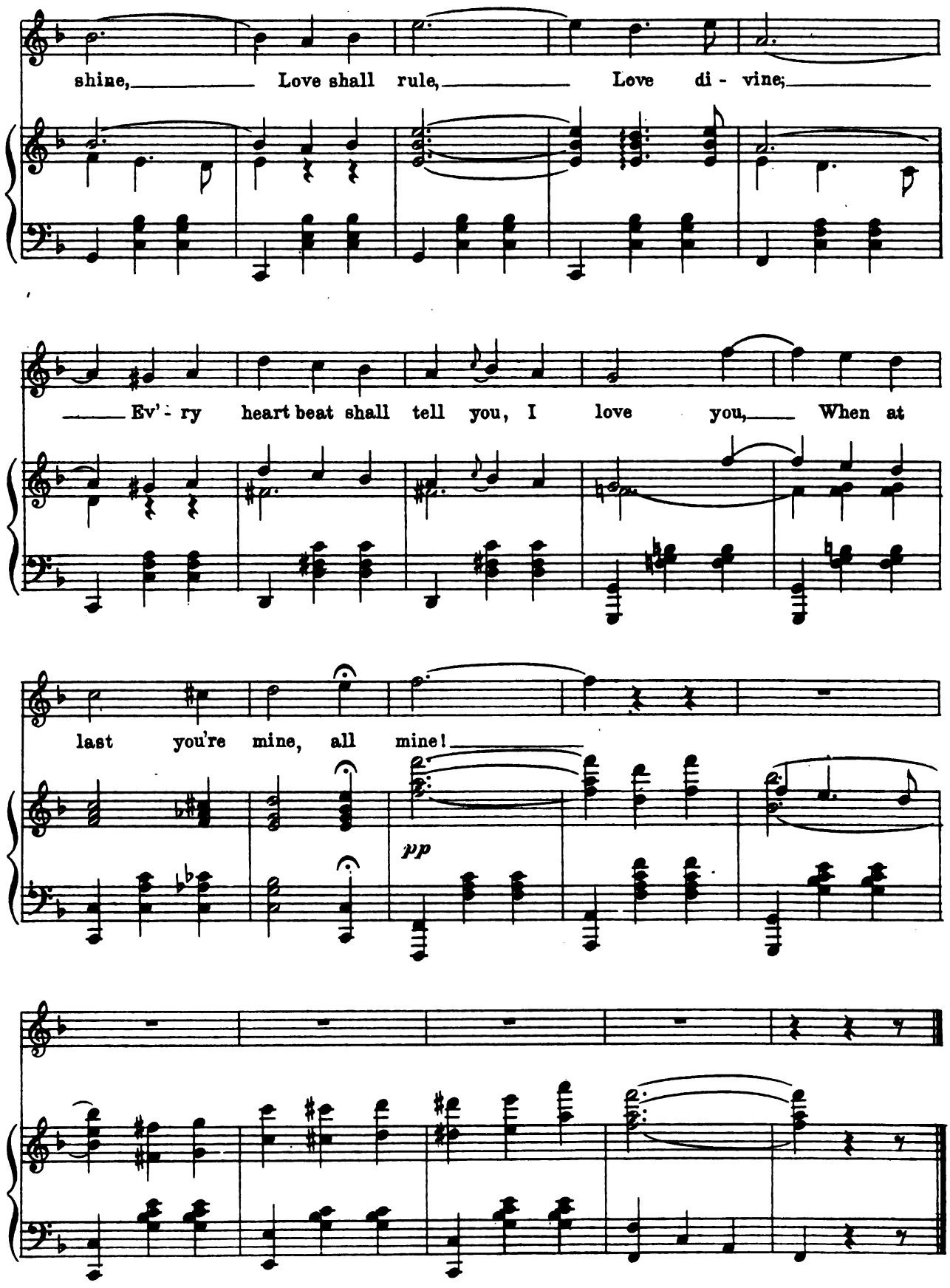

dark-est hour pre-cedes the day. Be-hind the clouds the sun is
so I yield with heart e-late. I'll waste no hour in vain re-
shin-ing, A-bove them is the clear blue
pin-ing, No fond re-gret shall cause a
sky, And each one has a sil-ver lin-ing, A
sigh, Some-where the sun is al ways shin-ing, 'Twill
Tempo di Valse.
pledge of sun-shine bye and bye
shine for us, dear, bye and bye


Bye and bye bye and bye Ev'- ry
cloud will pass a - way, And the skies will for -
cresc.
ev - er be blue When you whis - per "I
love on - ly you". Till the stars cease to
f


shine, Love shall rule, Love di - vine;
Ev'- ry heart beat shall tell you, I love you, When at
last you're mine, all mine!
pp

3540

No 7.

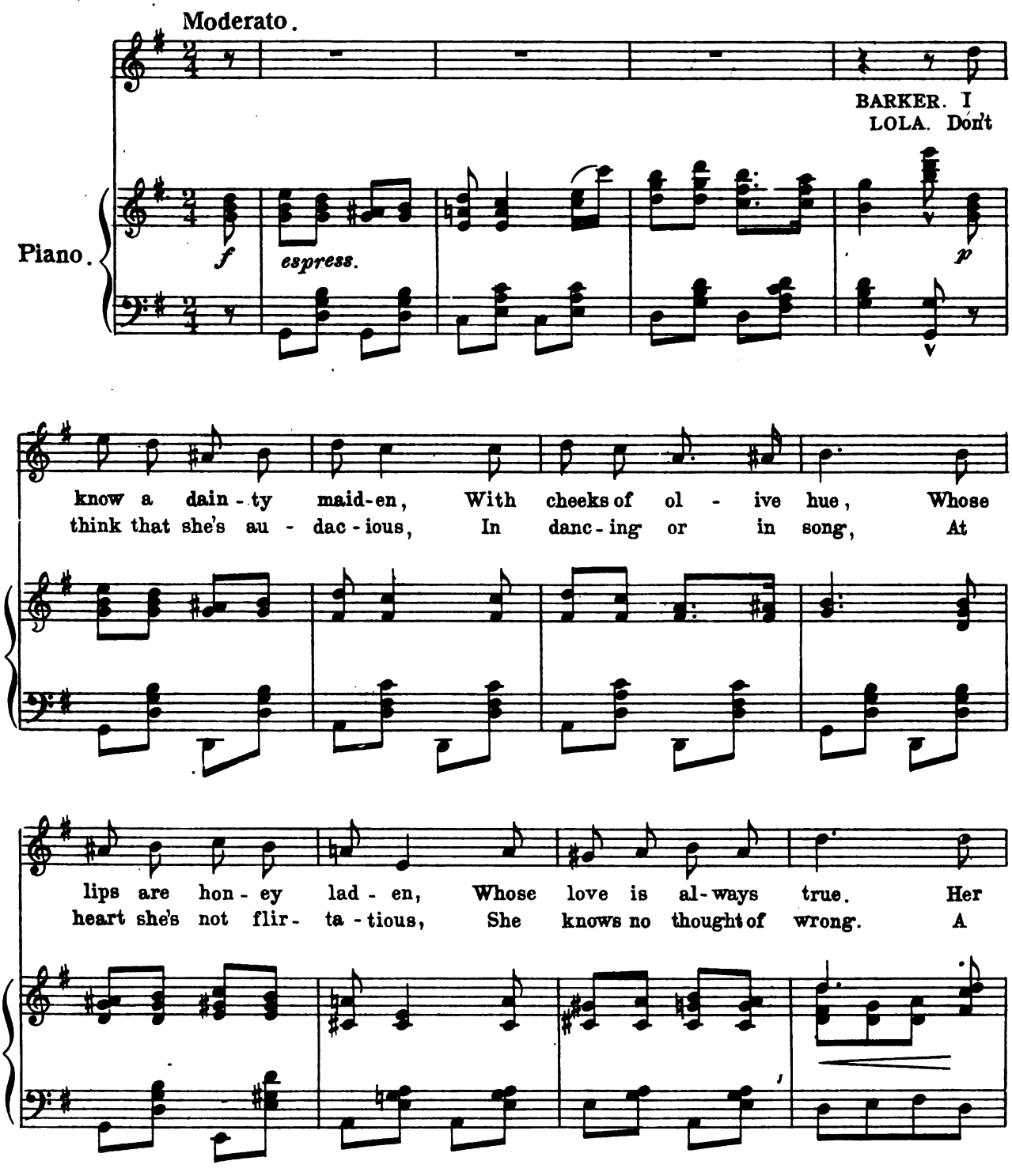
My Hula-Hula Girl.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Barker, Lola and Hula-Hula Girls.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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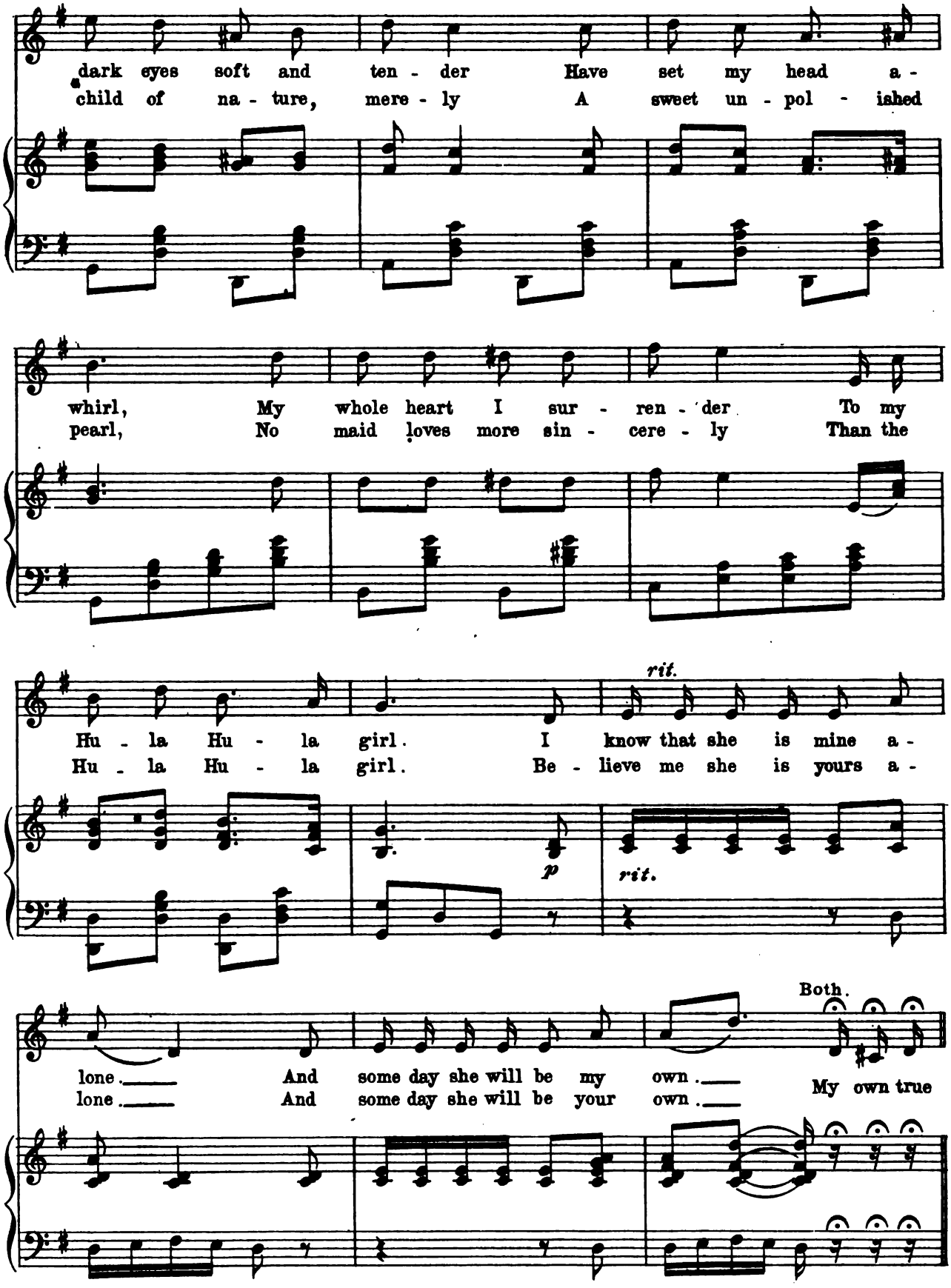
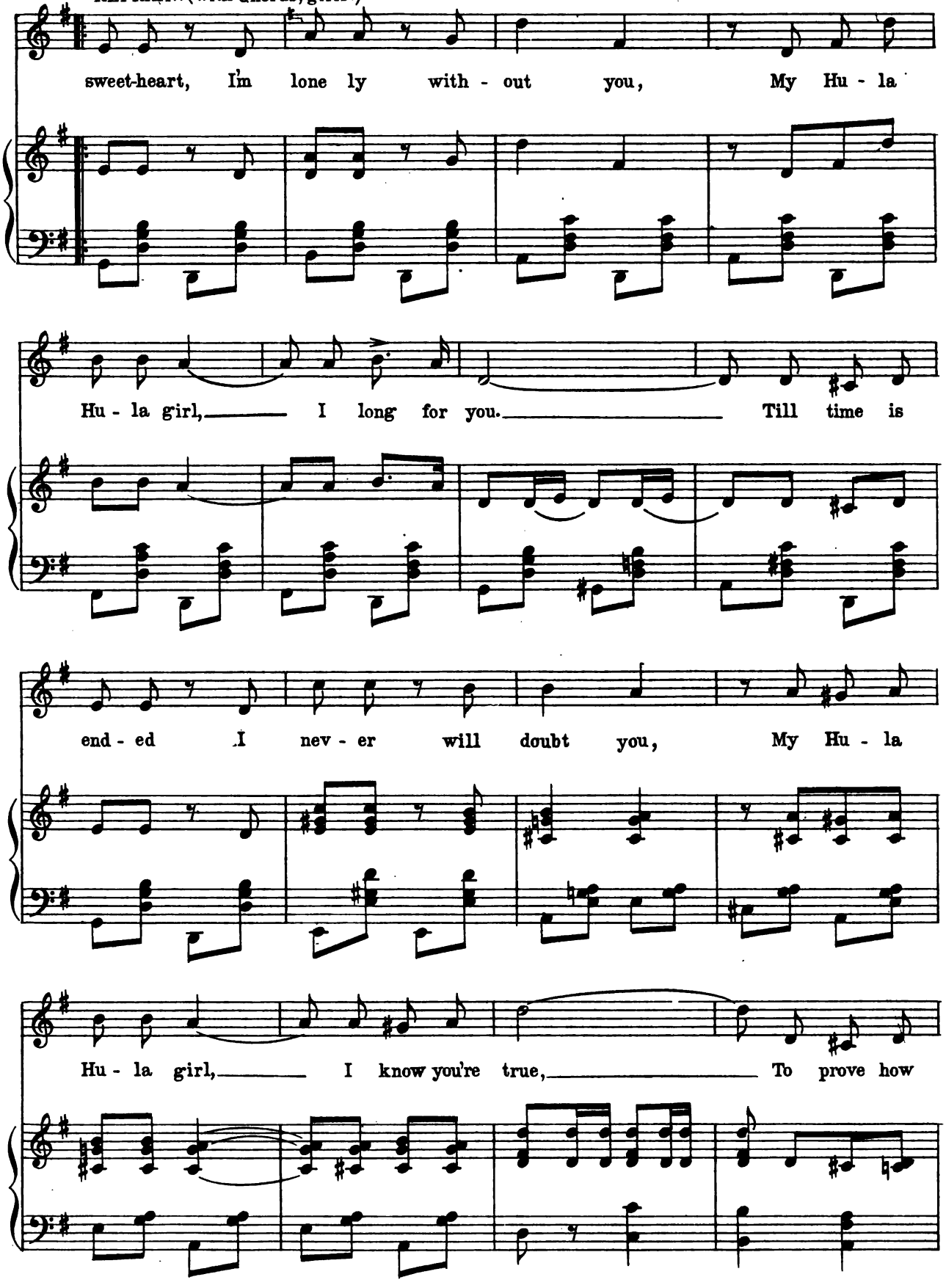

dark eyes soft and ten - der Have set my head a -
child of na - ture, mere - ly A sweet un - pol - ished
whirl, My whole heart I sur - ren - der To my
pearl, No maid loves more sin - cere - ly Than the
rit.
Hu - la Hu - la girl. I know that she is mine a -
Hu - la Hu - la girl. Be - lieve me she is yours a -
p
rit.
Both.
lone. And some day she will be my own.
lone. And some day she will be your own.
My own true

REFRAIN. (with Chorus, girls.)



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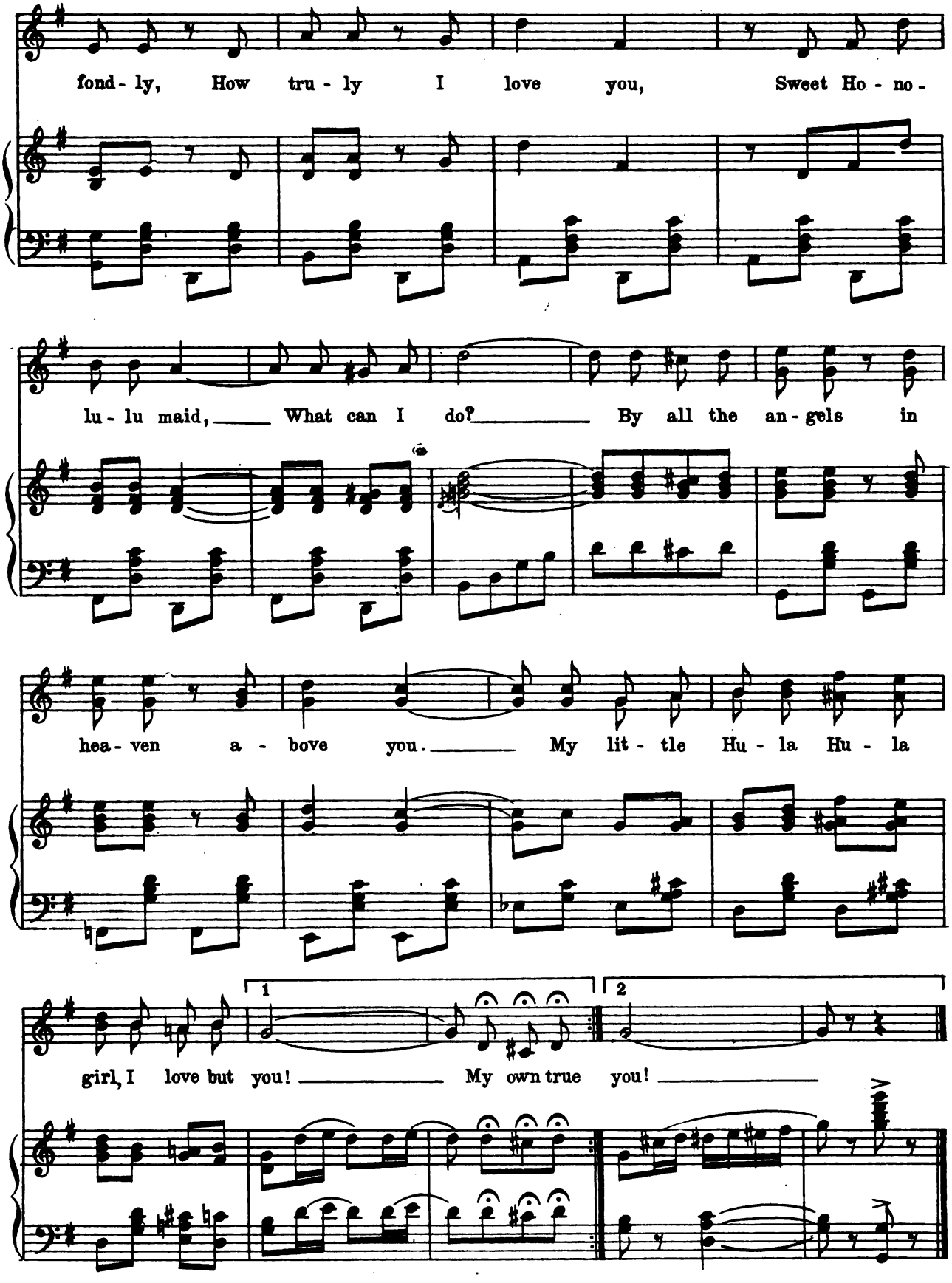

fond - ly, How tru - ly I love you, Sweet Ho - no -
lu - lu maid, What can I do? By all the an - gels in
hea - ven a - bove you. My lit - tle Hu - la Hu - la
1
2
girl, I love but you! My own true you!

No 8. Finale I.

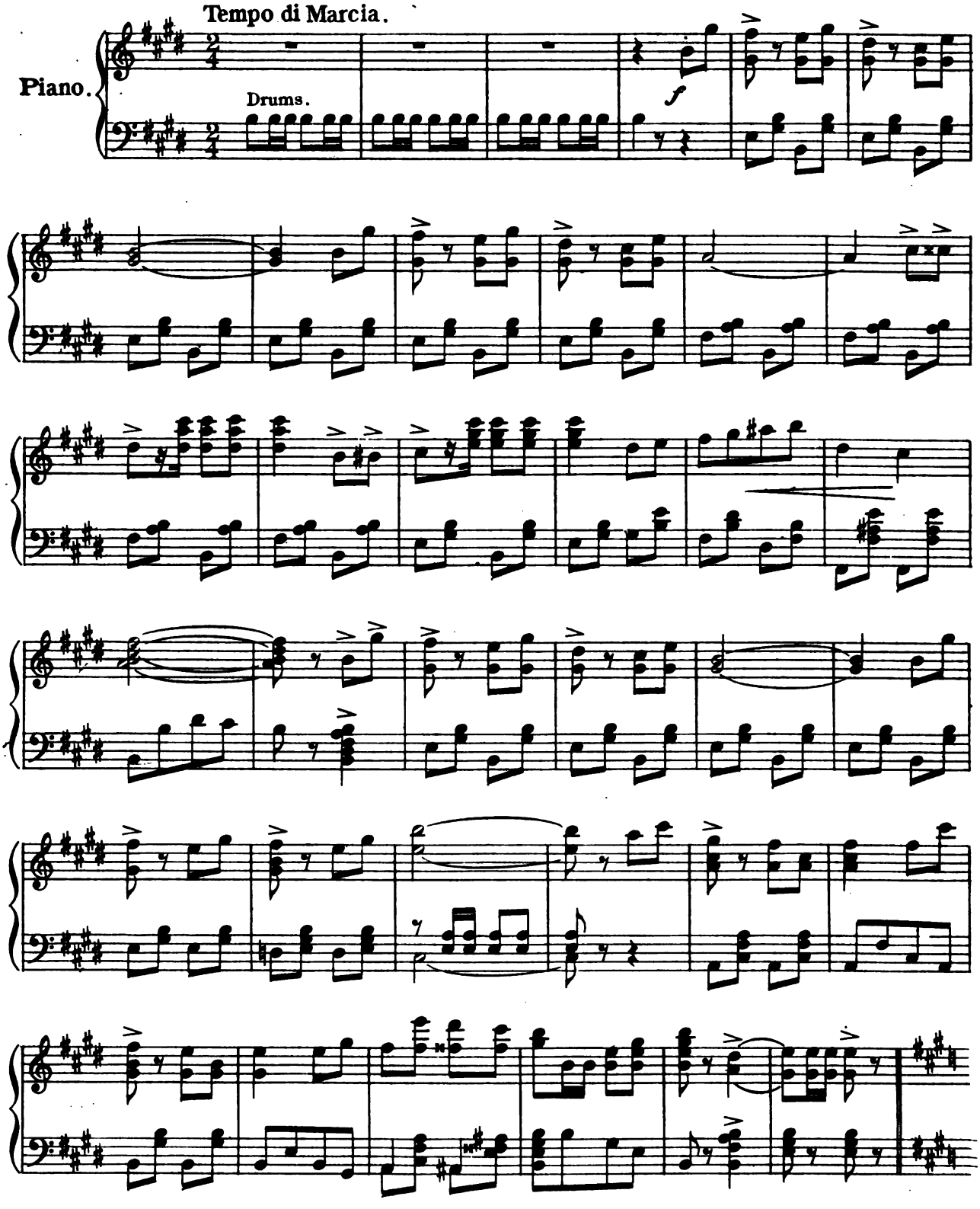
Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

Drums.



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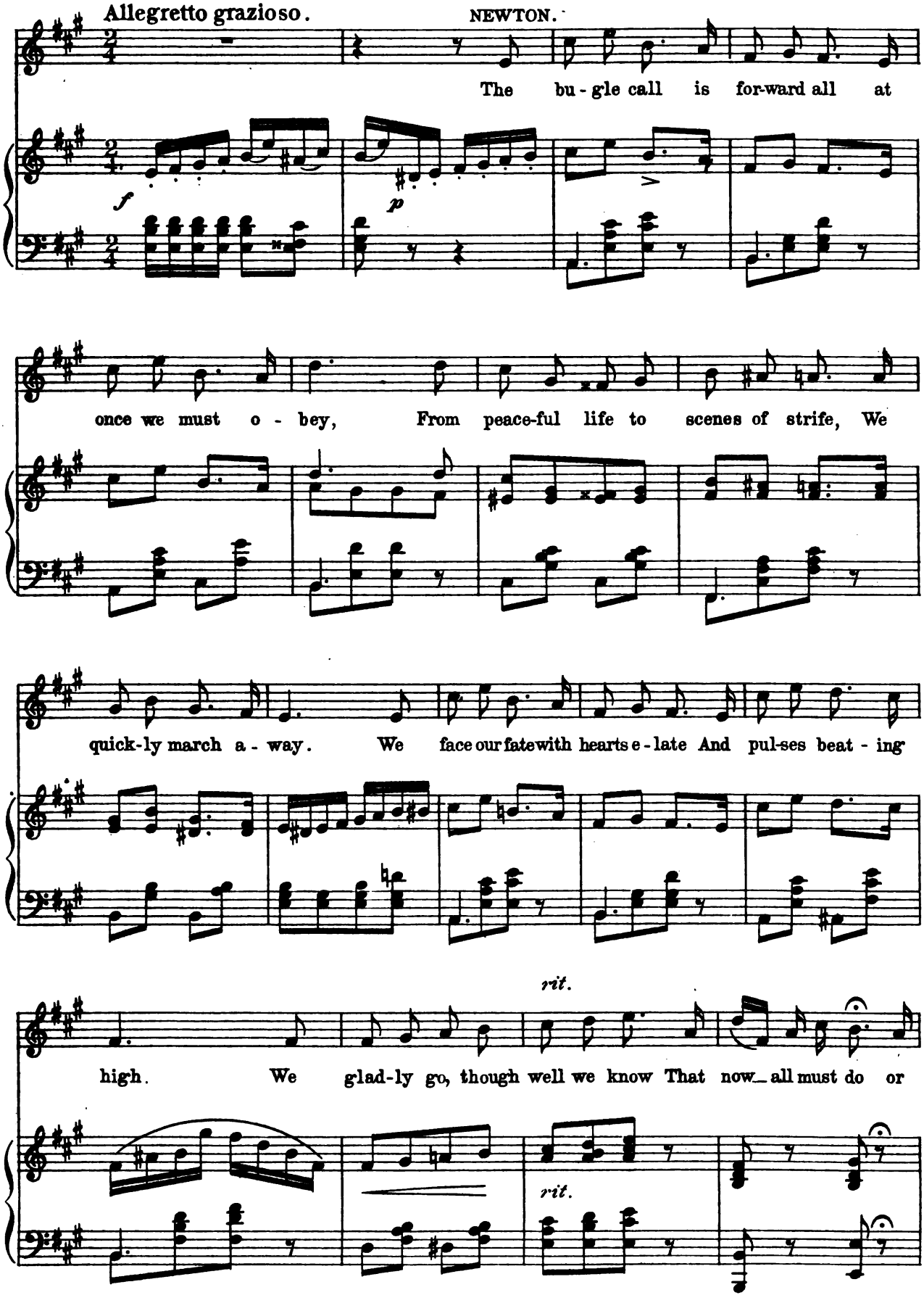
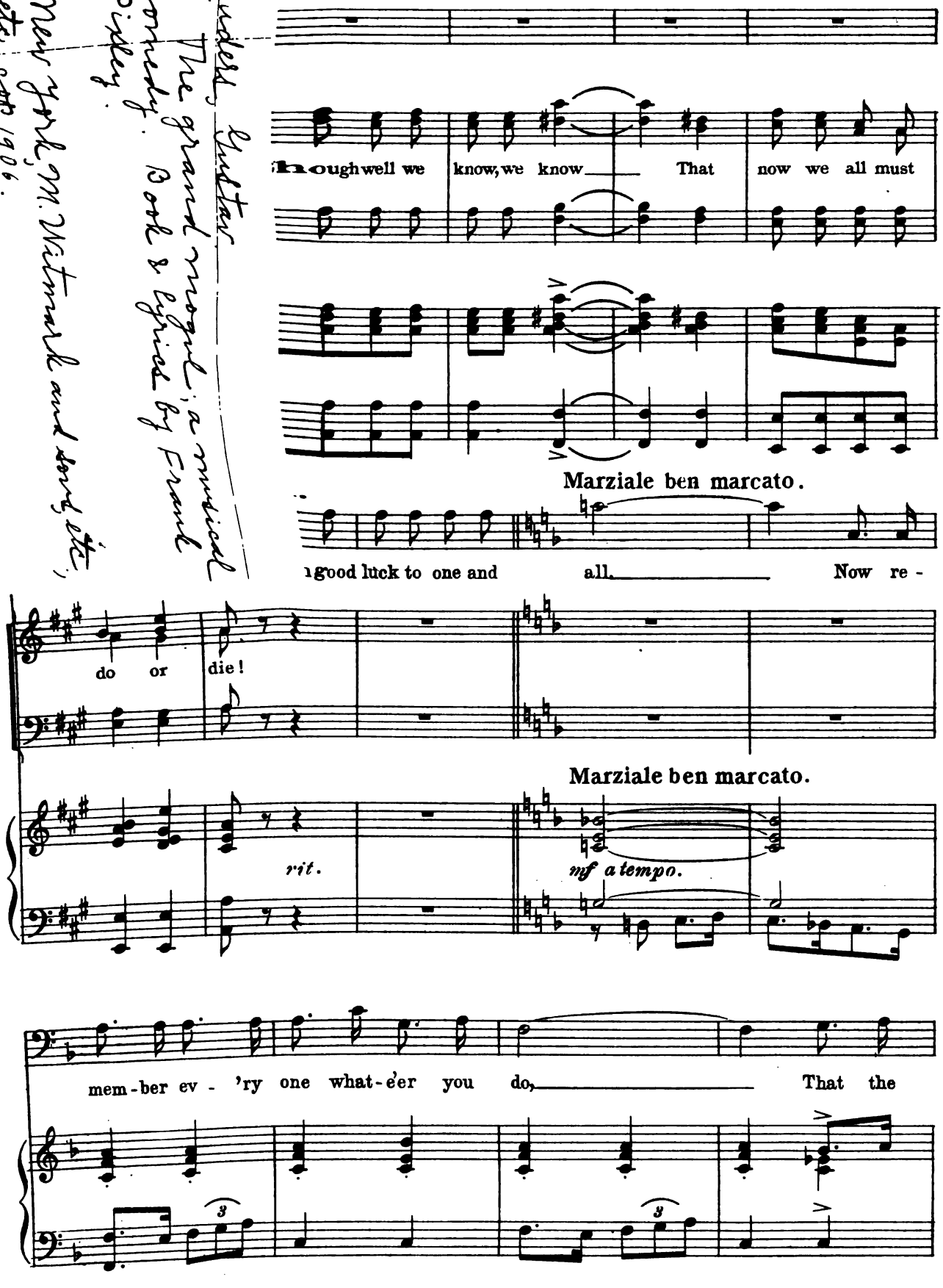
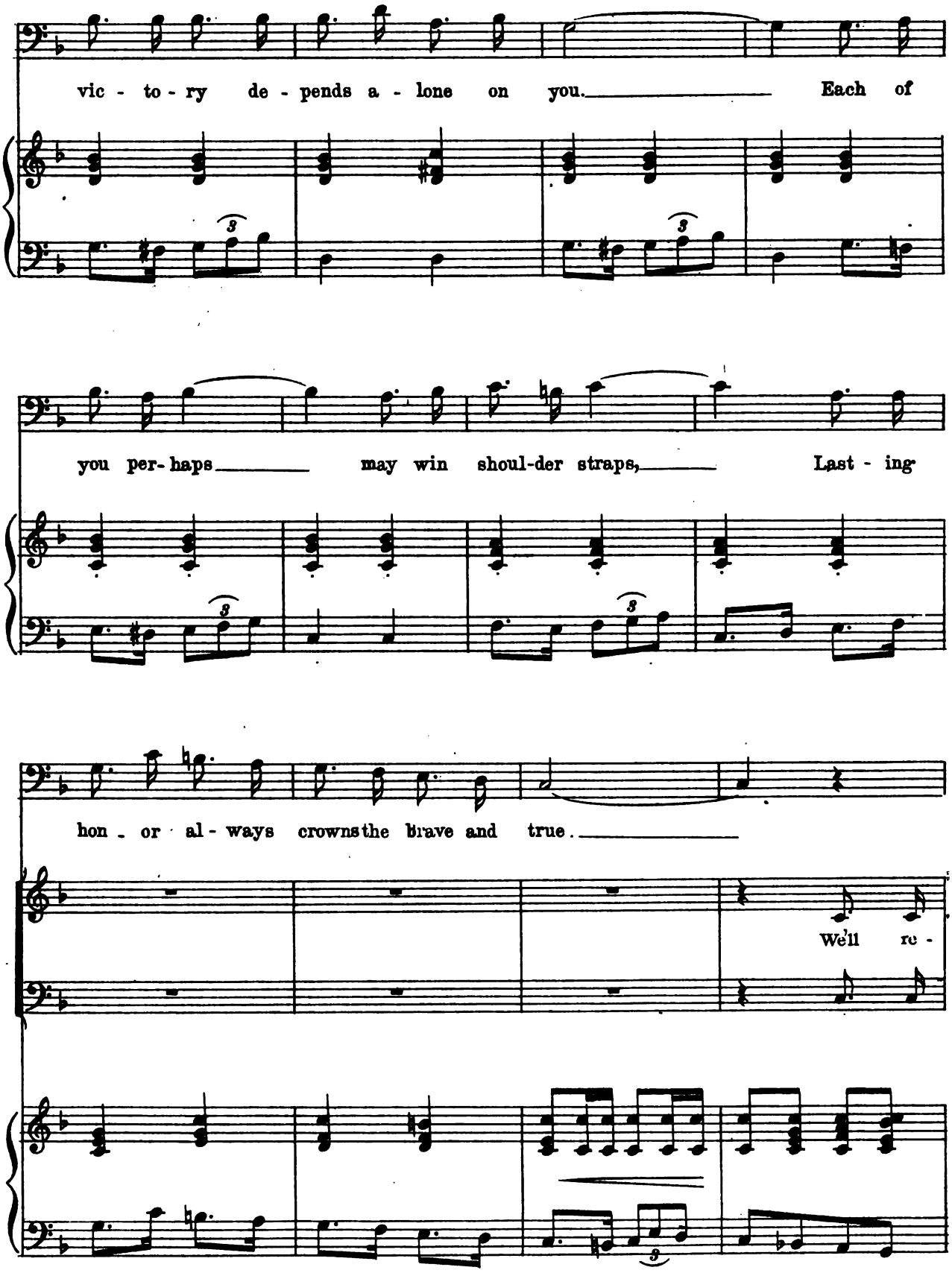
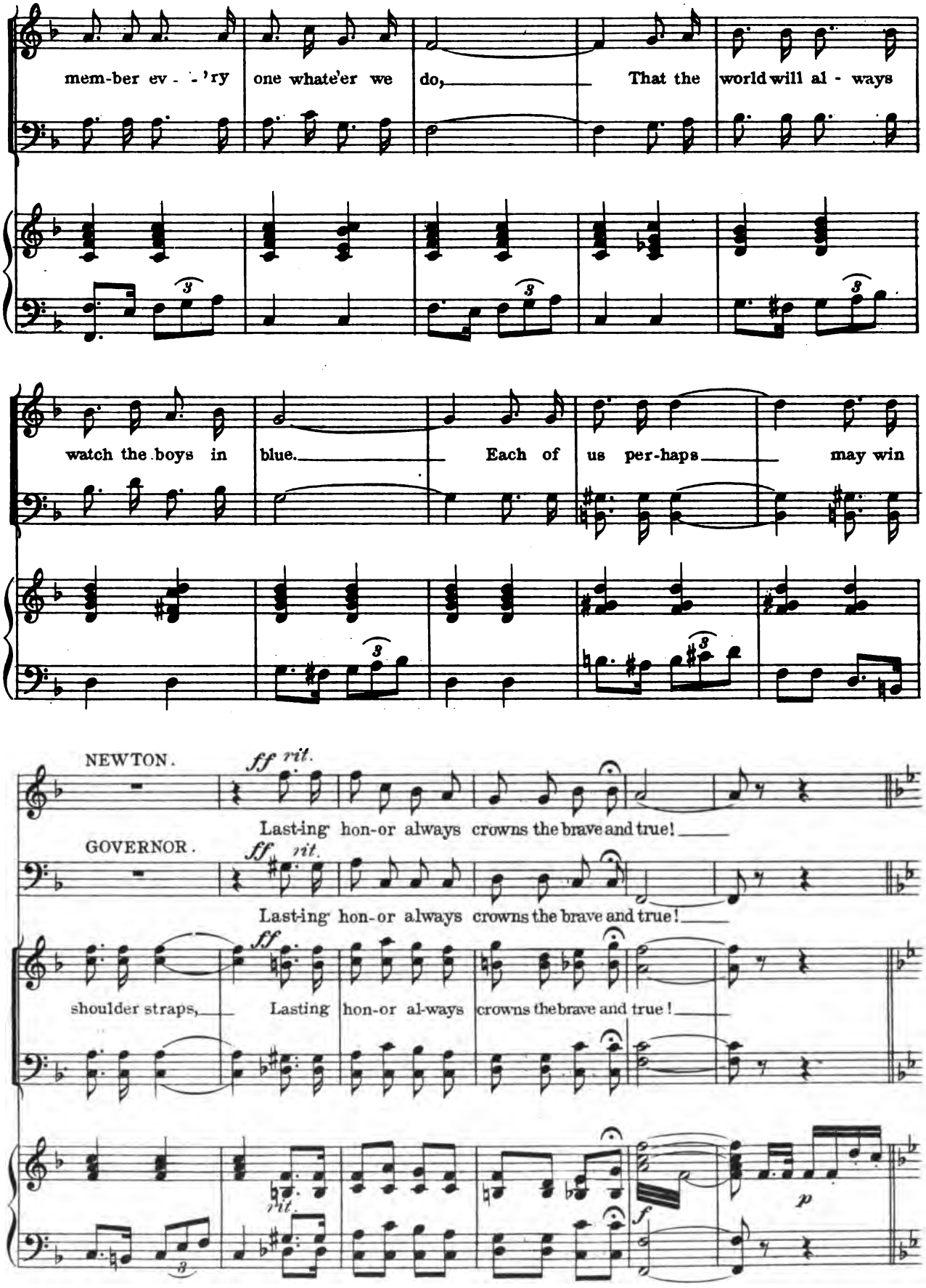

Allegretto grazioso.
NEWTON.
The bu - gle call is for-ward all at
f
p
once we must o - bey, From peace-ful life to scenes of strife, We
quick-ly march a - way. We face our fate with hearts e - late And pul-ses beat - ing
rit.
high. We glad-ly go, though well we know That now all must do or
rit.

Luders, Gustav
The grand mogul; a musical comedy. Book & lyrics by Frank Pixley.
New York, M. Witmark and sons, etc., etc., cop 1906.
4°

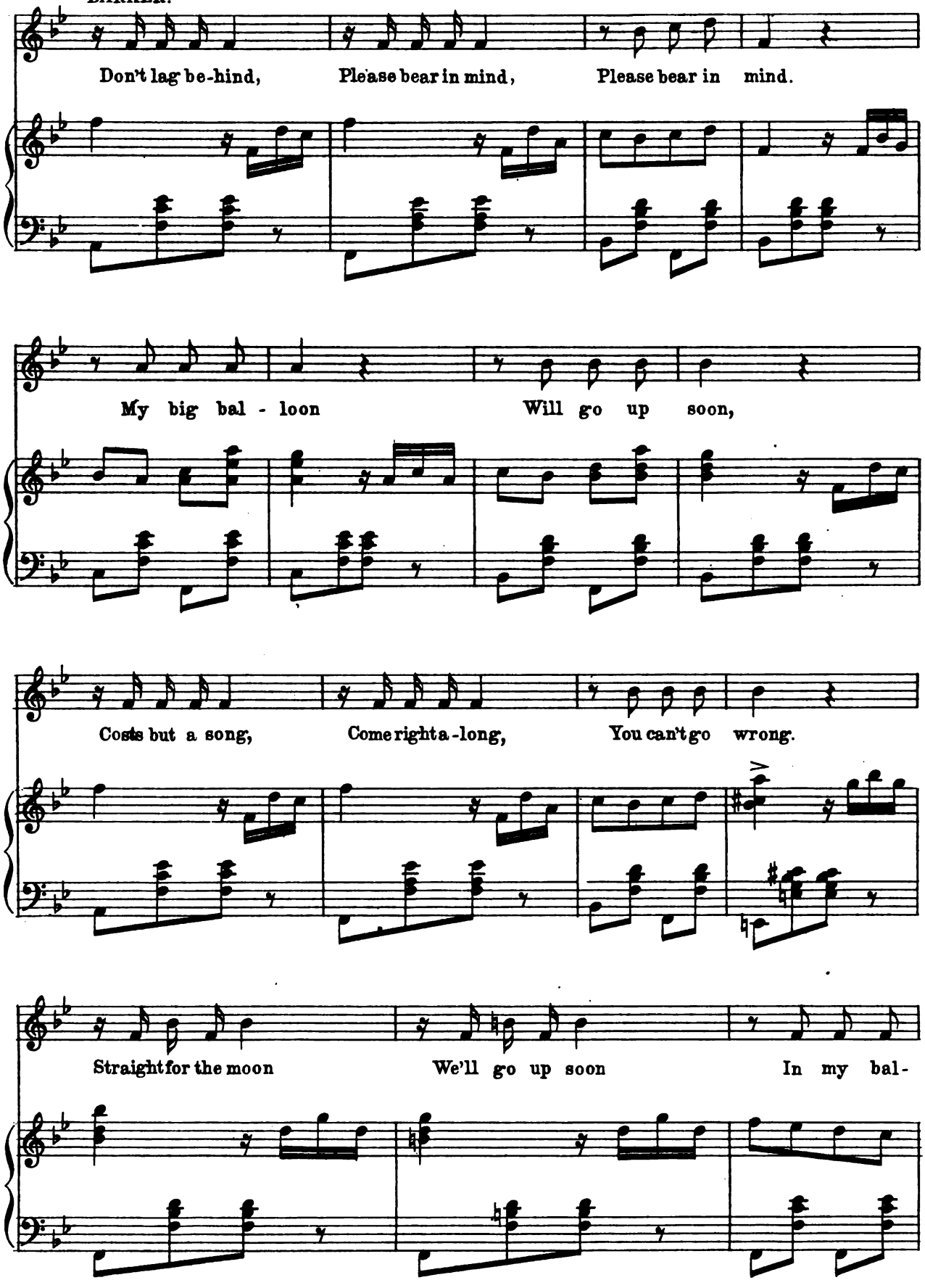

hough well we know, we know That now we all must
Marziale ben marcato.
good luck to one and all. Now re-
do or die!
Marziale ben marcato.
rit.
mf a tempo.
mem-ber ev-'ry one what-e'er you do, That the

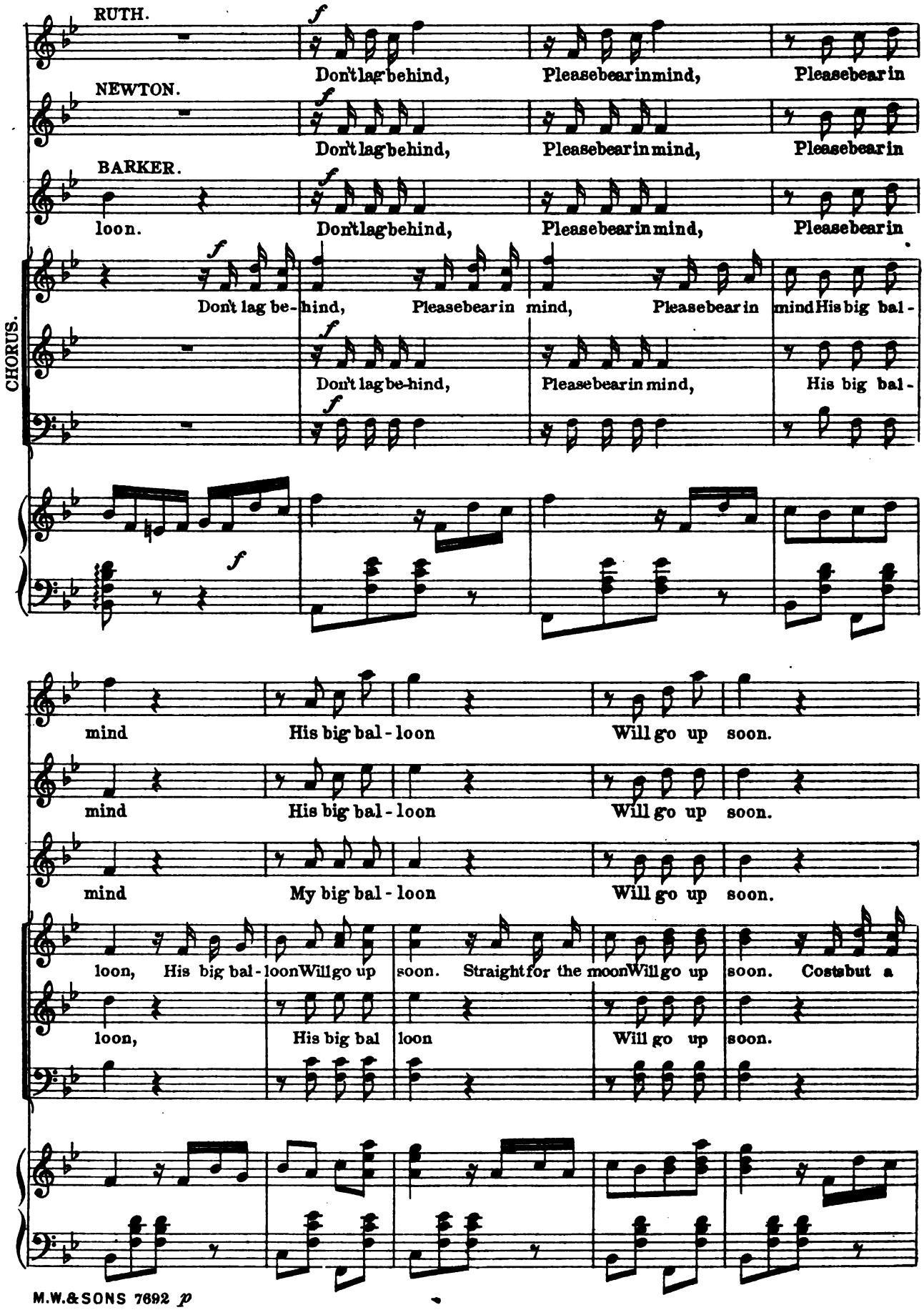

vic - to - ry de - pends a - lone on you. Each of
you per- haps may win shoul-der straps, Last - ing
hon - or al - ways crowns the brave and true.
We'll re -

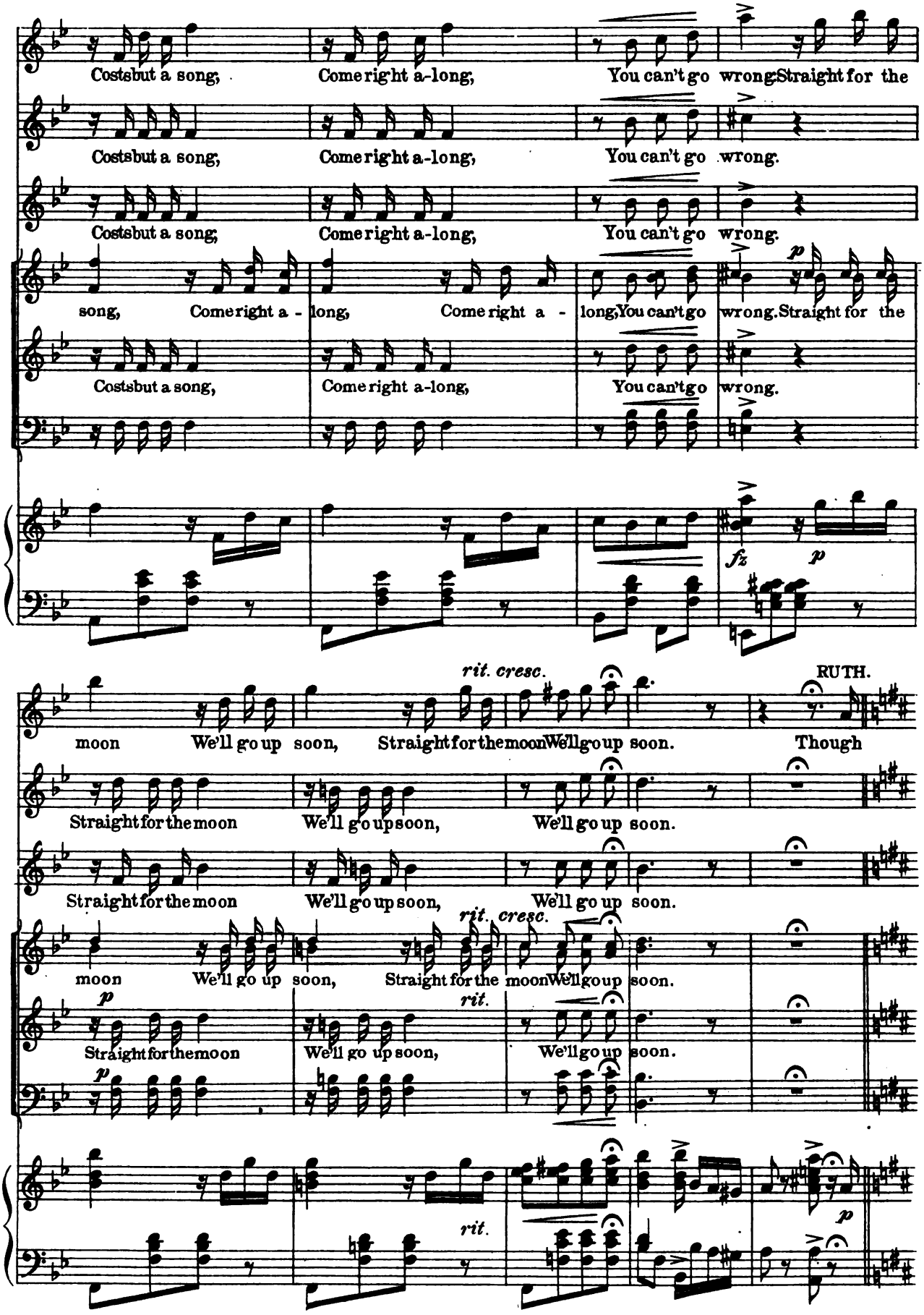

mem-ber ev - - 'ry one whate'er we do, That the world will al - ways
watch the boys in blue. Each of us per-haps may win
NEWTON.
ff rit.
Last-ing hon-or always crowns the brave and true!
GOVERNOR.
ff rit.
Last-ing hon-or always crowns the brave and true!
ff
shoulder straps, Lasting hon-or al-ways crowns the brave and true!
rit.
f
p

Moderato grazioso.

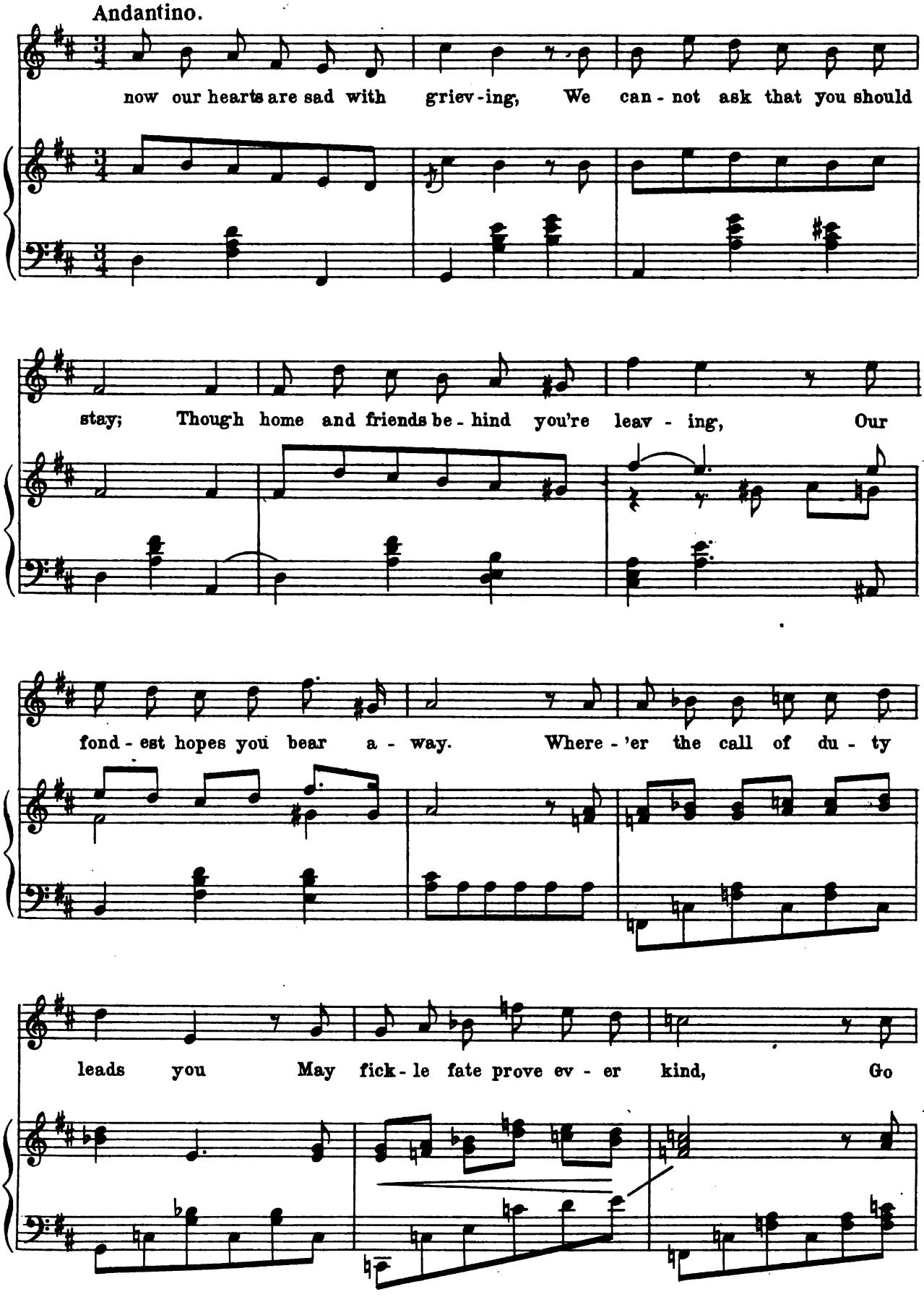
BARKER.

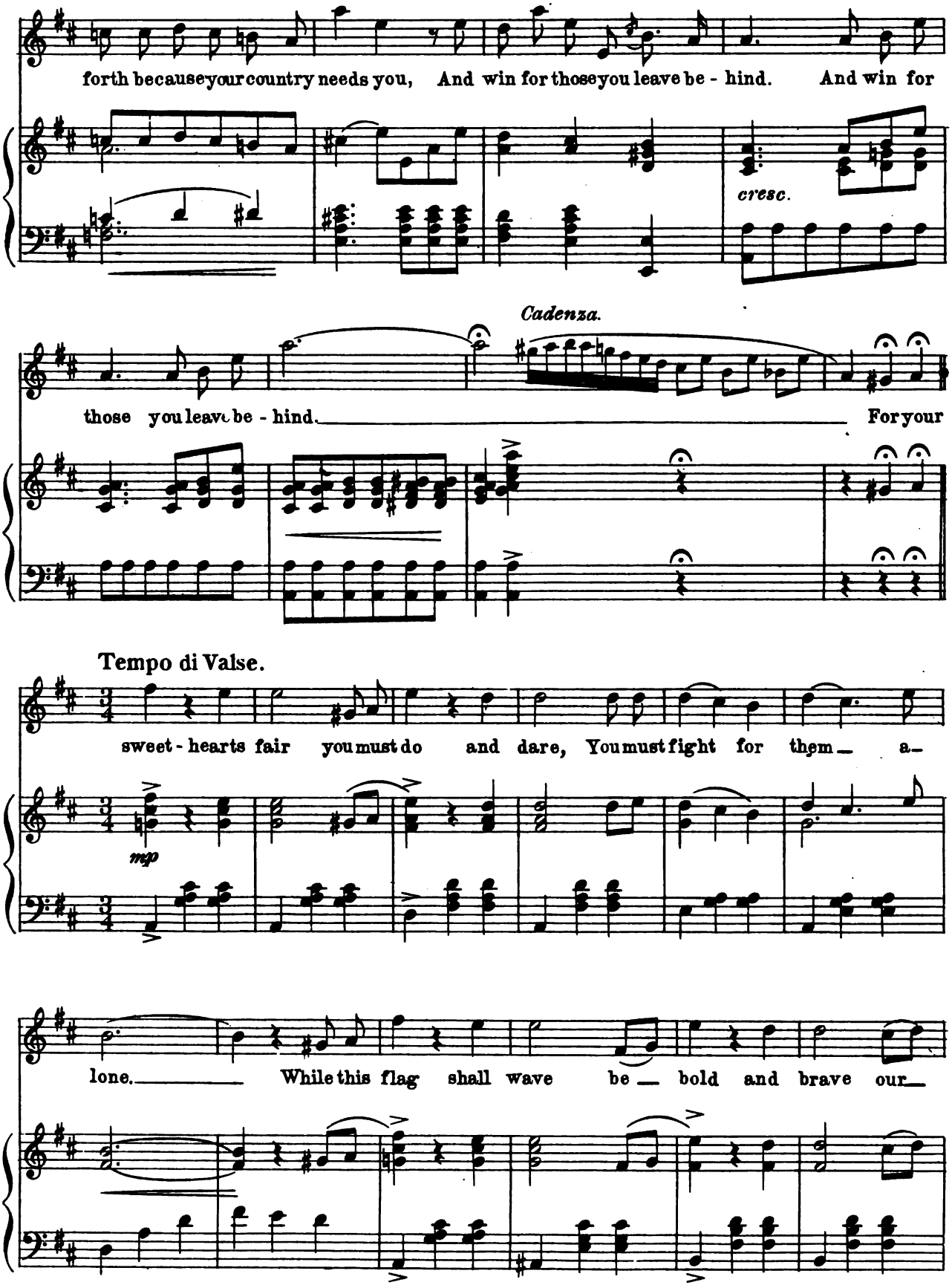


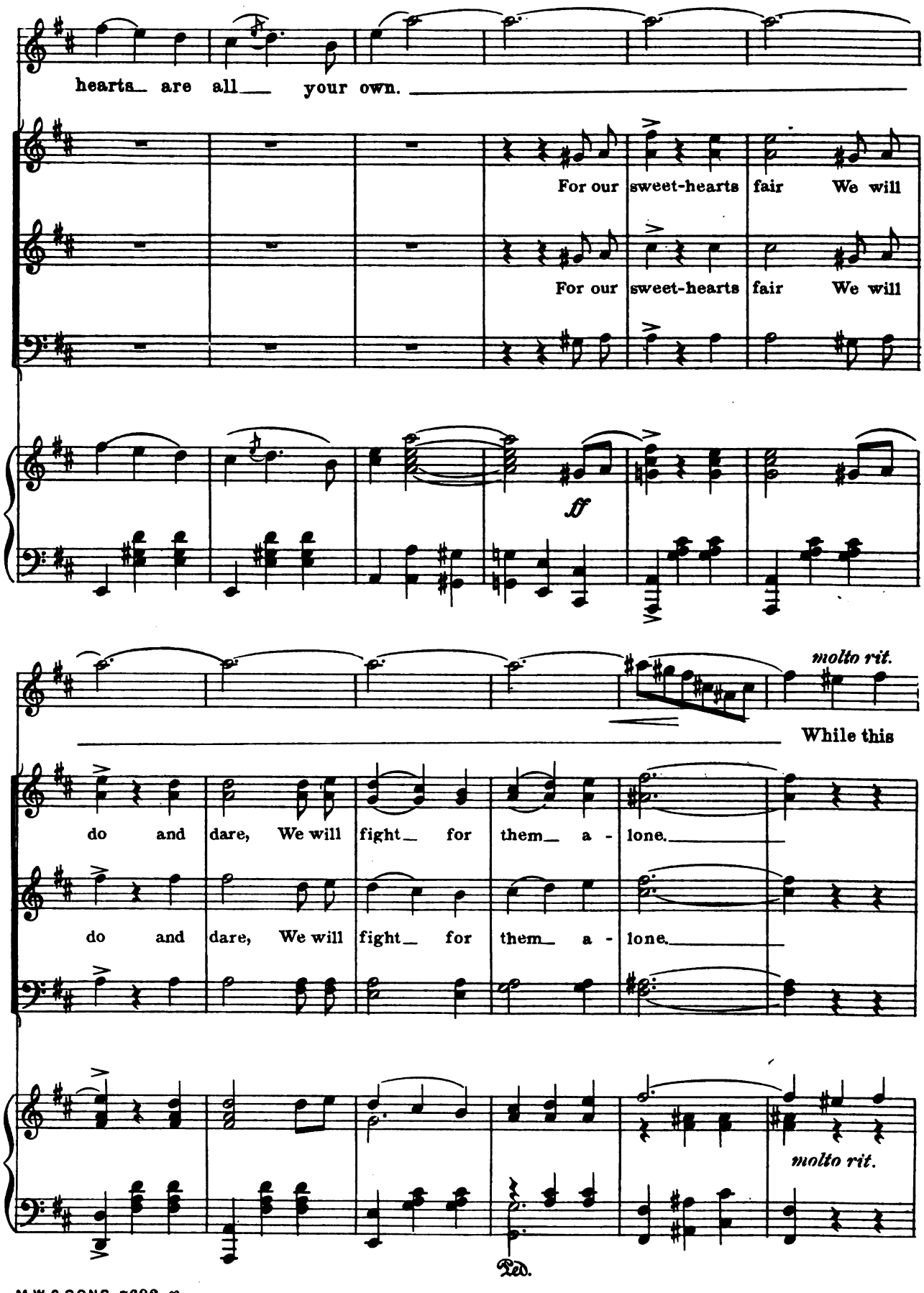

RUTH.
Don't lag behind, Please bear in mind, Please bear in
NEWTON.
Don't lag behind, Please bear in mind, Please bear in
BARKER.
loon. Don't lag behind, Please bear in mind, Please bear in
CHORUS.
Don't lag be-hind, Please bear in mind, Please bear in mind His big bal-
Don't lag be-hind, Please bear in mind, His big bal-
mind His big bal-loon Will go up soon.
mind His big bal-loon Will go up soon.
mind My big bal-loon Will go up soon.
loon, His big bal-loon Will go up soon. Straight for the moon Will go up soon. Costs but a
loon, His big bal loon Will go up soon.

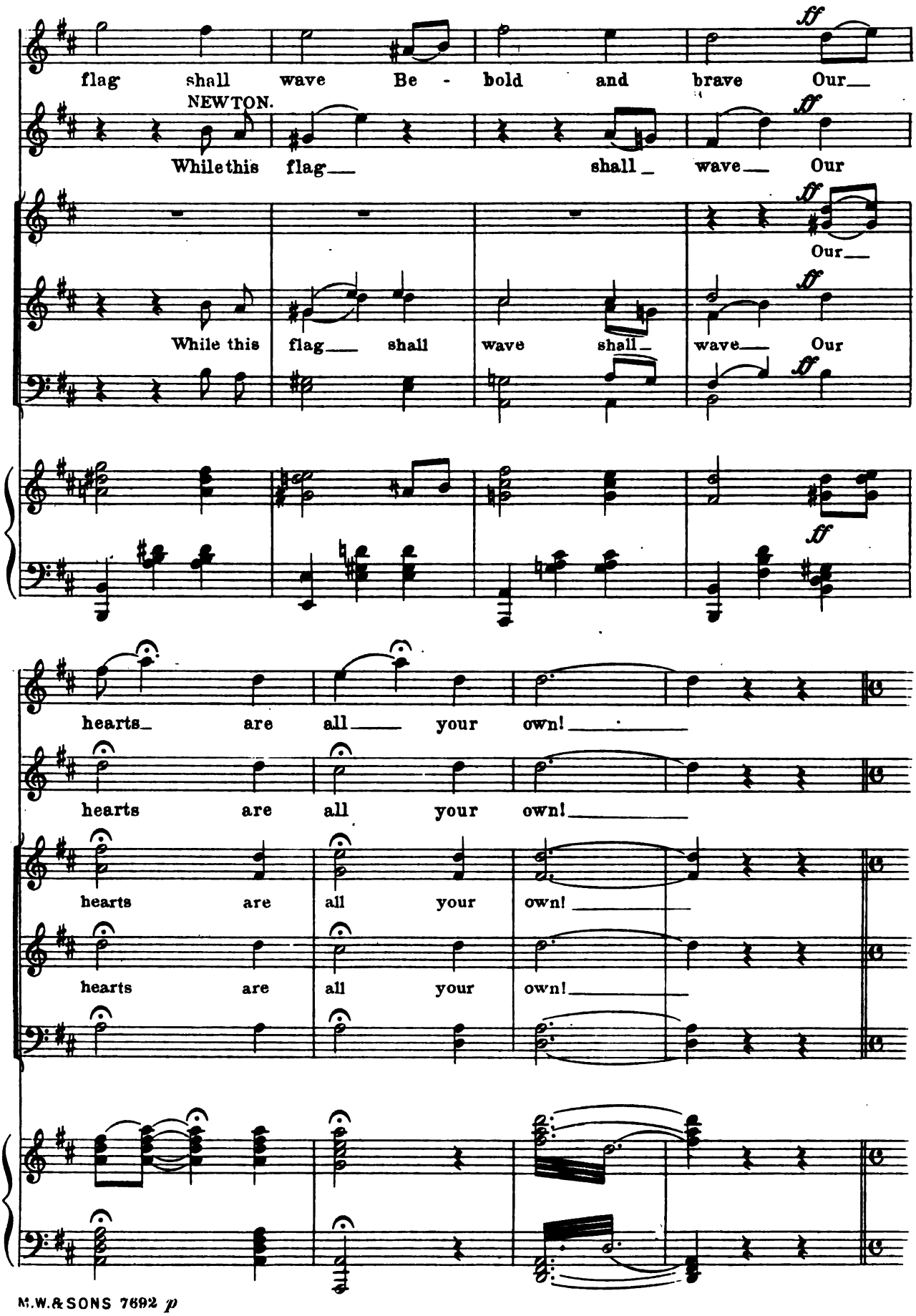

Costsbut a song, Come right a-long, You can't go wrong Straight for the
Costsbut a song, Come right a-long, You can't go wrong.
Costsbut a song, Come right a-long, You can't go wrong.
song, Come right a - long, Come right a - long, You can't go wrong. Straight for the
Costsbut a song, Come right a-long, You can't go wrong.
rit. cresc.
RUTH.
moon We'll go up soon, Straight for the moon We'll go up soon. Though
Straight for the moon We'll go up soon, We'll go up soon.
Straight for the moon We'll go up soon, We'll go up soon.
rit. cresc.
moon We'll go up soon, Straight for the moon We'll go up soon.
rit.
Straight for the moon We'll go up soon, We'll go up soon.
rit.

Andantino.


now our hearts are sad with griev-ing, We can-not ask that you should
stay; Though home and friends be-hind you're leav-ing, Our
fond-est hopes you bear a-way. Where-'er the call of du-ty
leads you May fick-le fate prove ev-er kind, Go

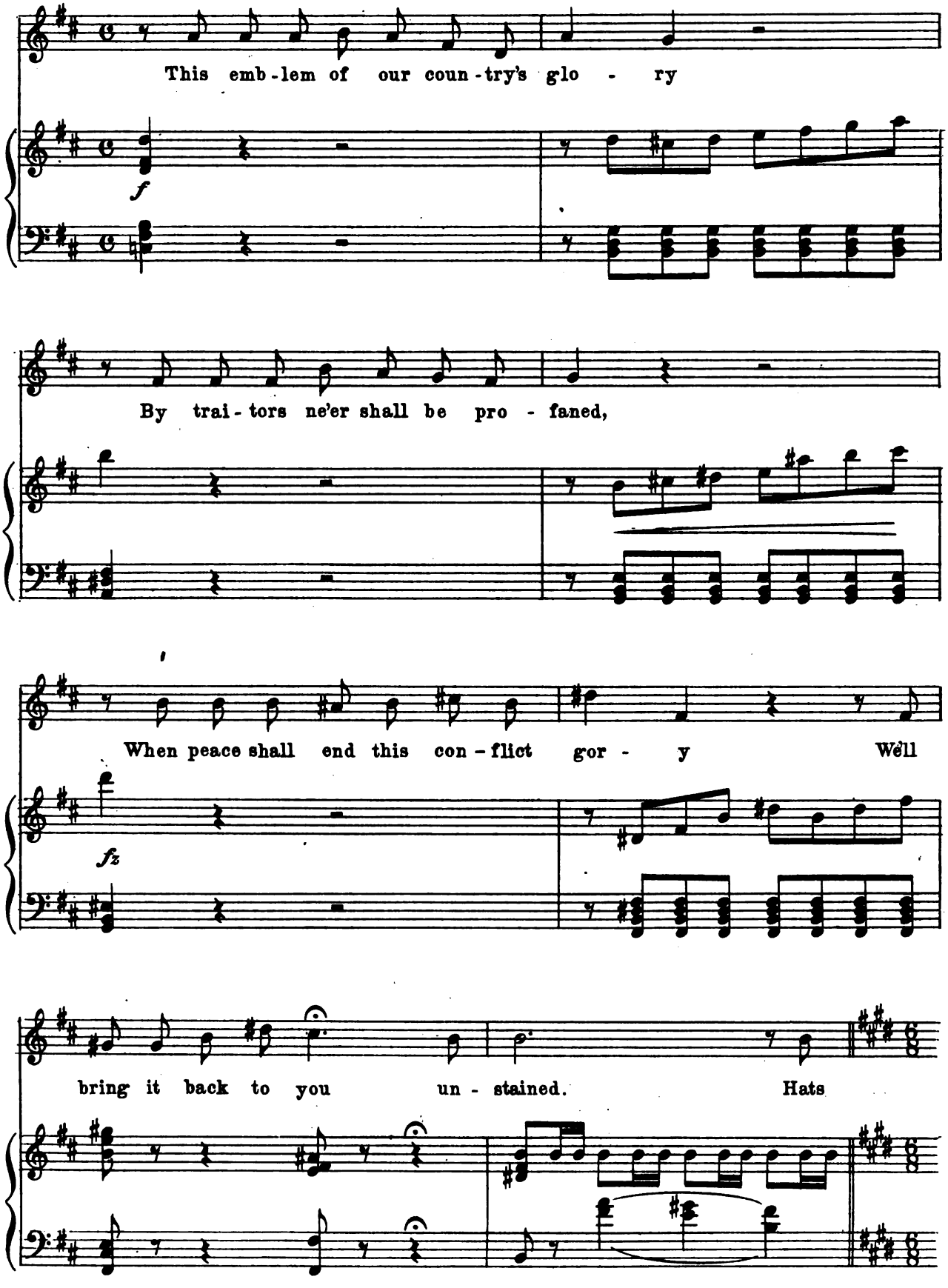

forth because your country needs you, And win for those you leave be - hind. And win for
cresc.
Cadenza.
those you leave be - hind. For your
Tempo di Valse.
sweet - hearts fair you must do and dare, You must fight for them a -
mp
lone. While this flag shall wave be bold and brave our

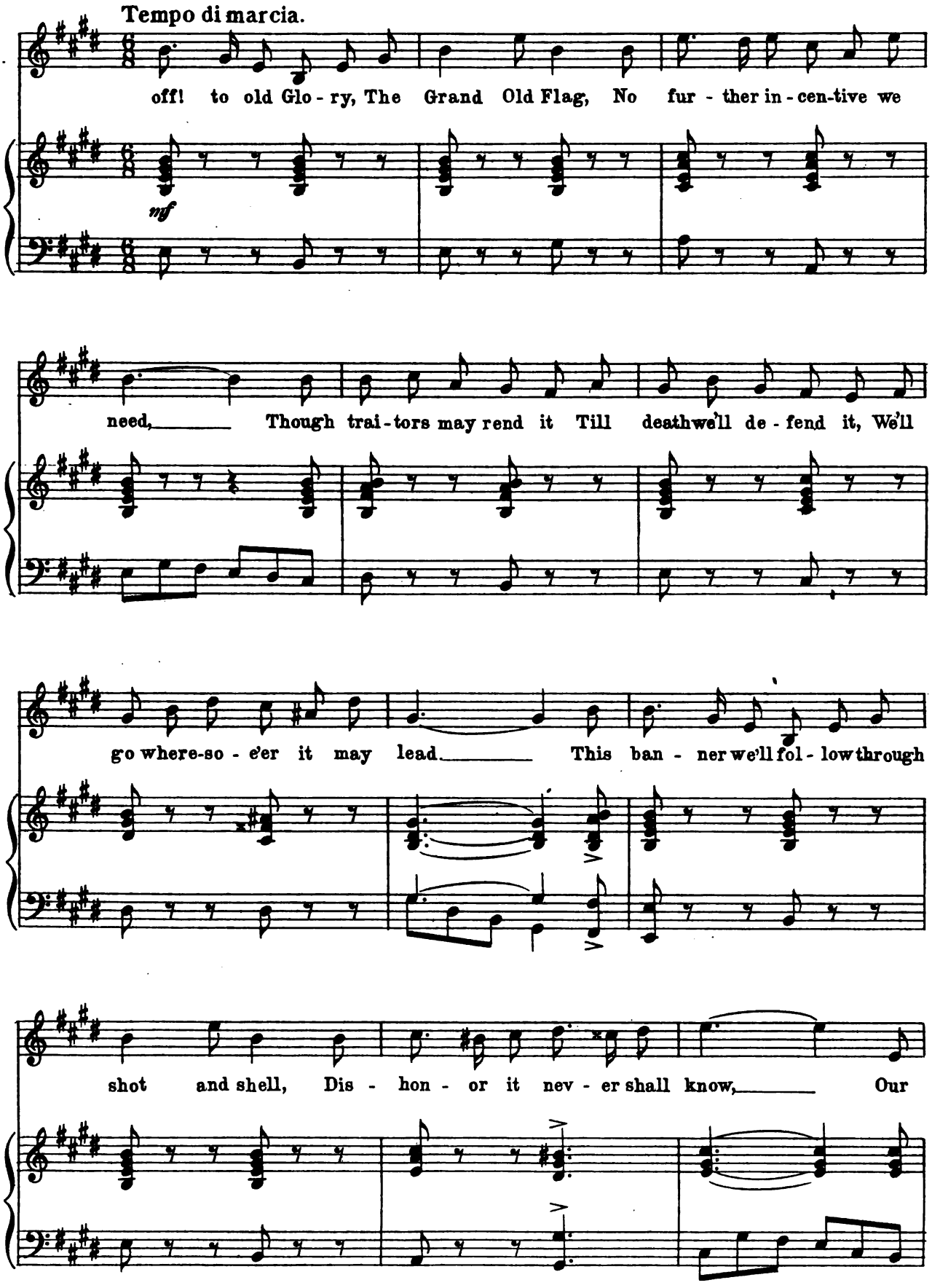

hearts are all your own.
For our sweet-hearts fair We will
For our sweet-hearts fair We will
ff
molto rit.
While this
do and dare, We will fight for them a - lone.
do and dare, We will fight for them a - lone.
molto rit.
Ped.

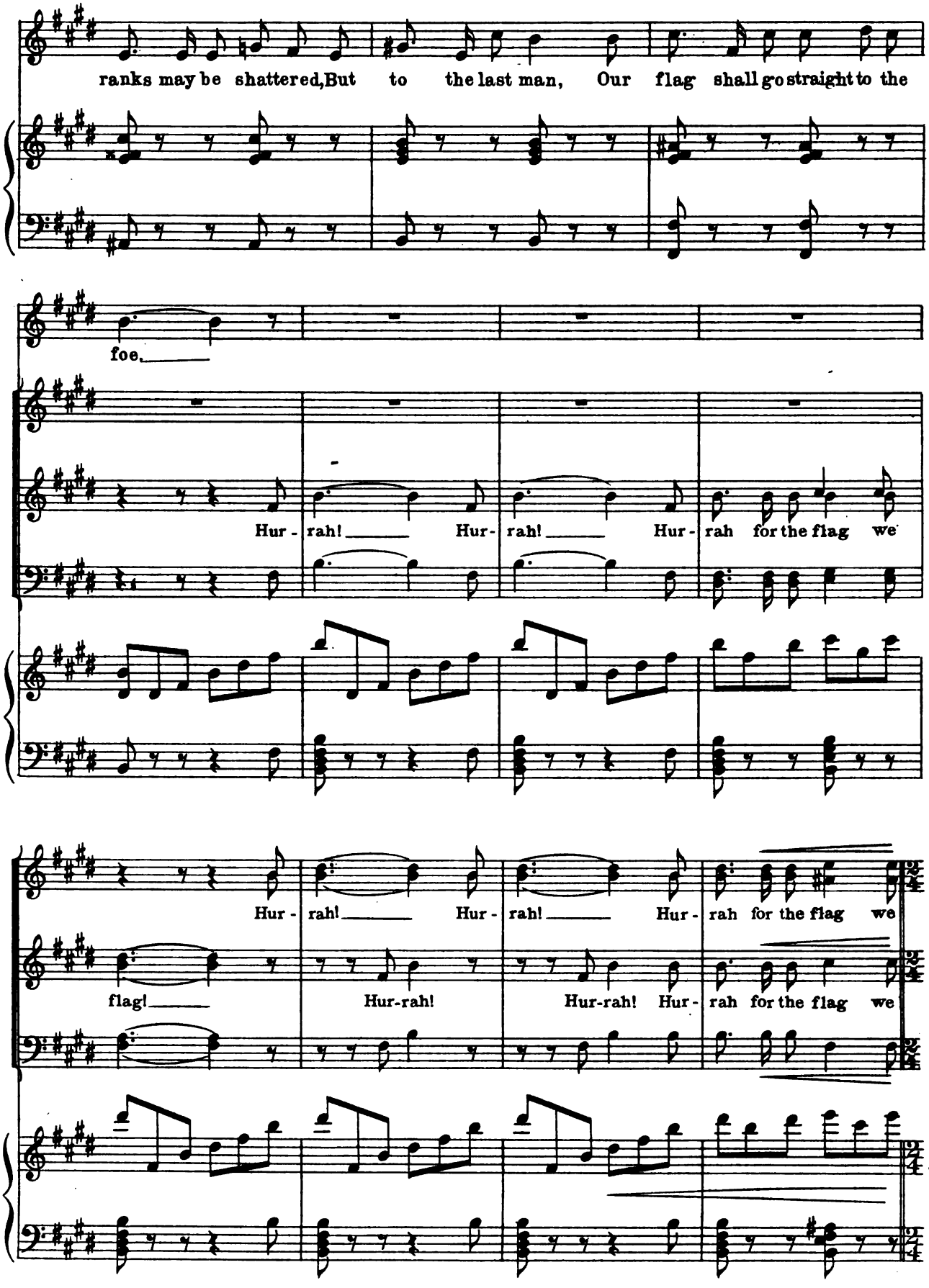

flag shall wave Be - bold and brave Our
ff
NEWTON.
While this flag shall wave Our
While this flag shall wave shall wave Our
hearts are all your own!
hearts are all your own!
hearts are all your own!
hearts are all your own!

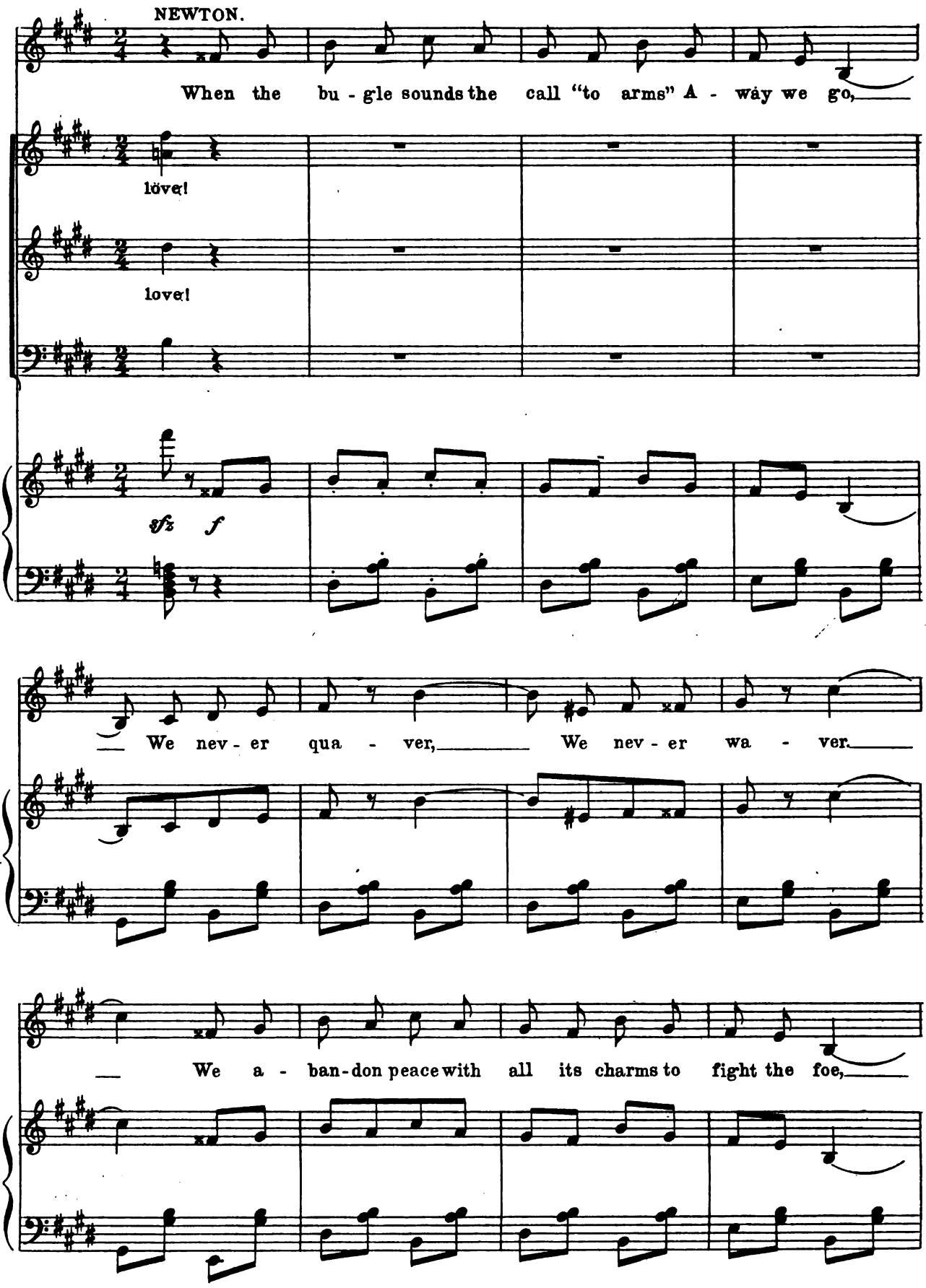
Moderato.

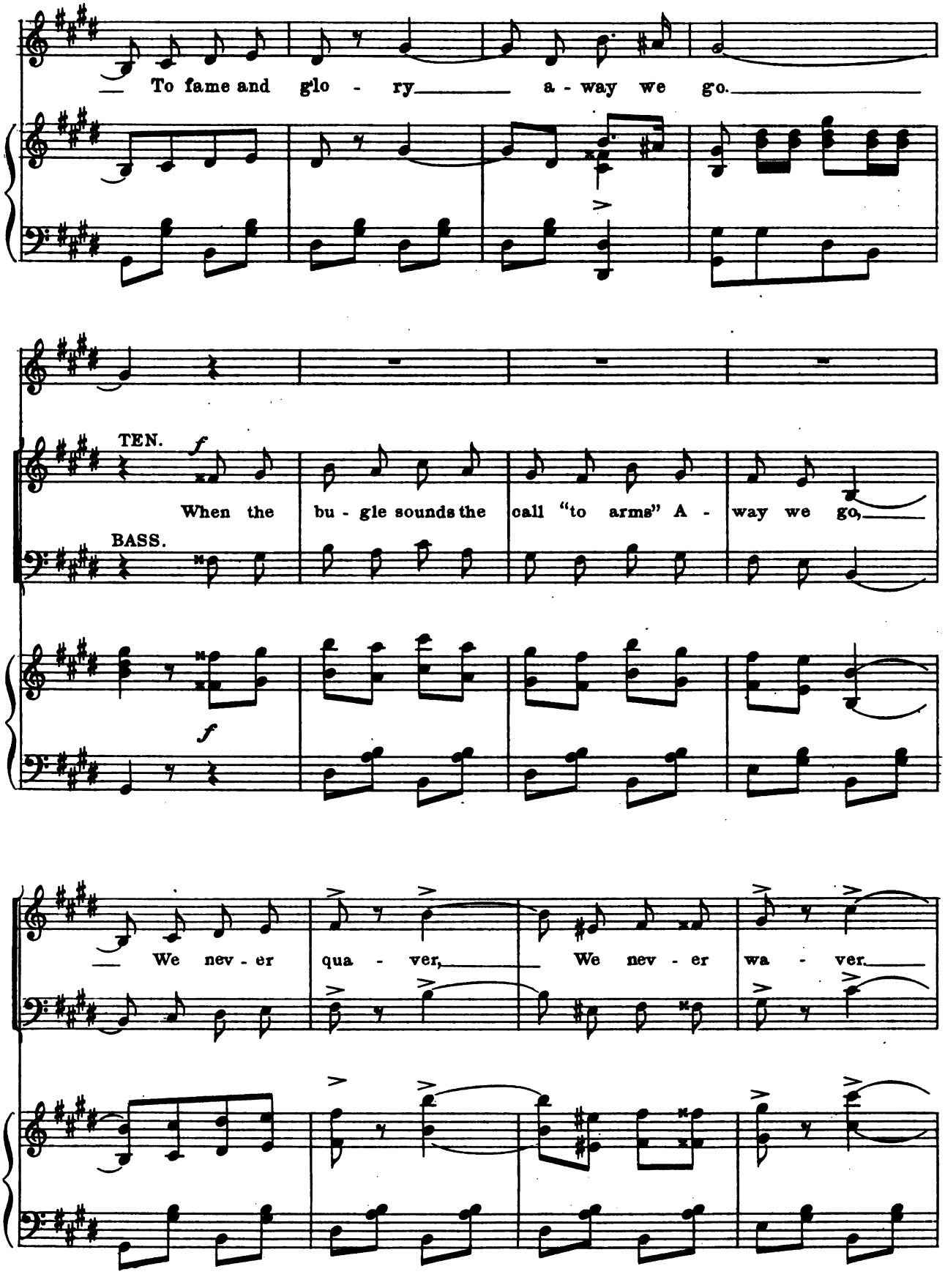
NEWTON.

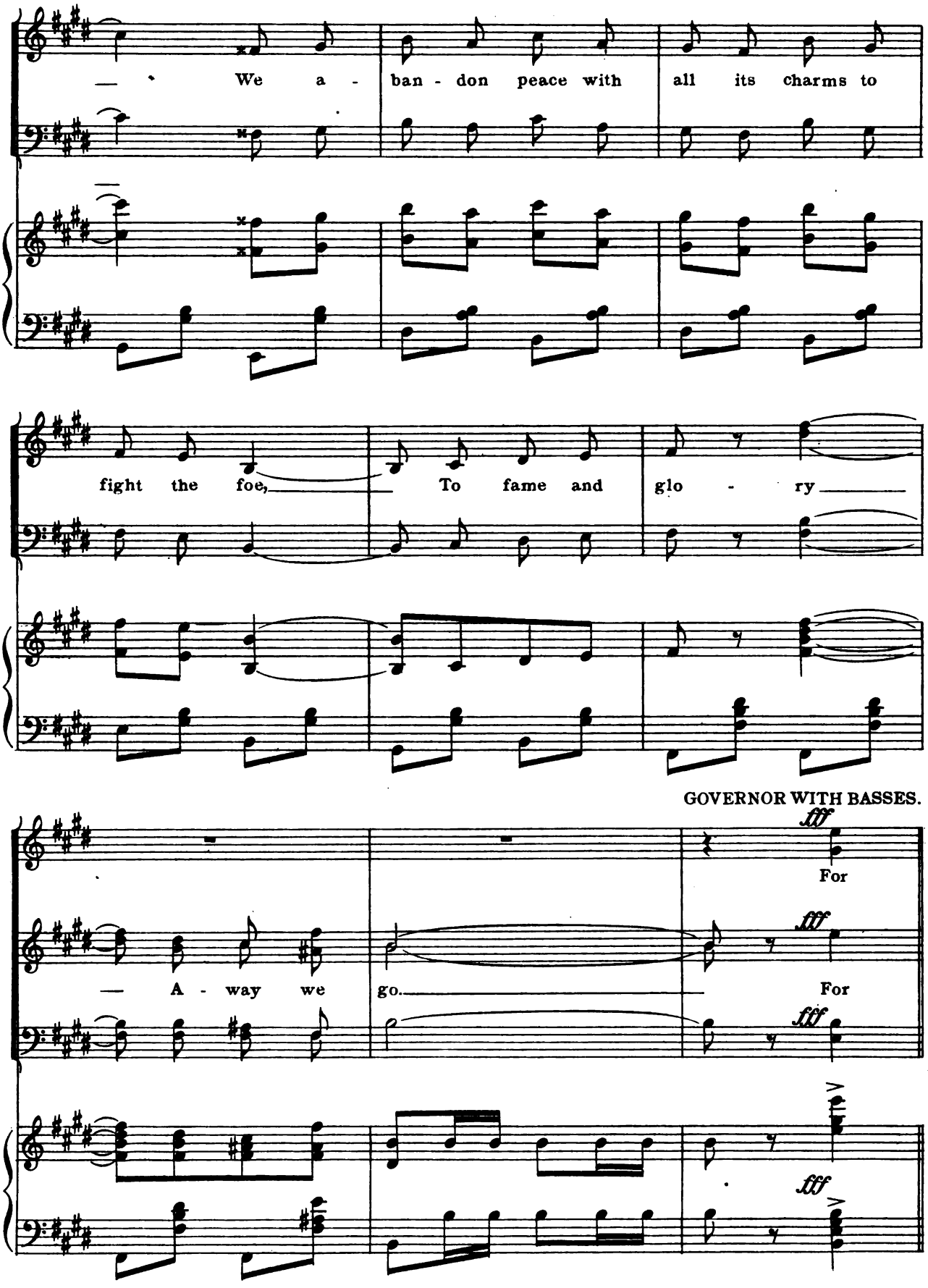


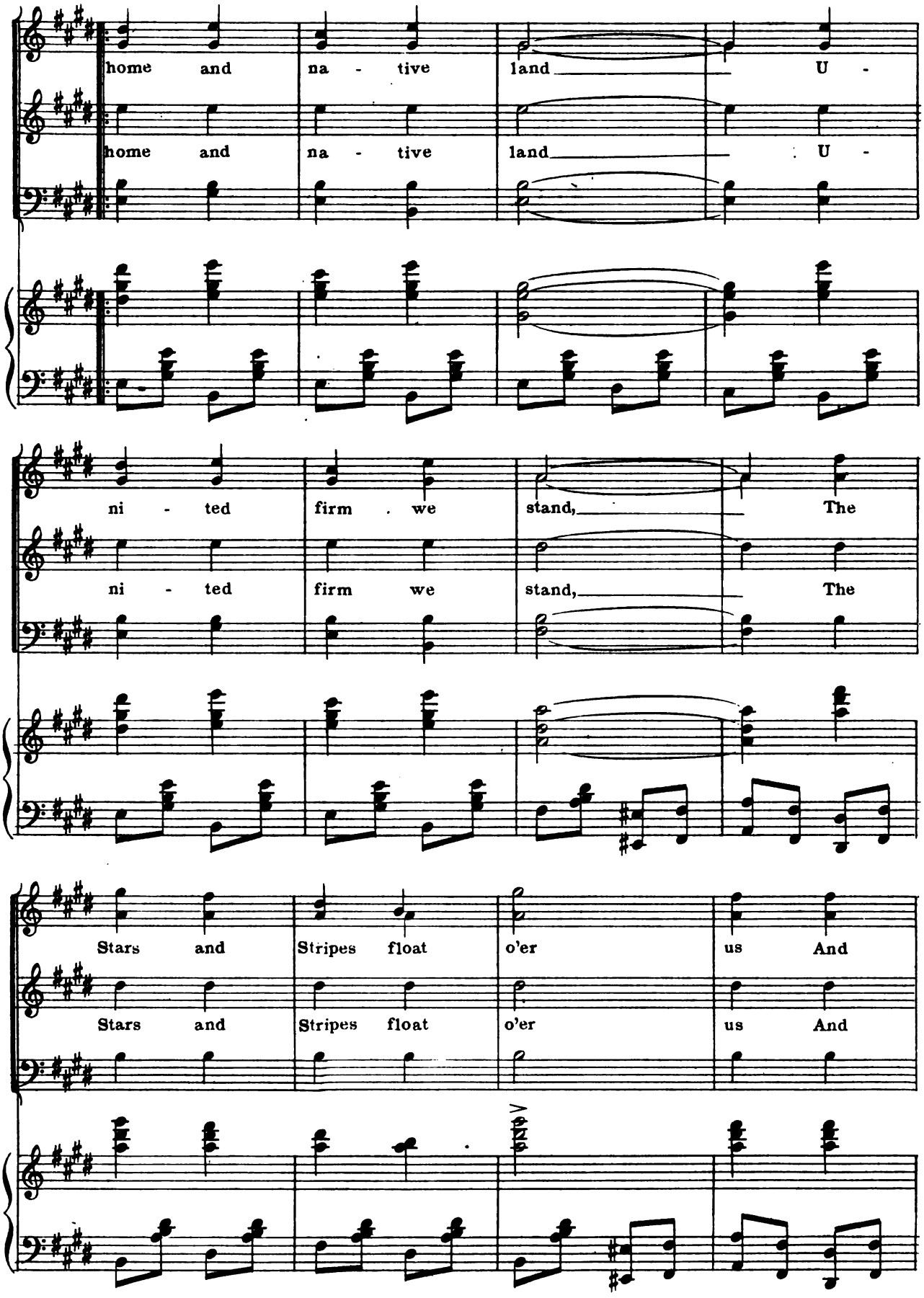

Tempo di marcia.
off! to old Glo - ry, The Grand Old Flag, No fur - ther in - cen-tive we
mf
need, Though trai - tors may rend it Till deathwe'll de - fend it, We'll
go where-so - e'er it may lead. This ban - ner we'll fol - low through
shot and shell, Dis - hon - or it nev - er shall know, Our

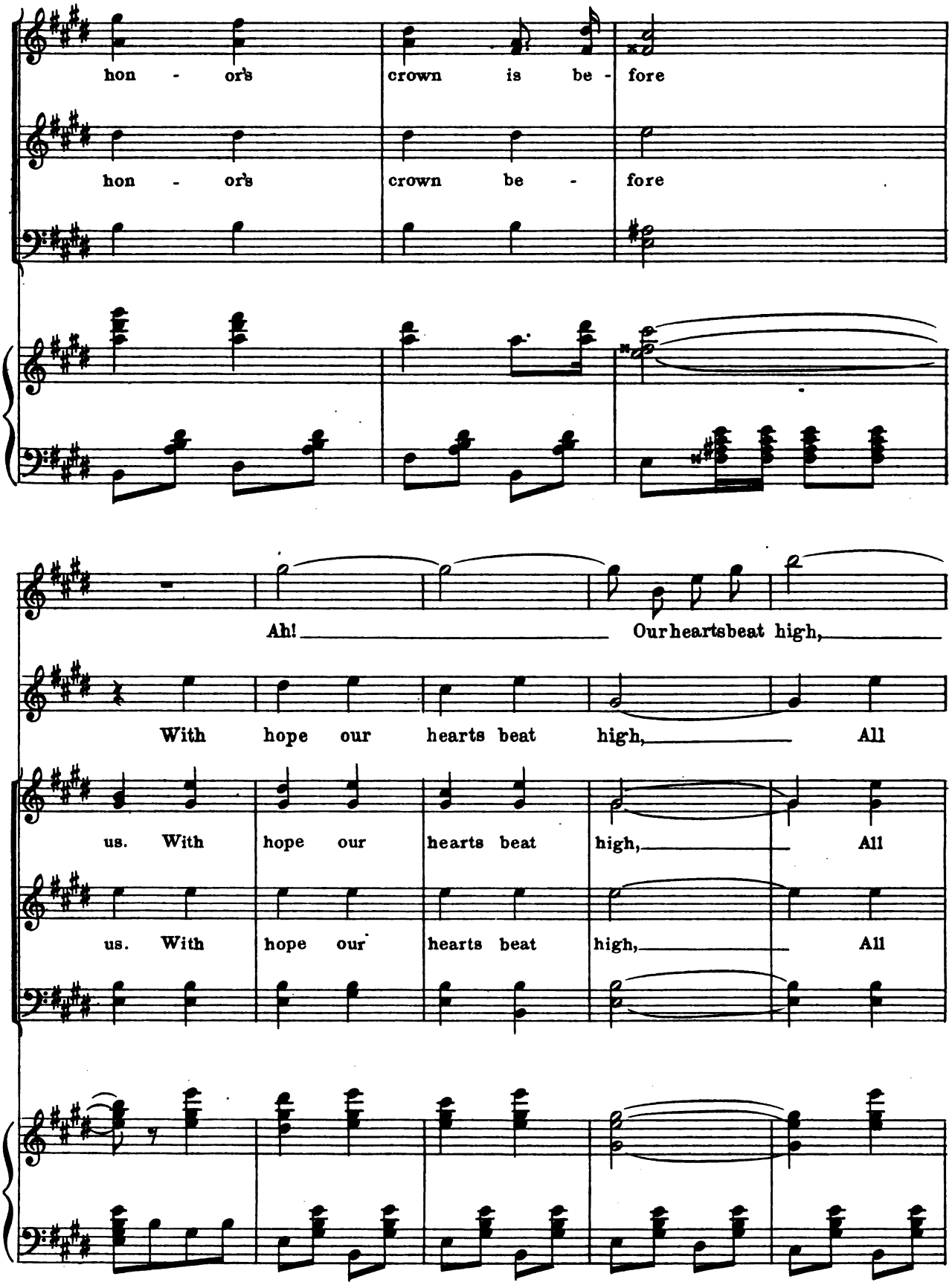

ranks may be shattered, But to the last man, Our flag shall go straight to the
foe.
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the flag we
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah for the flag we
flag! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah for the flag we

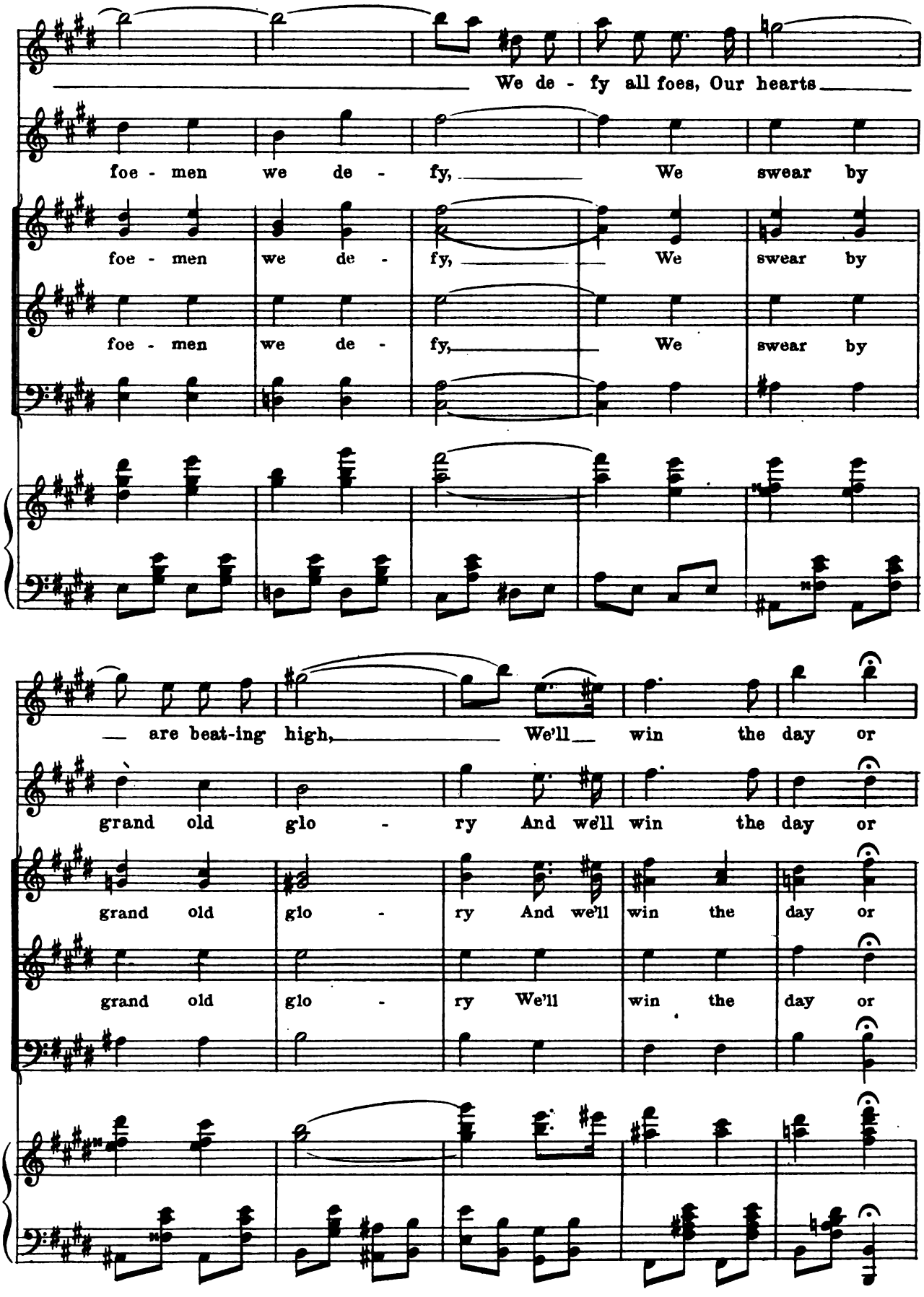

NEWTON.
When the bu - gle sounds the call "to arms" A - way we go,
love!
love!
sfz f
We nev - er qua - ver, We nev - er wa - ver.
We a - ban-don peace with all its charms to fight the foe,

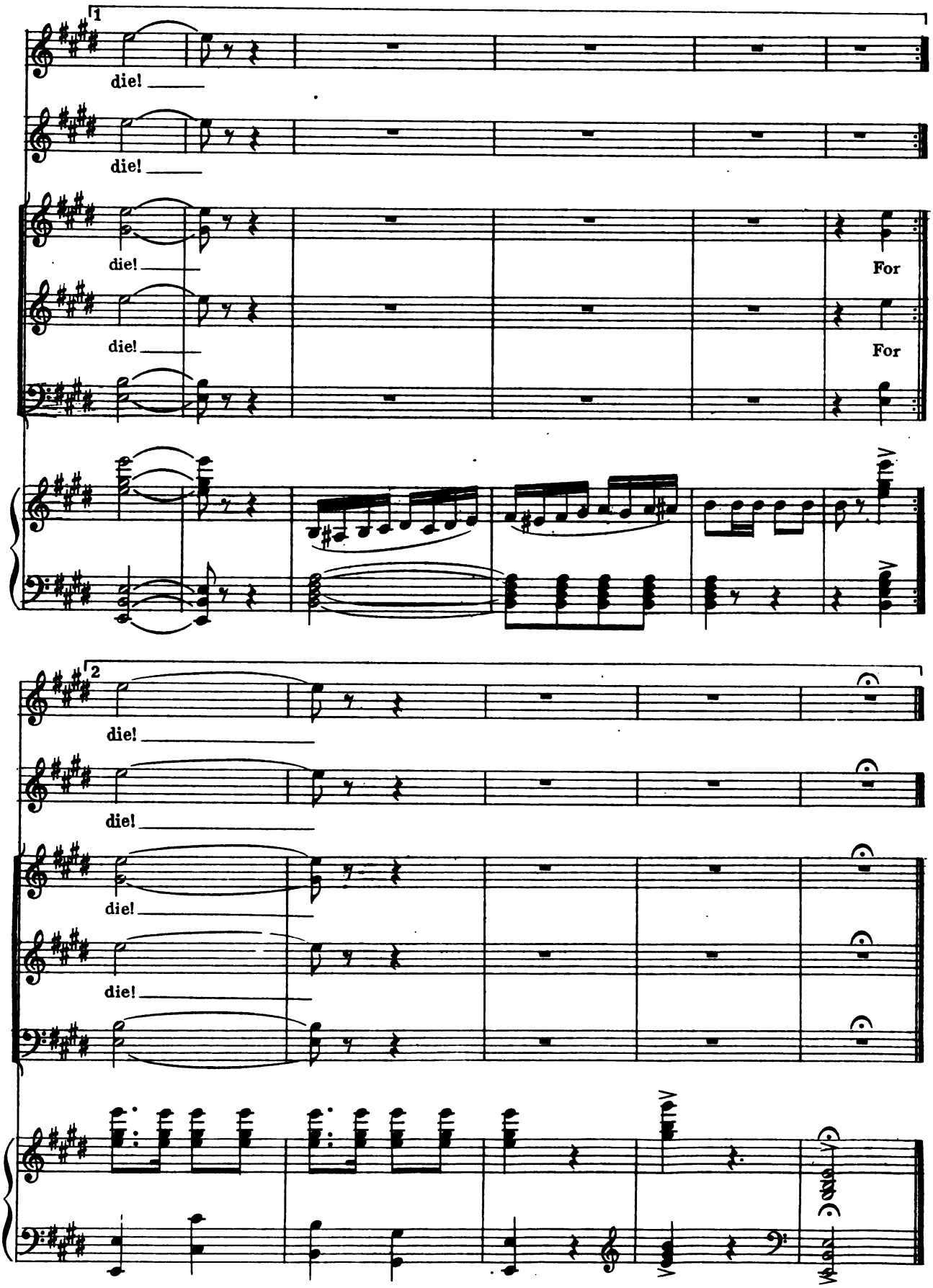

To fame and glo - ry a - way we go.
TEN.
f
When the bu - gle sounds the call "to arms" A - way we go,
BASS.
f
We nev - er qua - ver, We nev - er wa - ver.


We a - ban - don peace with all its charms to
fight the foe, To fame and glo - ry
GOVERNOR WITH BASSES.
fff
For
— A - way we go. For
fff
M.W.&SONS 7692 p


home and na - tive land U -
home and na - tive land U -
ni - ted firm we stand, The
ni - ted firm we stand, The
Stars and Stripes float o'er us And
Stars and Stripes float o'er us And


hon - or's crown is be - fore
hon - or's crown be - fore
Ah! Our heartsbeat high,
With hope our hearts beat high, All
us. With hope our hearts beat high, All
us. With hope our hearts beat high, All


We de - fy all foes, Our hearts
foe - men we de - fy, We swear by
foe - men we de - fy, We swear by
foe - men we de - fy, We swear by
— are beat-ing high, We'll win the day or
grand old glo - ry And we'll win the day or
grand old glo - ry And we'll win the day or
grand old glo - ry We'll win the day or

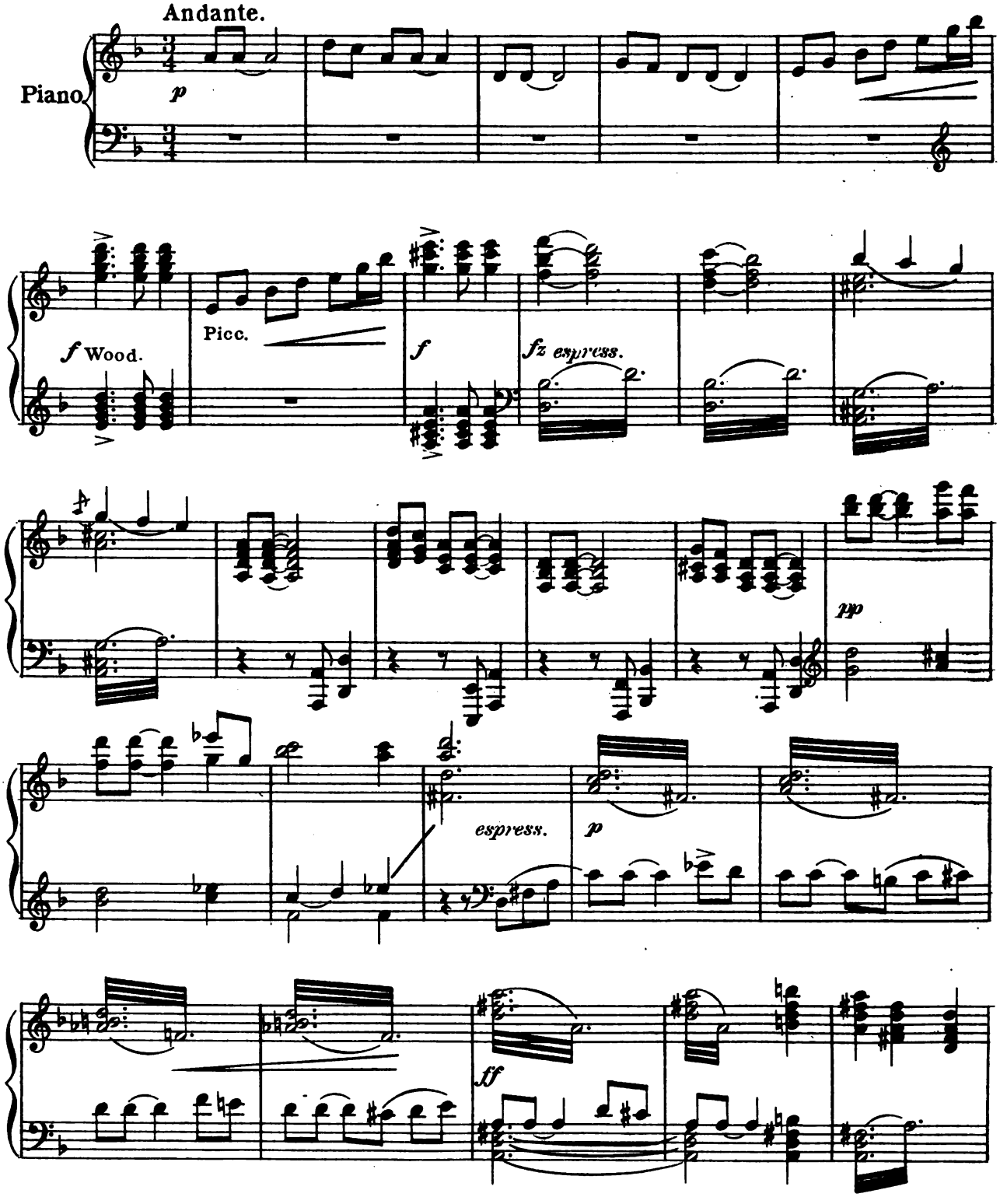

1
die!
die!
die!
die!
For
die!
For
2
die!
die!
die!
die!

ACT II.

Opening.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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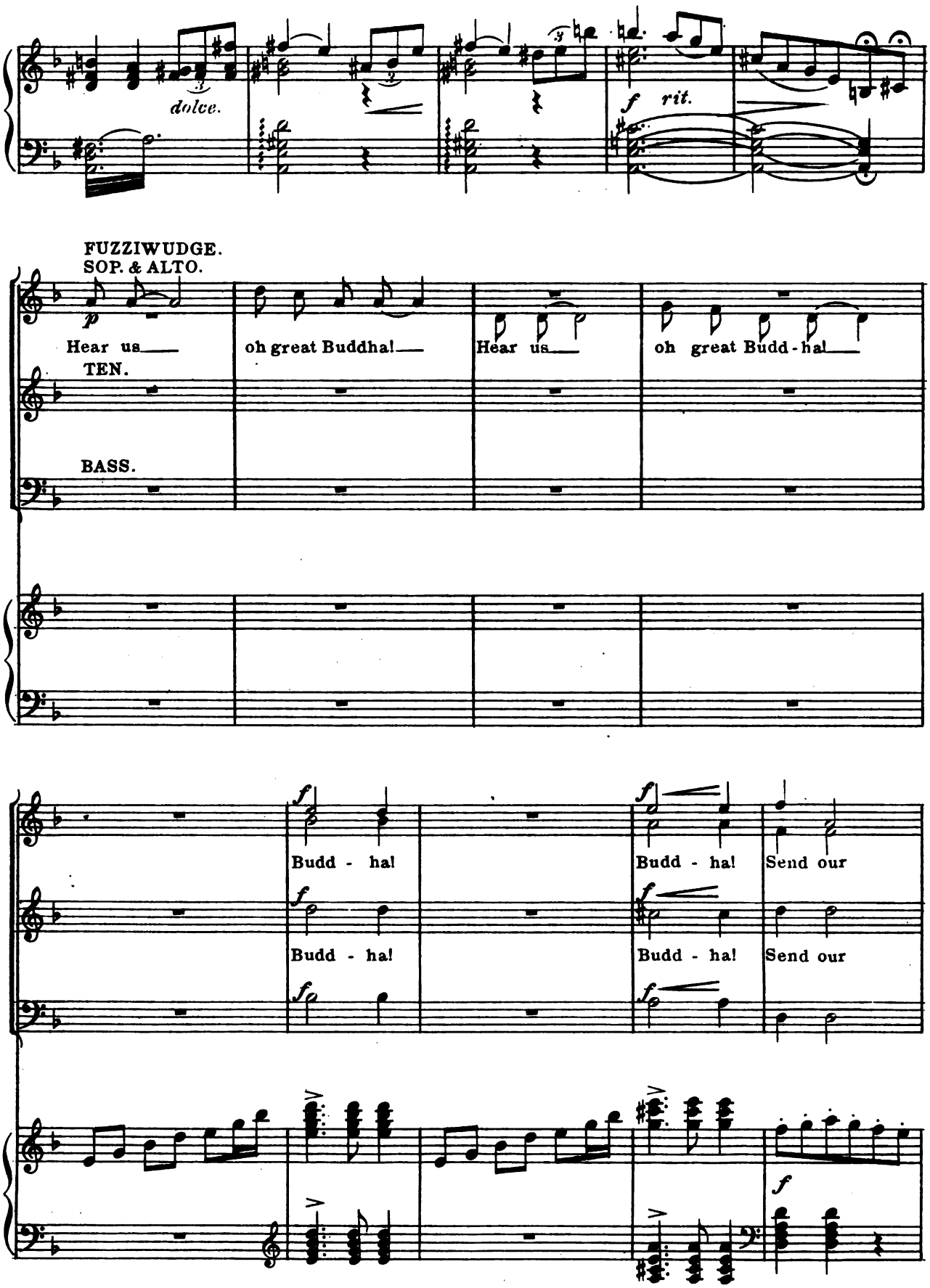
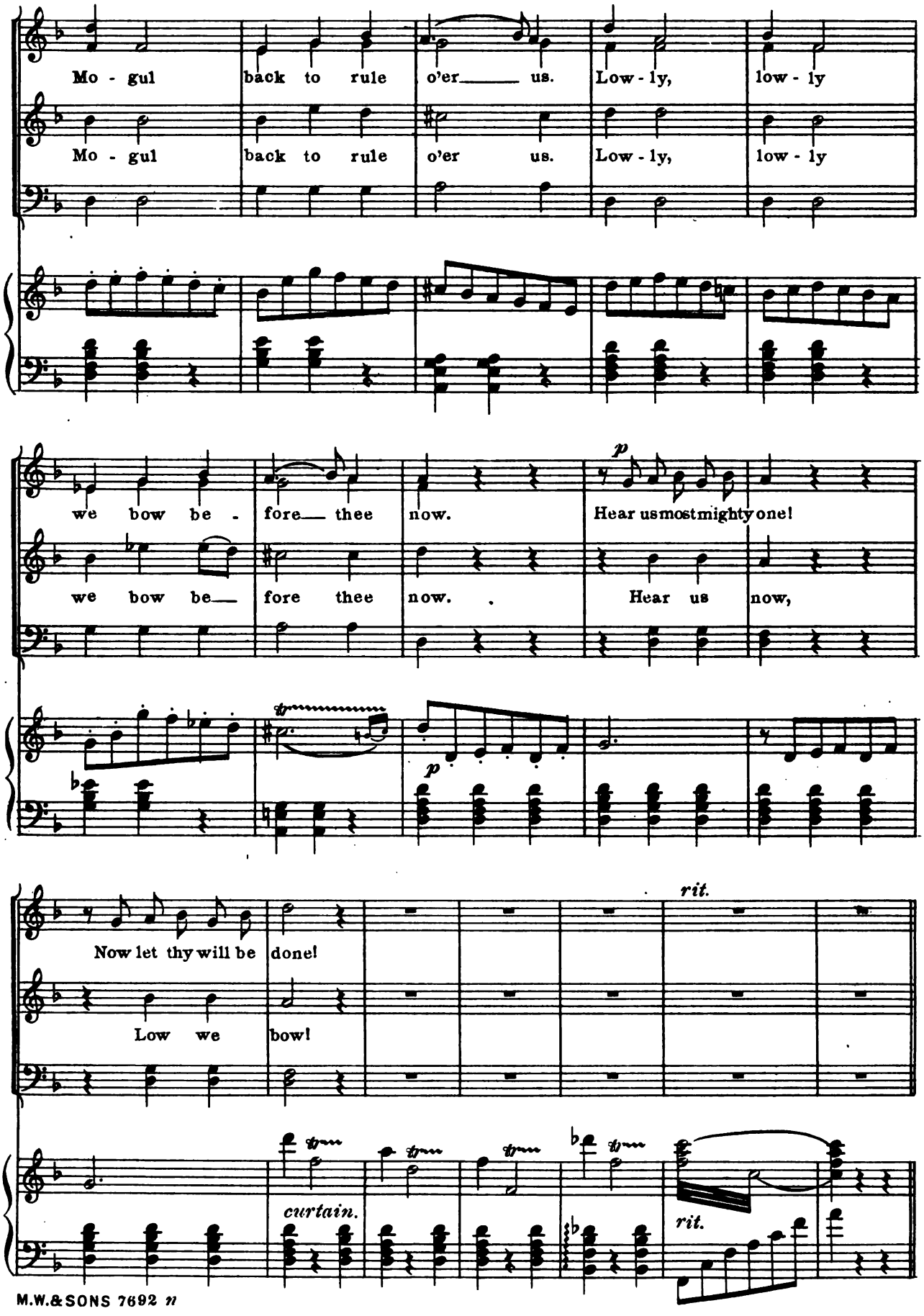
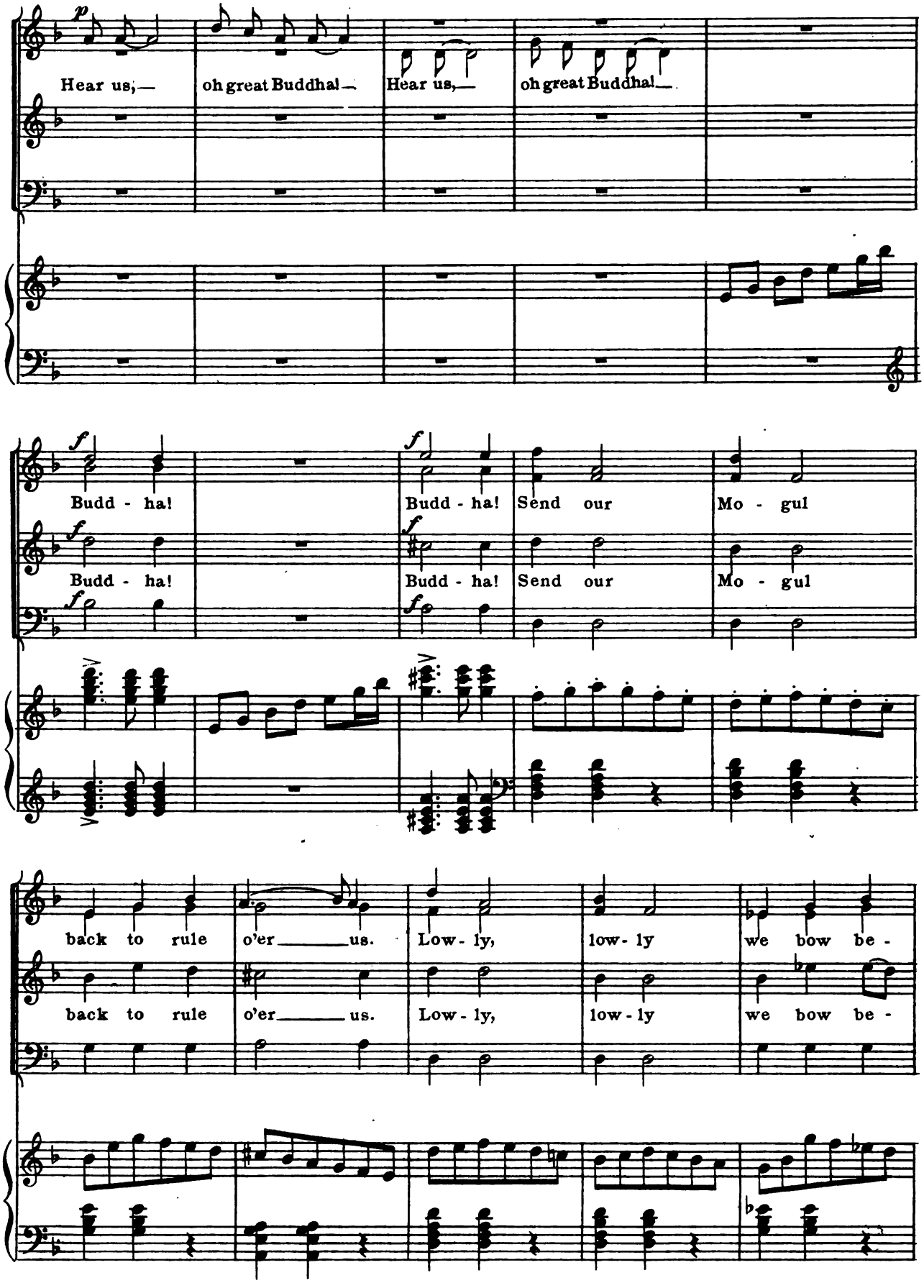
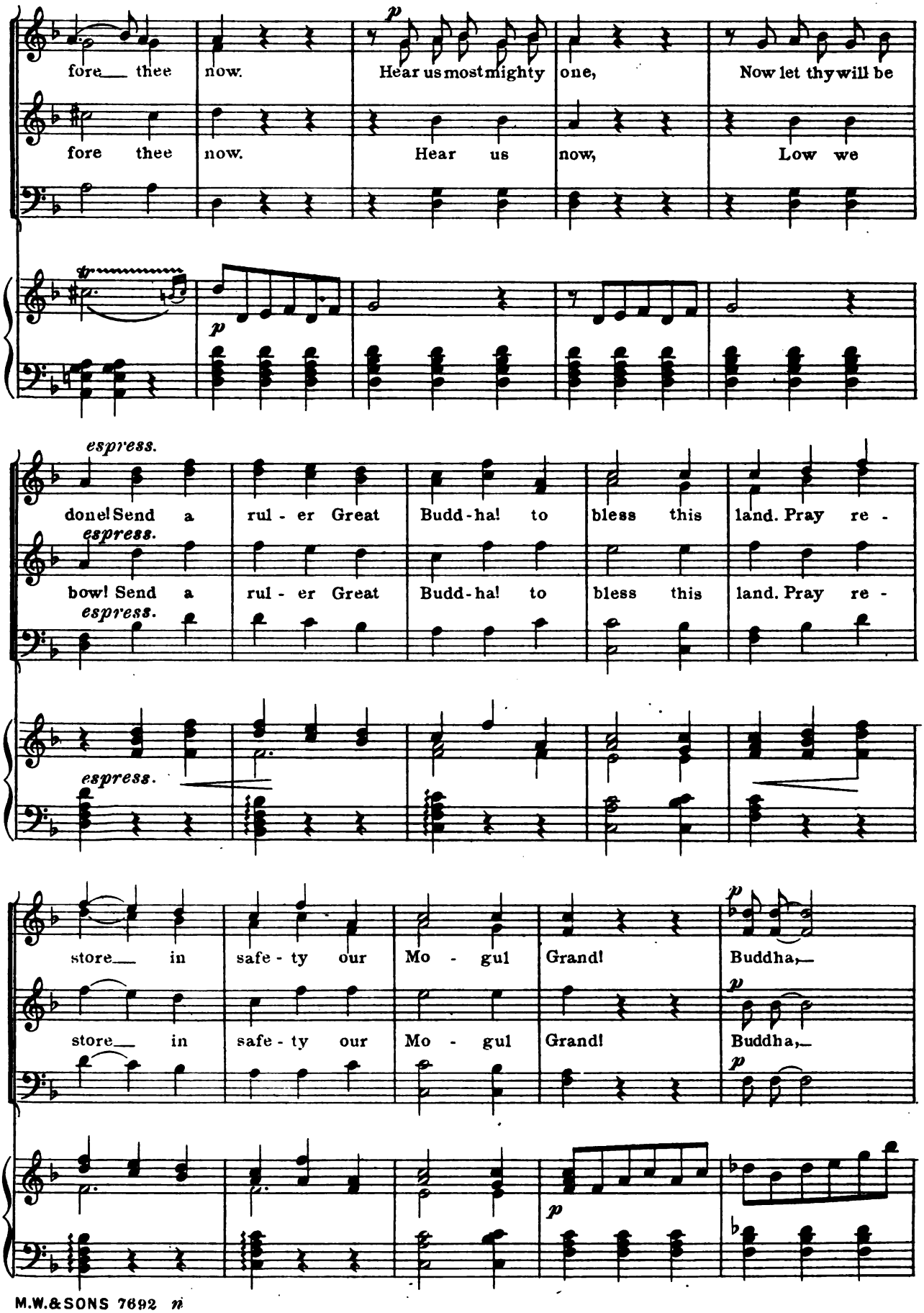
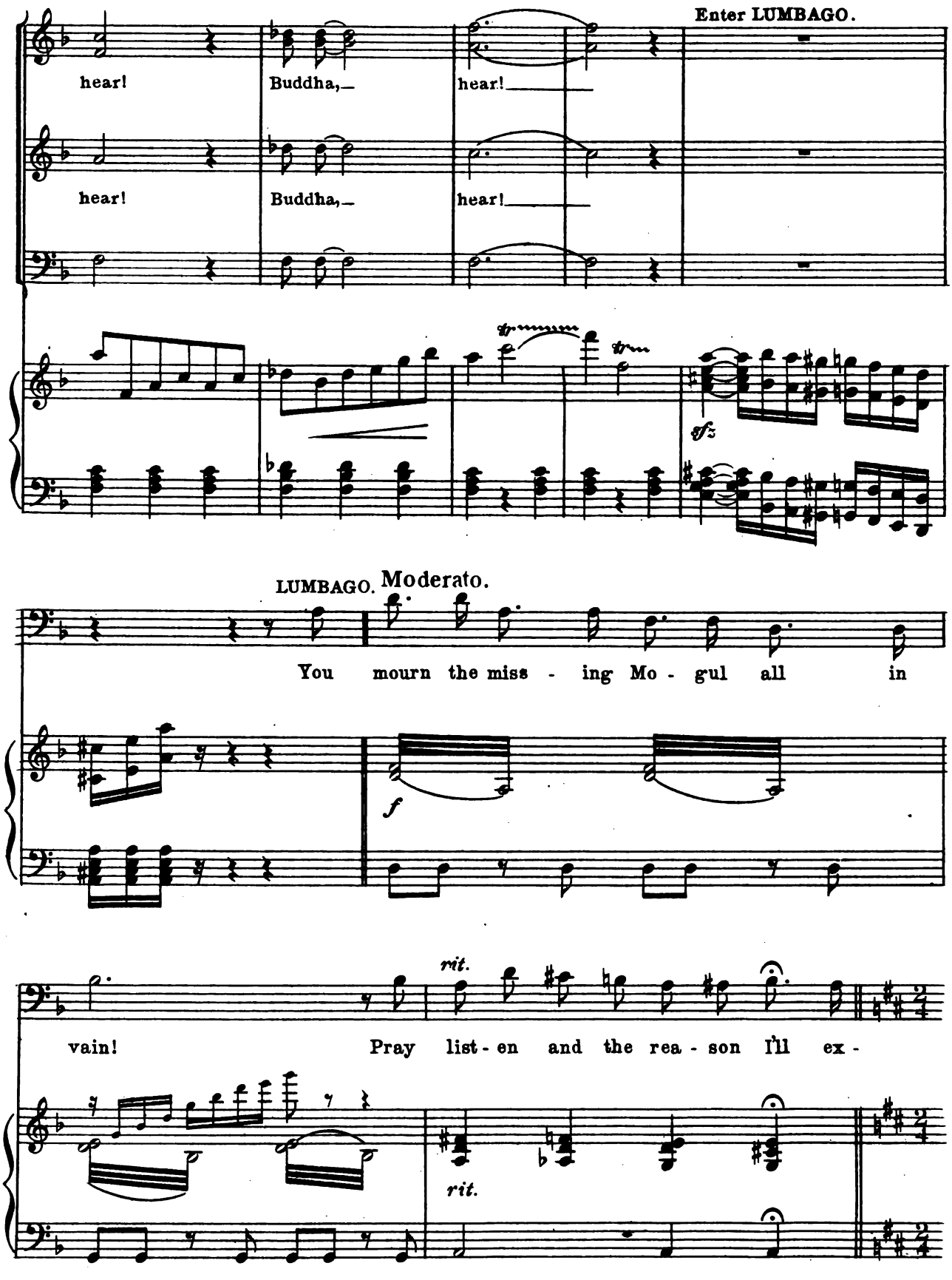
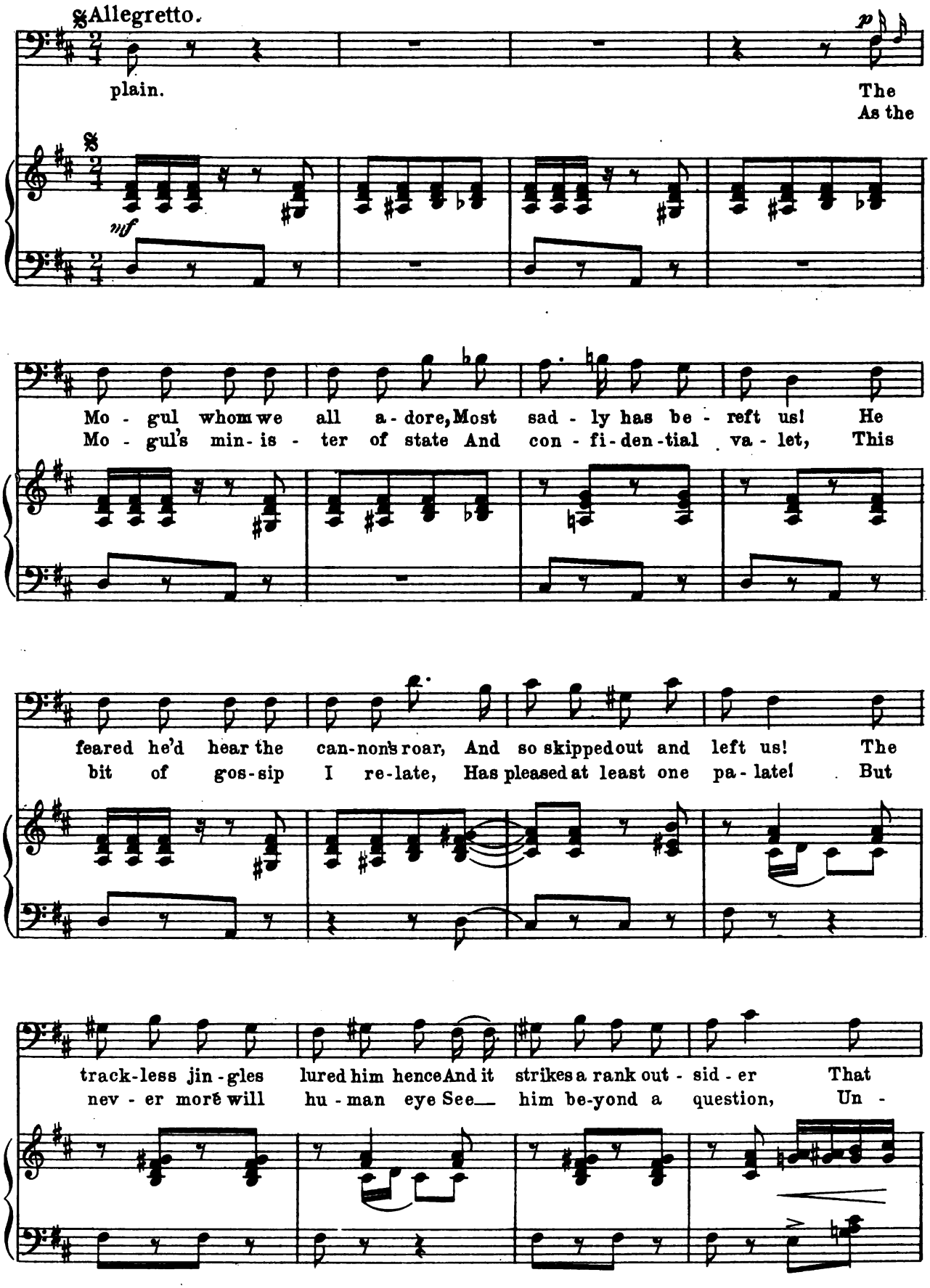

dolce.
f rit.
FUZZIWUDGE.
SOP. & ALTO.
p
Hear us
oh great Buddha!
Hear us
oh great Budd-ha!
TEN.
BASS.
f
Budd - ha!
Budd - ha!
Budd - ha!
Send our
Budd - ha!
Budd - ha!
Send our
f

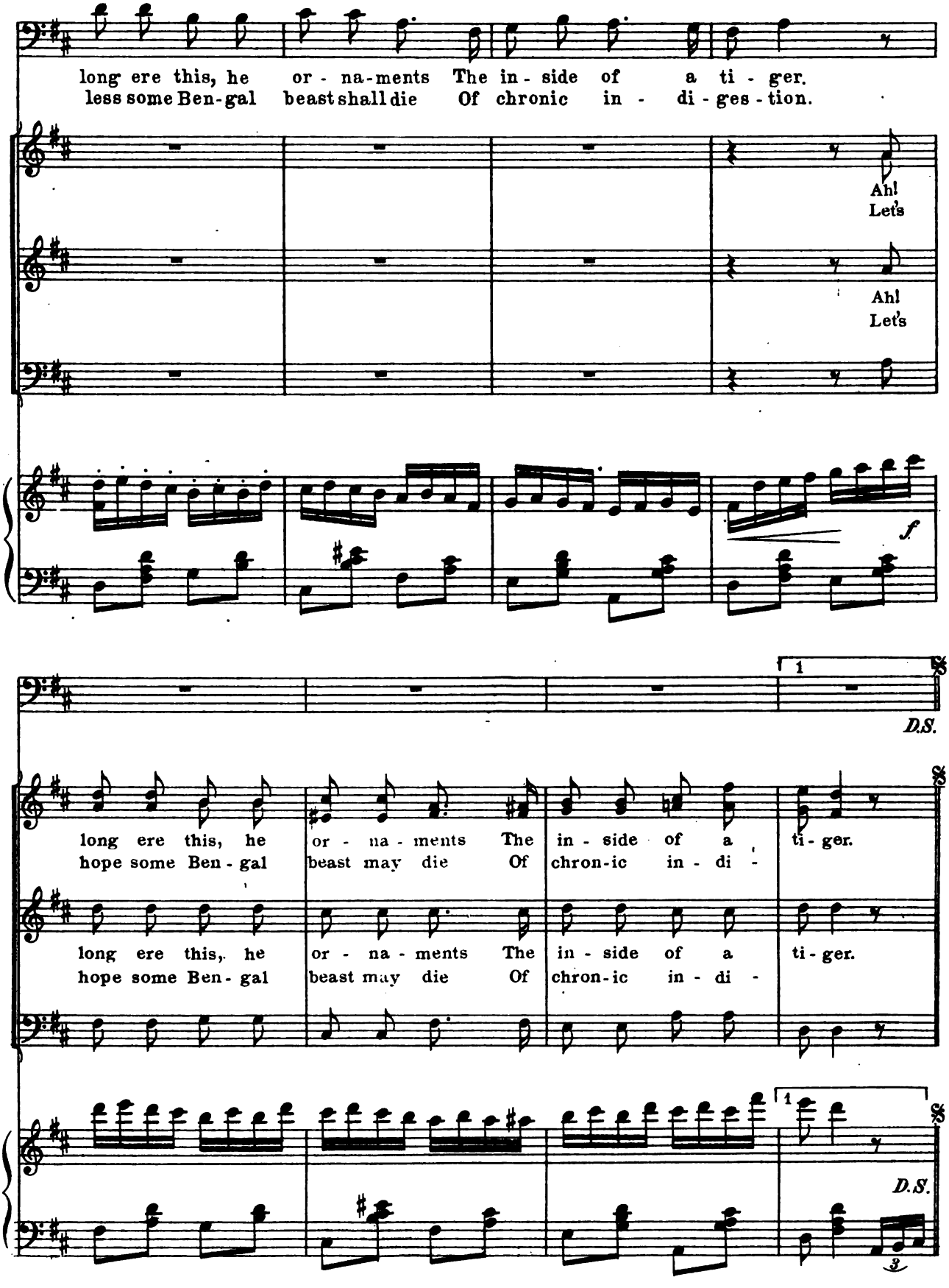

Mo - gul back to rule o'er us. Low - ly, low - ly
Mo - gul back to rule o'er us. Low - ly, low - ly
we bow be - fore thee now. Hear us mostmighty one!
we bow be fore thee now. Hear us now,
p
p
rit.
Now let thy will be done!
Low we bow!
curtain.
rit.

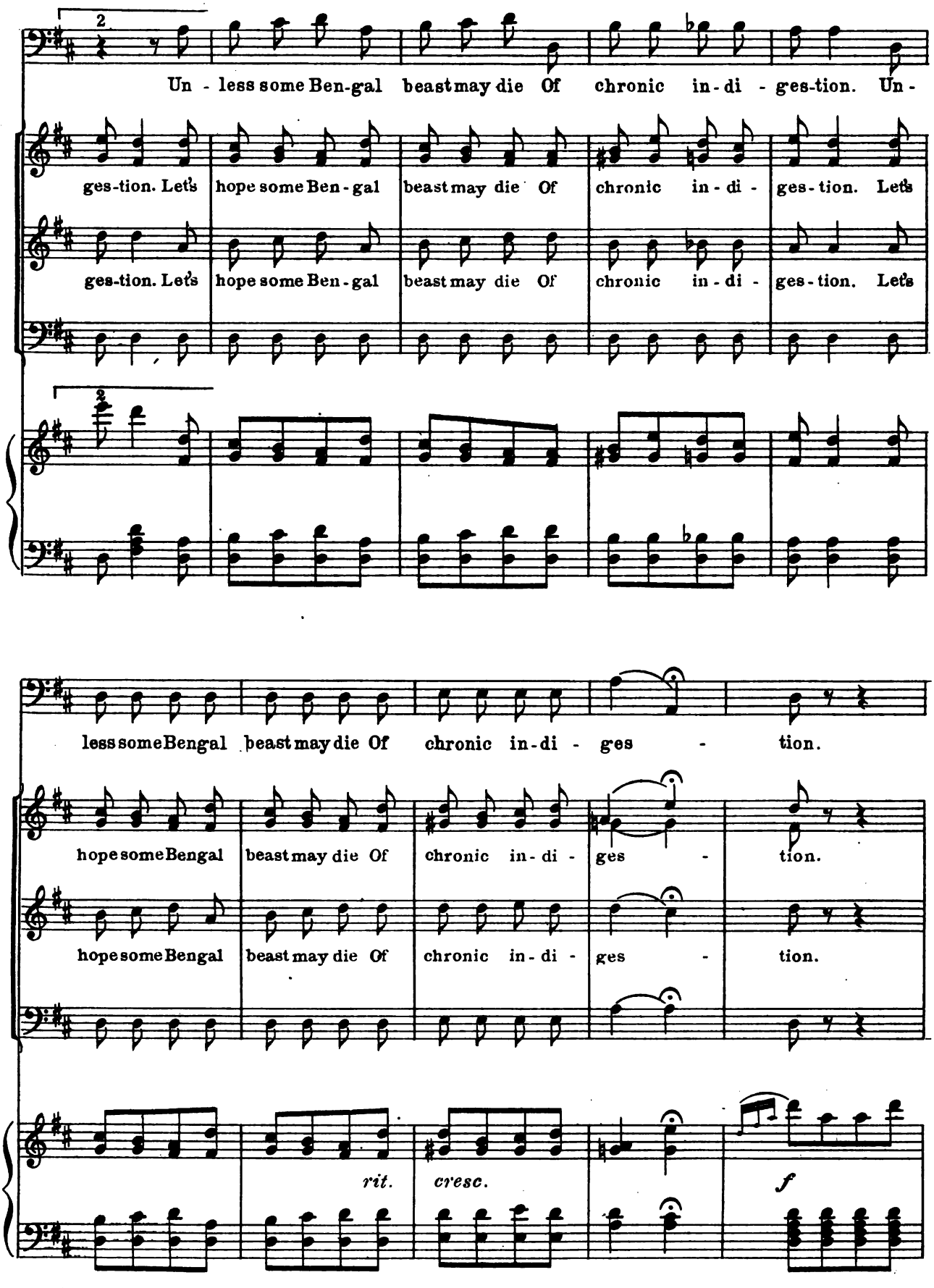

p
Hear us, — oh great Buddha! — Hear us, — oh great Buddha! —
f
Budd - ha! Budd - ha! Send our Mo - gul
Budd - ha! Budd - ha! Send our Mo - gul
back to rule o'er — us. Low - ly, low - ly we bow be -
back to rule o'er — us. Low - ly, low - ly we bow be -

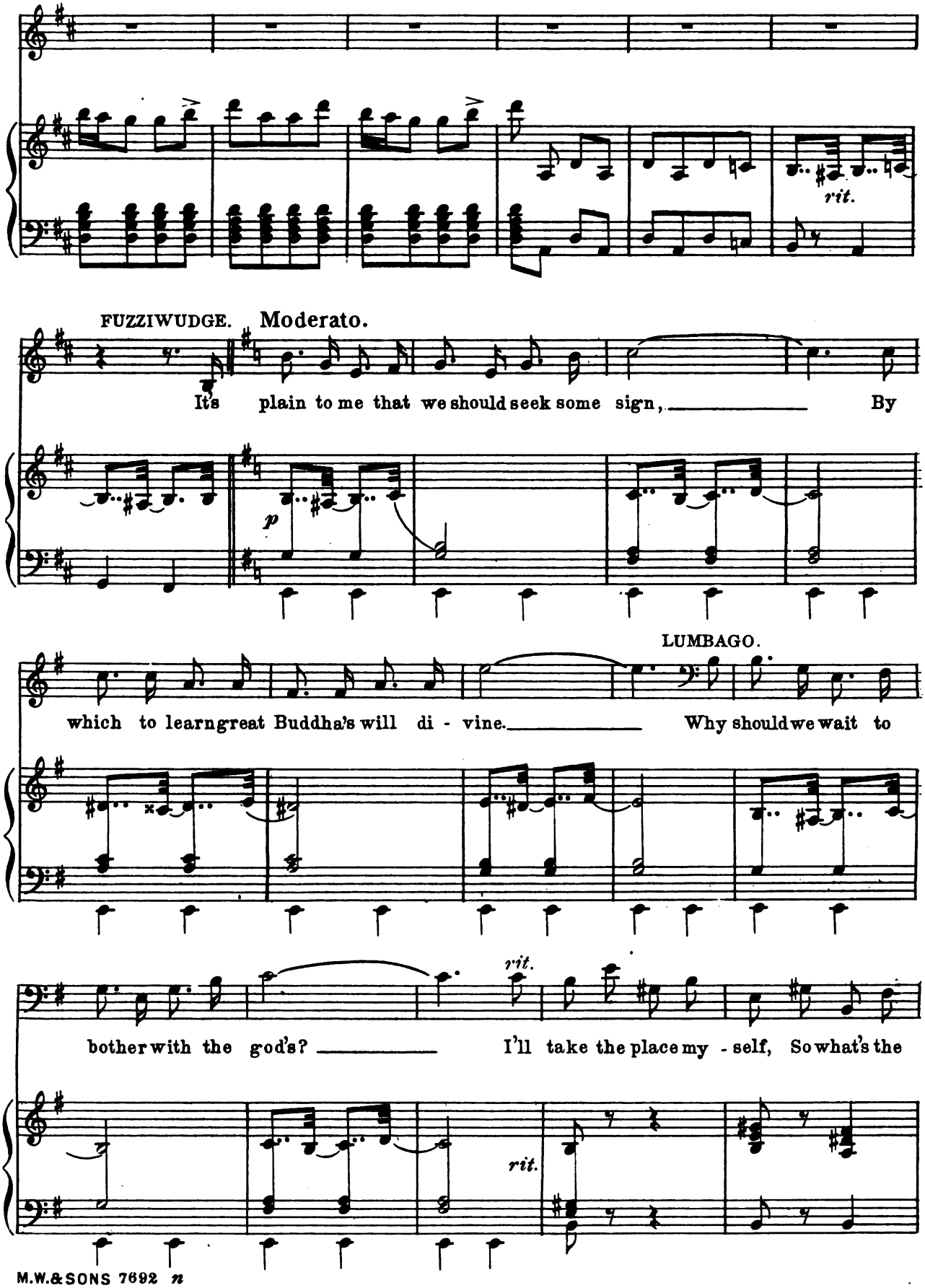

fore thee now. Hear us mighty one, Now let thy will be
fore thee now. Hear us now, Low we
p
done! Send a rul - er Great Budd - ha! to bless this land. Pray re -
bow! Send a rul - er Great Budd - ha! to bless this land. Pray re -
espress.
store in safe - ty our Mo - gul Grand! Buddha,
store in safe - ty our Mo - gul Grand! Buddha,

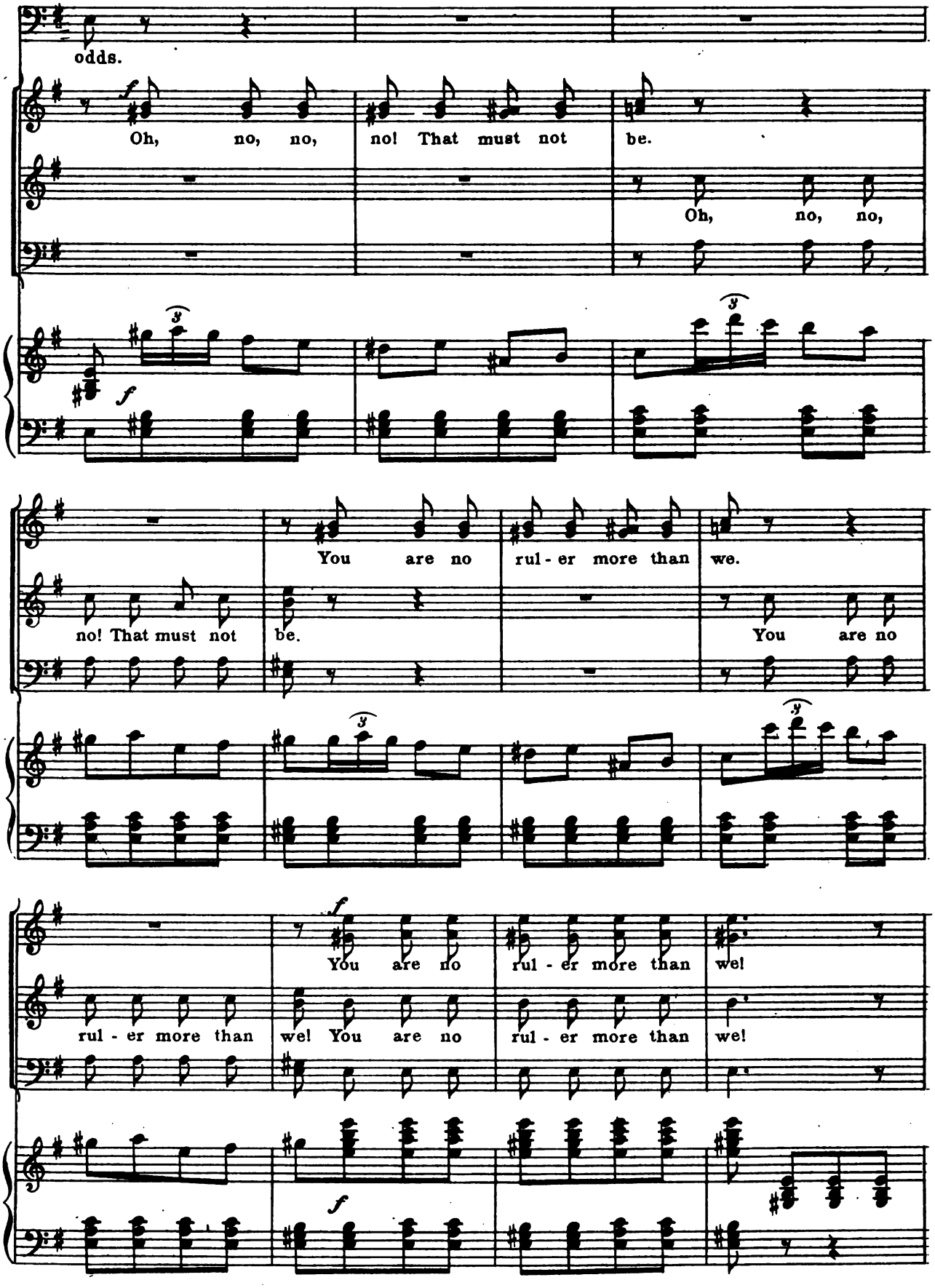

Enter LUMBAGO.
hear! Buddha,_ hear!_____
hear! Buddha,_ hear!_____
sfz
LUMBAGO. Moderato.
You mourn the miss - ing Mo - gul all in
f
rit.
vain! Pray list - en and the rea - son I'll ex -
rit.

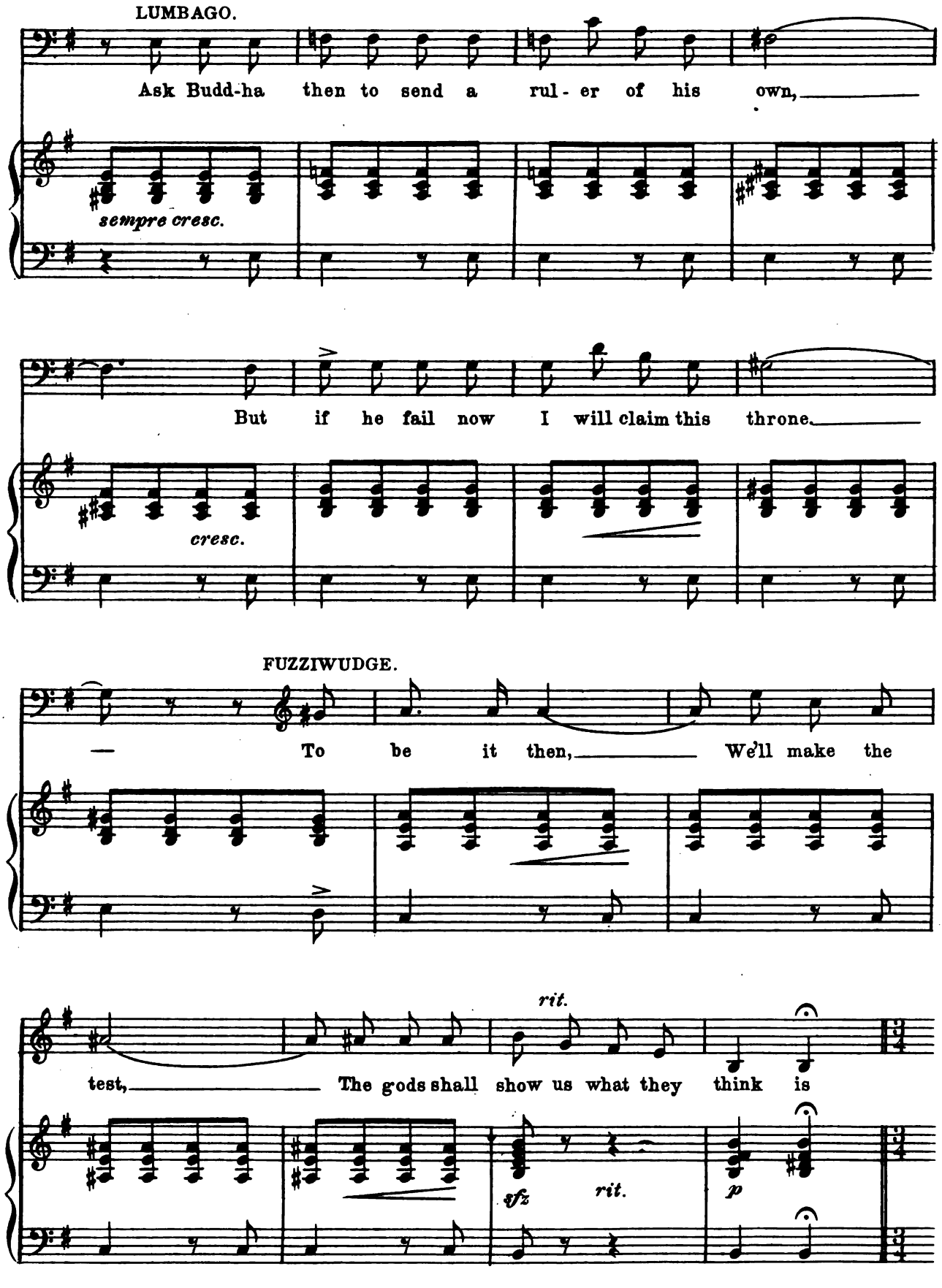

Allegretto.
plain.
The
As the
Mo - gul whom we all a - dore, Most sad - ly has be - reft us! He
Mo - gul's min - is - ter of state And con - fi - den - tial va - let, This
feared he'd hear the can - non's roar, And so skipped out and left us! The
bit of gos - sip I re - late, Has pleased at least one pa - late! But
track - less jin - gles lured him hence And it strikes a rank out - sid - er That
nev - er more will hu - man eye See him be - yond a question, Un -


long ere this, he or - na-ments The in - side of a ti - ger.
less some Ben-gal beast shall die Of chronic in - di - ges - tion.
Ah! Let's
Ah! Let's
f
1
D.S.
long ere this, he or - na - ments The in - side of a ti - ger.
hope some Ben - gal beast may die Of chron-ic in - di -
long ere this, he or - na - ments The in - side of a ti - ger.
hope some Ben - gal beast may die Of chron-ic in - di -
1
D.S.
3


Un - less some Ben-gal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges-tion. Un-
ges-tion. Let's hope some Ben-gal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges-tion. Let's
ges-tion. Let's hope some Ben-gal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges-tion. Let's
less some Bengal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges - tion.
hope some Bengal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges - tion.
hope some Bengal beast may die Of chronic in-di - ges - tion.
rit.
cresc.
f


rit.
FUZZIWUDGE. Moderato.
It's plain to me that we should seek some sign, By
p
LUMBAGO.
which to learn great Buddha's will di - vine. Why should we wait to
rit.
bother with the god's? I'll take the place my - self, So what's the
rit.

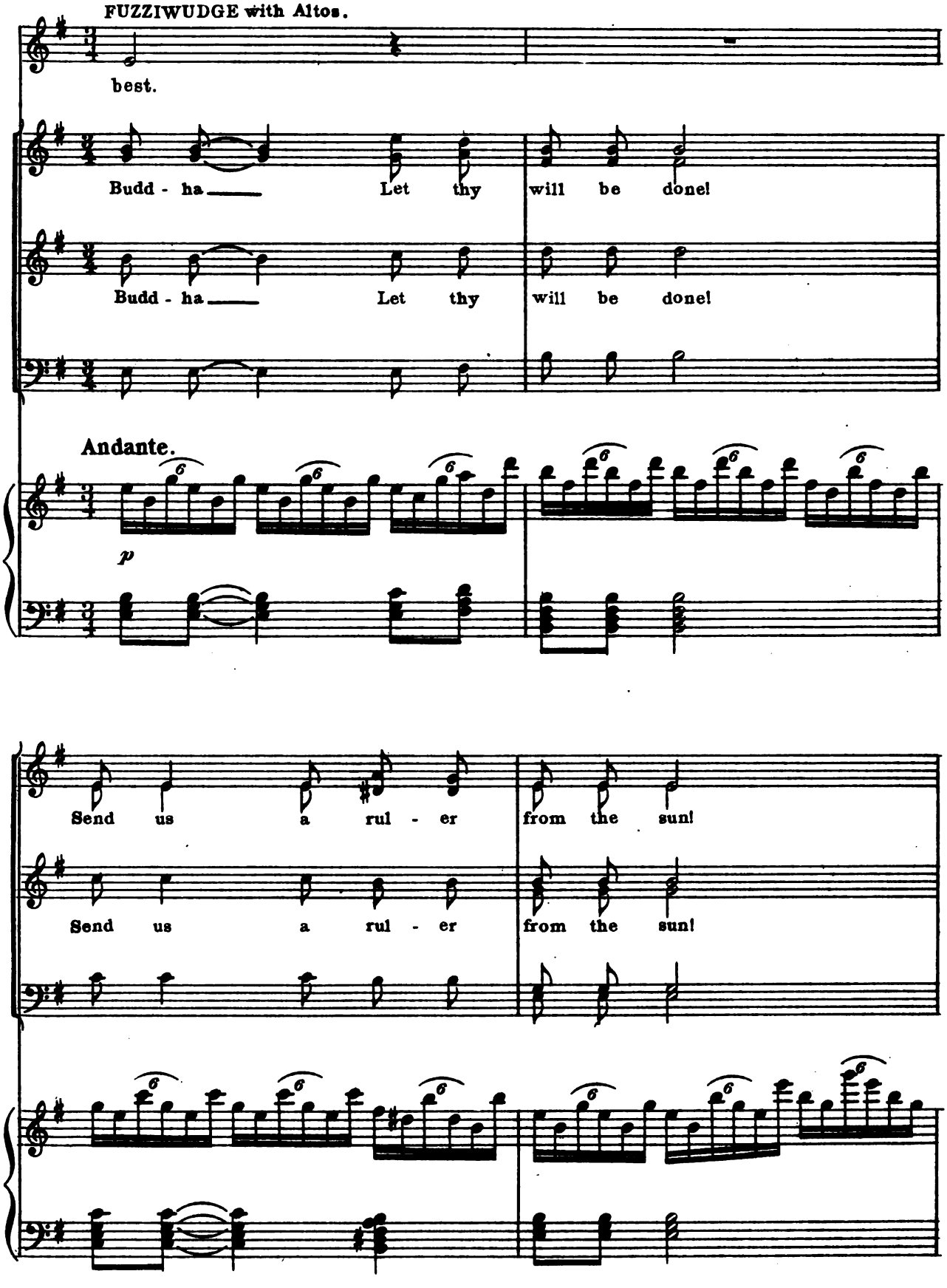

odds.
Oh, no, no, no! That must not be.
Oh, no, no,
no! That must not be.
You are no rul - er more than we.
You are no
rul - er more than we!
You are no rul - er more than we!
rul - er more than we! You are no rul - er more than we!

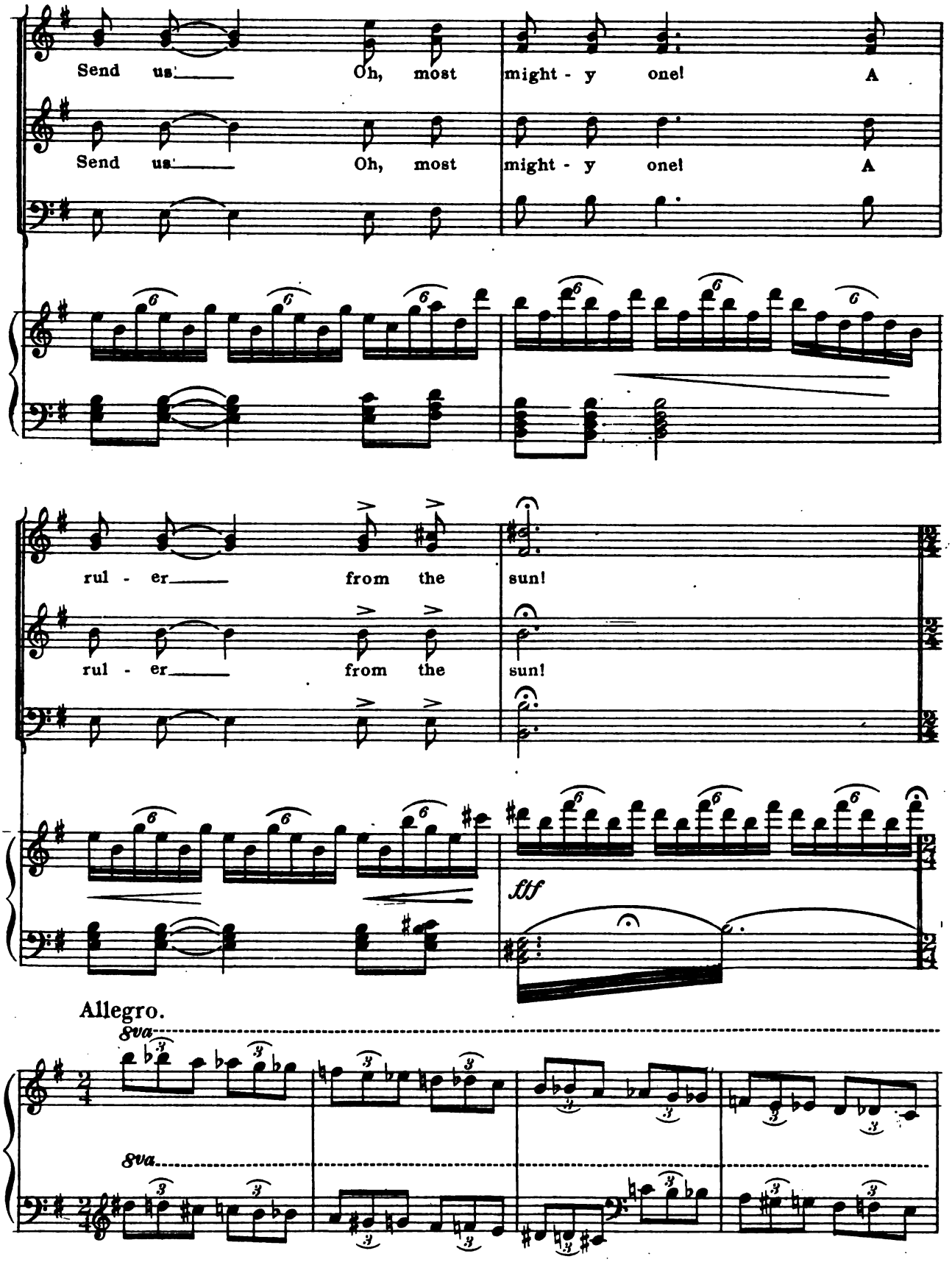

LUMBAGO.
Ask Budd-ha then to send a rul - er of his own,
sempre cresc.
But if he fail now I will claim this throne.
cresc.
FUZZIWUDGE.
— To be it then, We'll make the
rit.
test, The gods shall show us what they think is
sfz
rit.
p

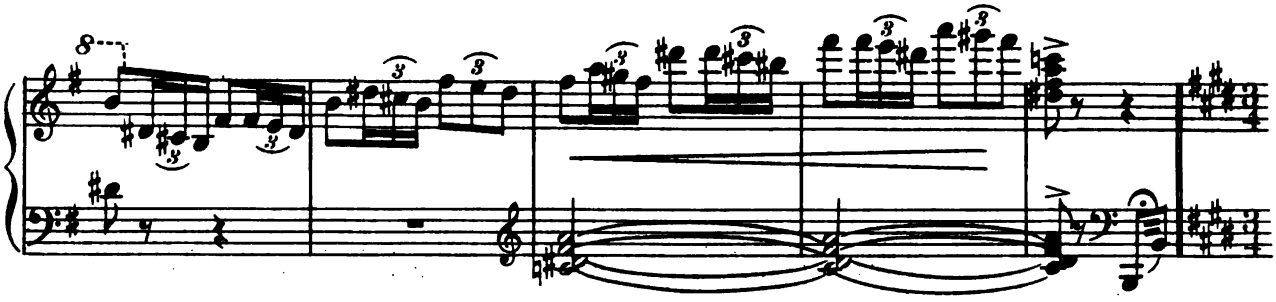
Andante.

LUMBAGO with Basses.

FUZZIWUDGE with Altos.




Send us Oh, most might - y one! A
Send us Oh, most might - y one! A
rul - er from the sun!
rul - er from the sun!
fff
Allegro.
8va
8va



Moderato.

ff All hail most mighty one! Child of the earth and sun!

ff All hail most mighty one! Child of the earth and sun!

ff

Now let thy will be done! Speak, we o - bey!

rit.

Now let thy will be done! Speak, we o - bey!

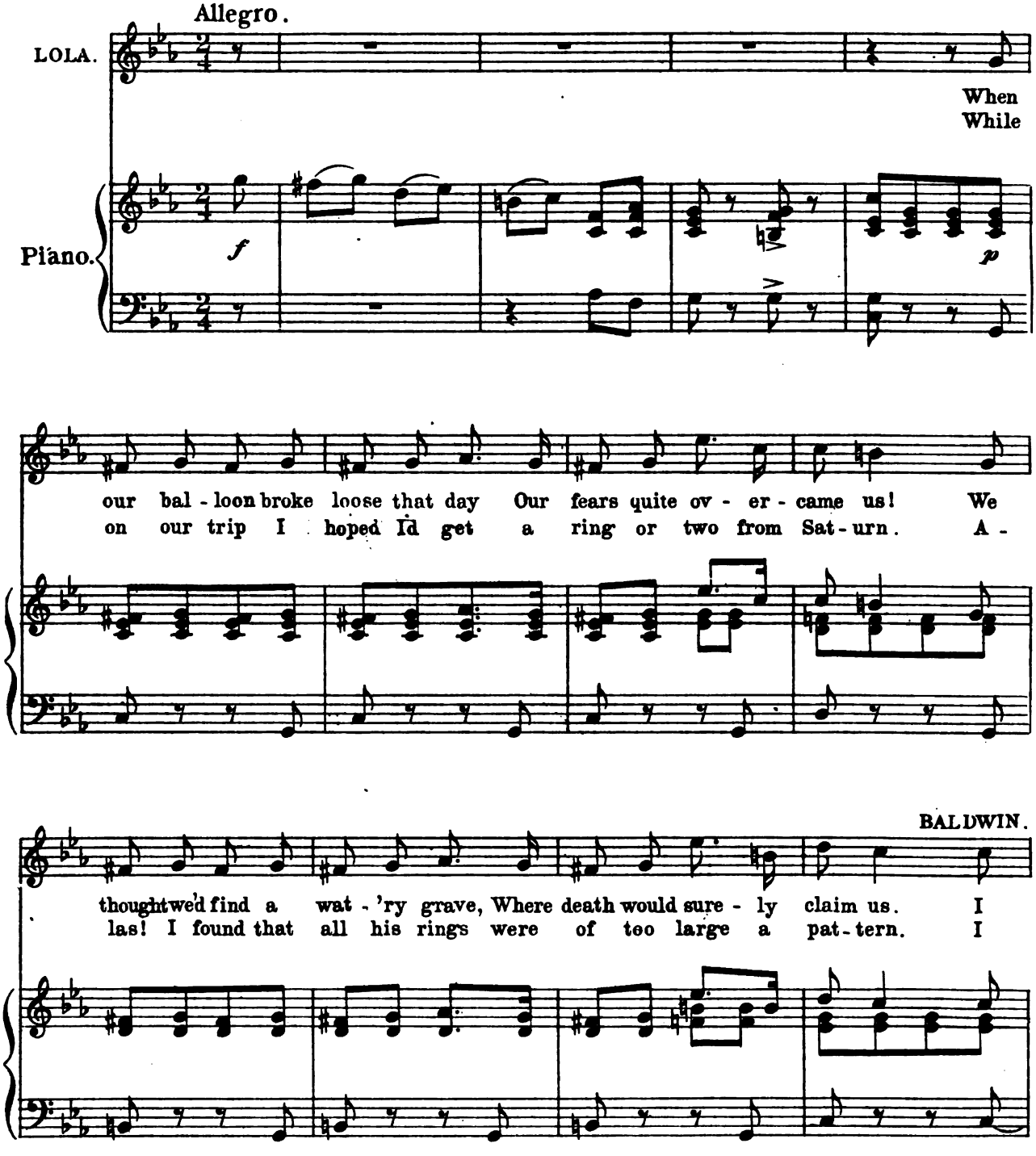
rit.

Up in a Balloon.

QUARTETTE.
Lola, Baldwin, Dolly and Muggs.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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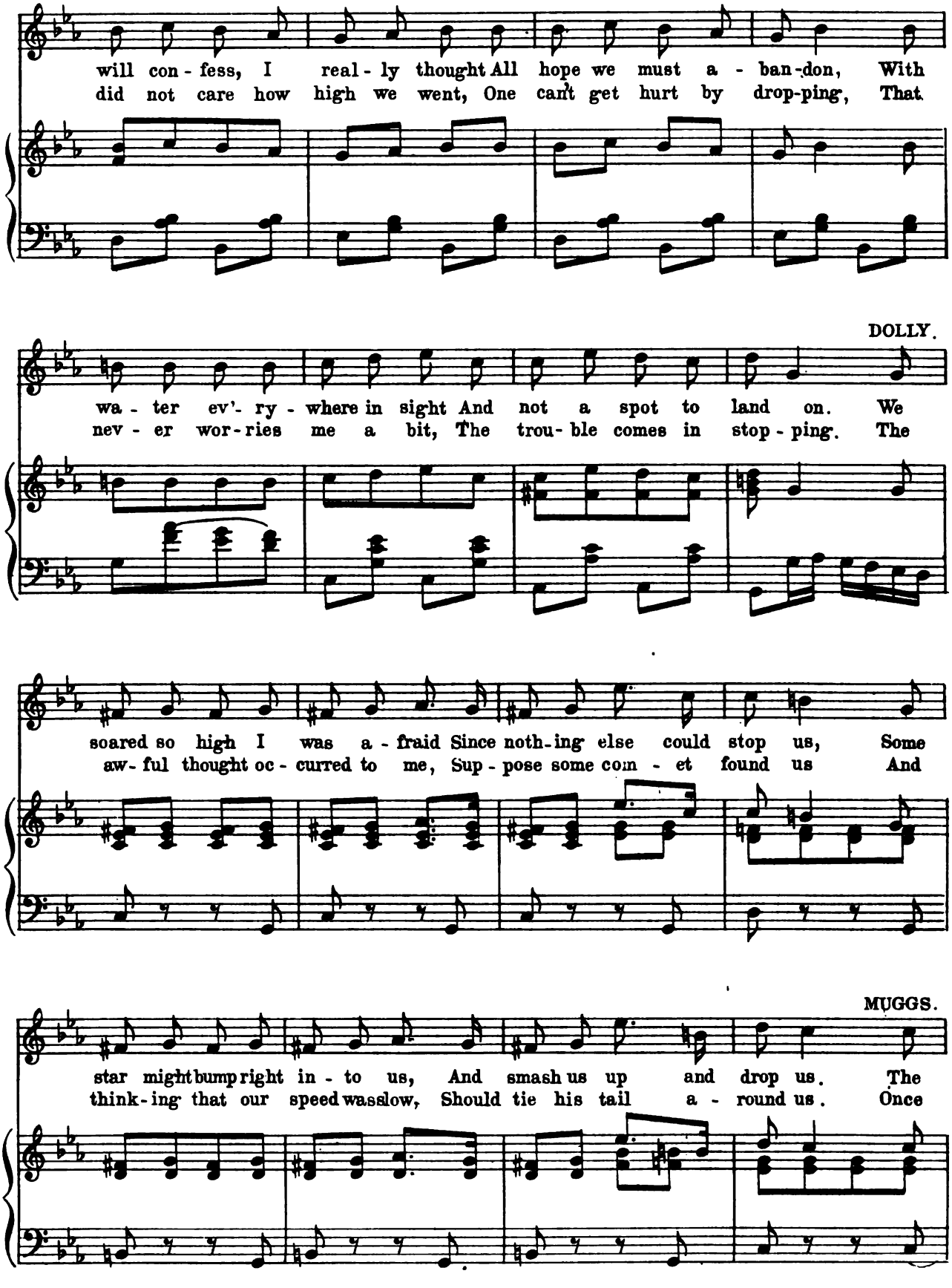
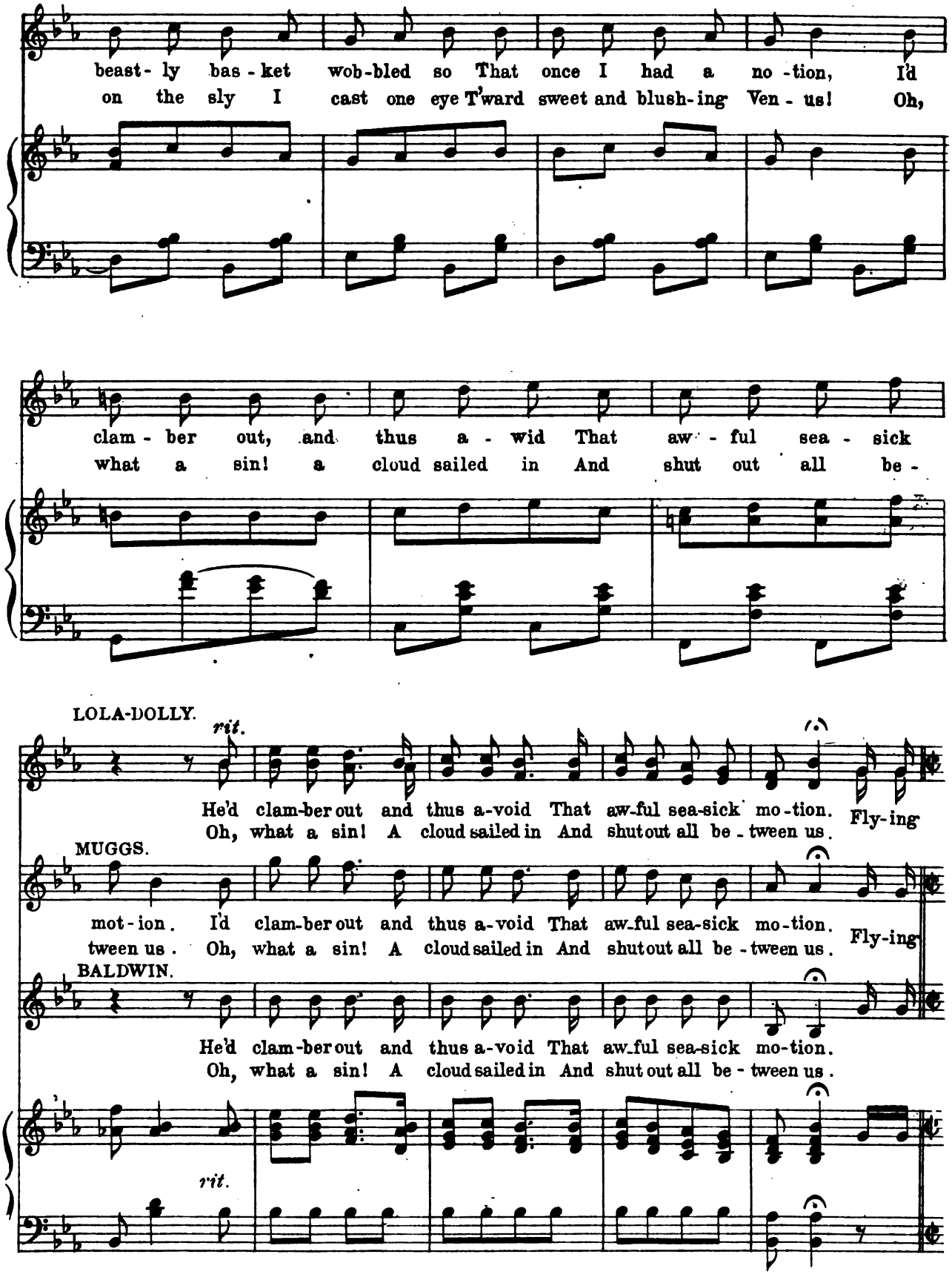

will con - fess, I real - ly thought All hope we must a - ban-don, With
did not care how high we went, One can't get hurt by drop-ping, That
DOLLY.
wa - ter ev'- ry - where in sight And not a spot to land on. We
nev - er wor-ries me a bit, The trou- ble comes in stop - ping. The
soared so high I was a - fraid Since noth-ing else could stop us, Some
aw- ful thought oc - curred to me, Sup - pose some com - et found us And
MUGGS.
star might bump right in - to us, And smash us up and drop us. The
think-ing that our speed was slow, Should tie his tail a - round us. Once


beast- ly bas - ket wob-bled so That once I had a no - tion, I'd
on the sly I cast one eye T'ward sweet and blush-ing Ven - us! Oh,
clam - ber out, and thus a - wid That aw - ful sea - sick
what a sin! a cloud sailed in And shut out all be -
LOLA-DOLLY.
rit.
He'd clam-ber out and thus a-void That aw-ful sea-sick mo-tion. Fly-ing
Oh, what a sin! A cloud sailed in And shut out all be - tween us.
MUGGS.
mot-ion. I'd clam-ber out and thus a-void That aw-ful sea-sick mo-tion. Fly-ing
tween us. Oh, what a sin! A cloud sailed in And shut out all be - tween us.
BALDWIN.
He'd clam-ber out and thus a-void That aw-ful sea-sick mo-tion.
Oh, what a sin! A cloud sailed in And shut out all be - tween us.
rit.

Moderato.

fas - ter, fas - ter, fas - ter, like a bird set free, We go

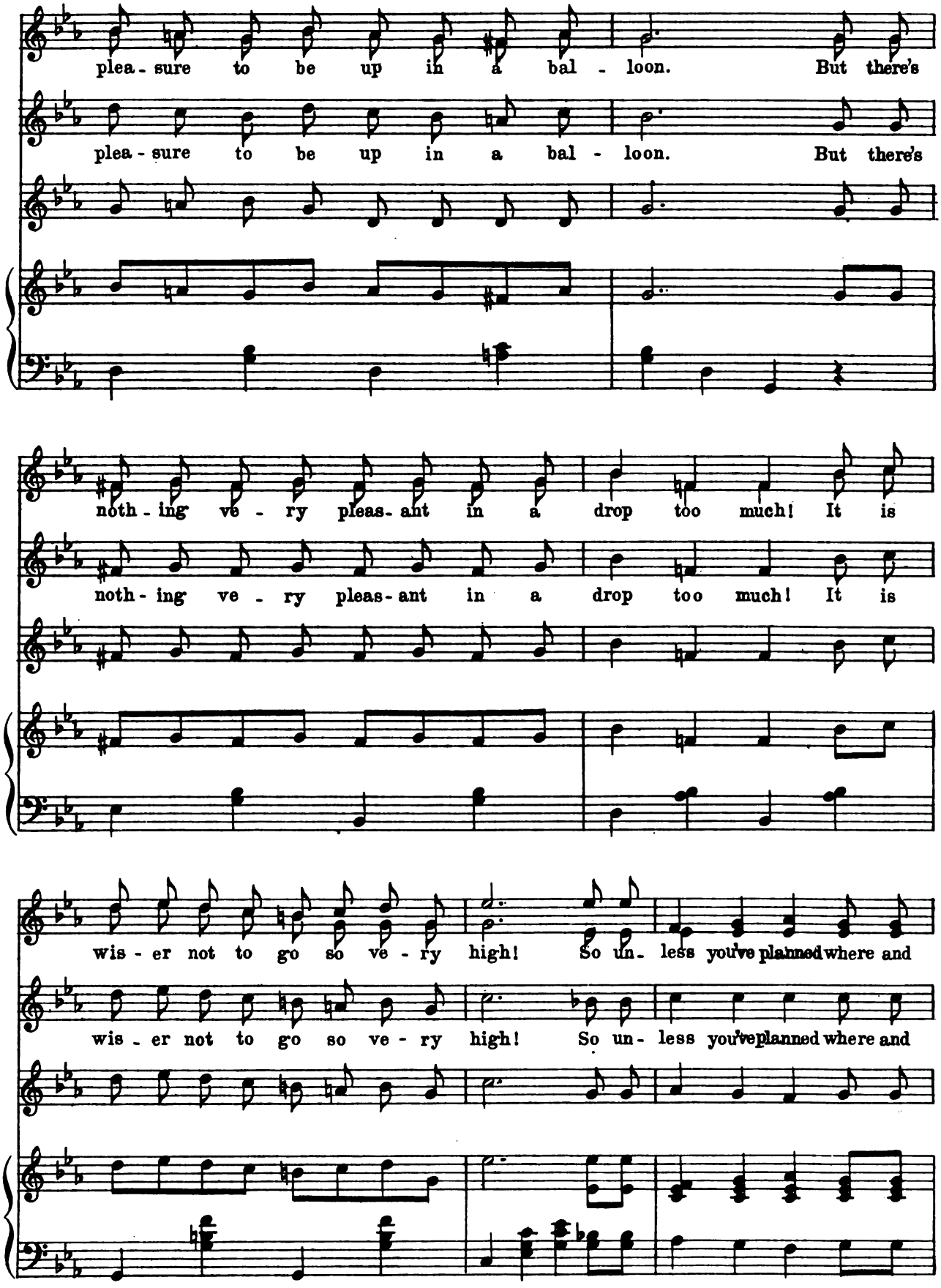
fas - ter, fas - ter, fas - ter, like a bird set free, We go

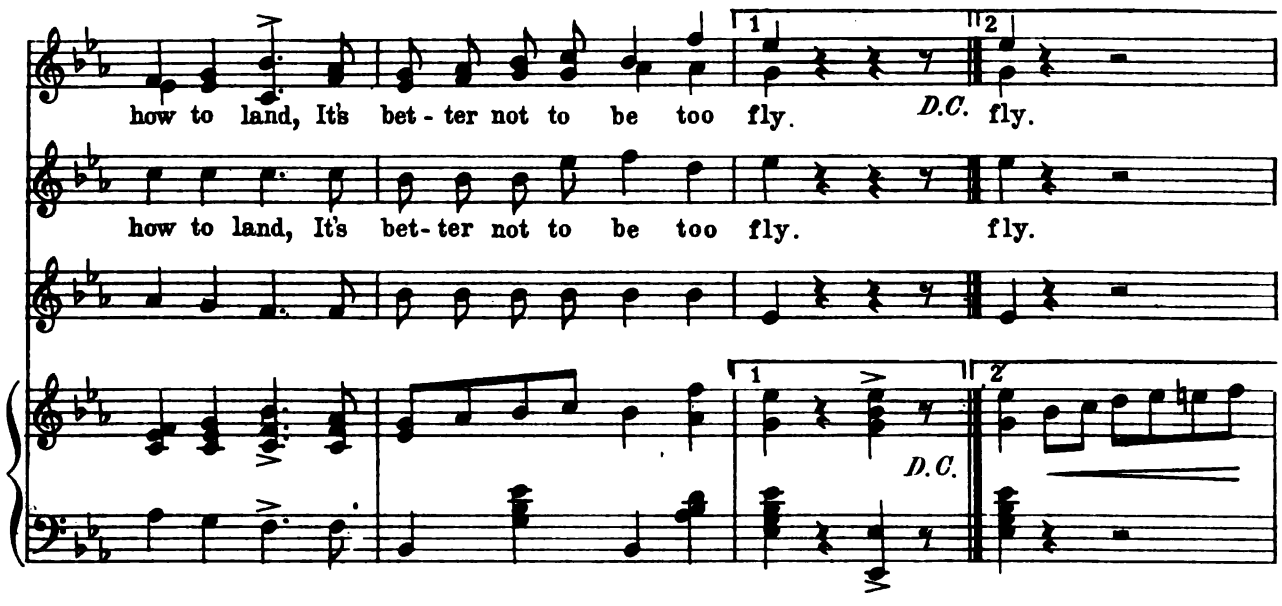
sail - ing through the clouds t'ward the moon. Skim-ming

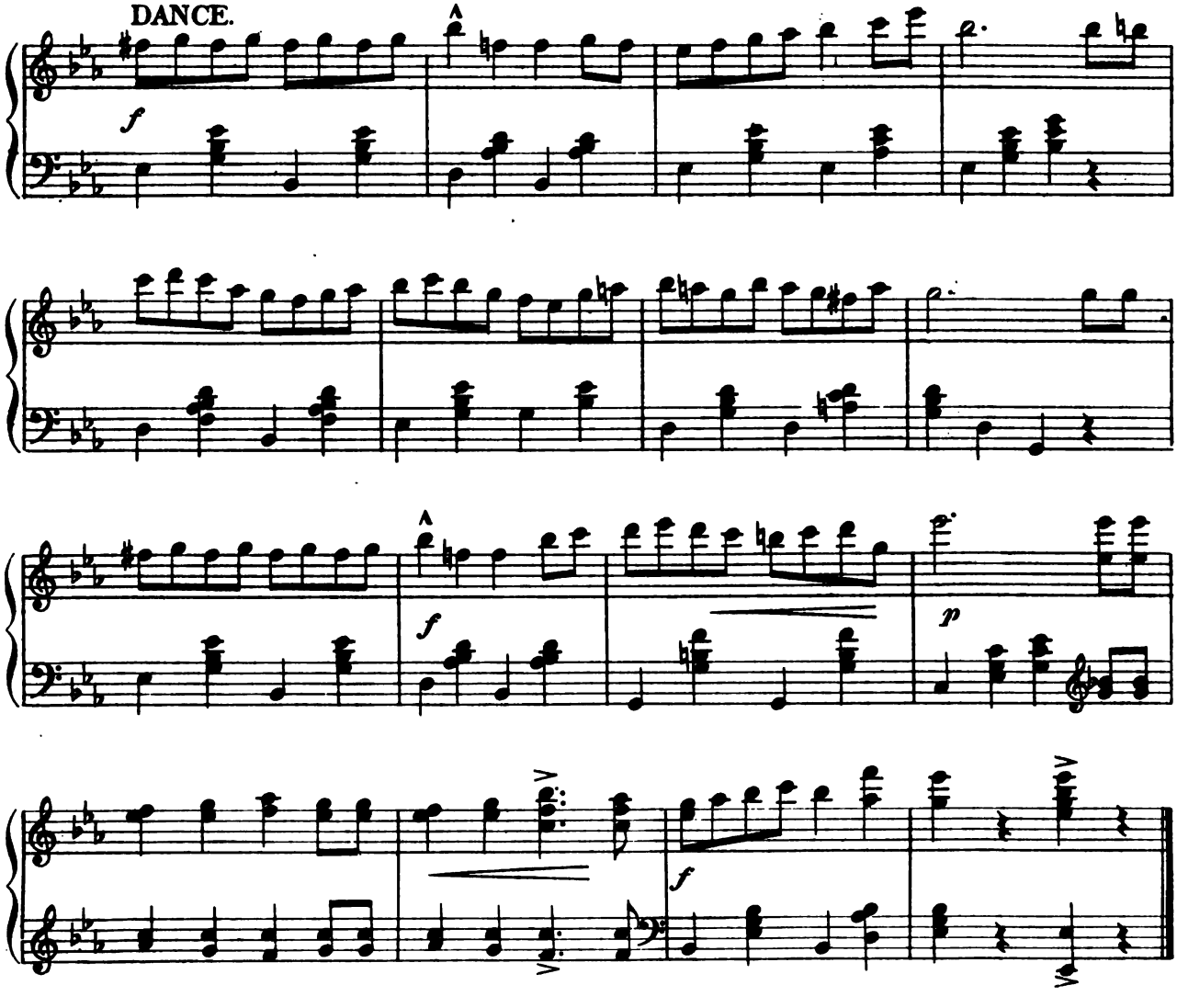
sail - ing through the clouds t'ward the . moon. Skim-ming

light - ly as a swal-low In a course which none can fol - low, It's a

light - ly as a swal-low In a course which none can fol - low, It's a


plea - sure to be up in a bal - loon. But there's
plea - sure to be up in a bal - loon. But there's
noth - ing ve - ry pleas - ant in a drop too much! It is
noth - ing ve - ry pleas - ant in a drop too much! It is
wis - er not to go so ve - ry high! So un - less you've planned where and
wis - er not to go so ve - ry high! So un - less you've planned where and


how to land, It's bet - ter not to be too fly.
D.C.
fly.
how to land, It's bet- ter not to be too fly.
fly.
1
2
D.C.

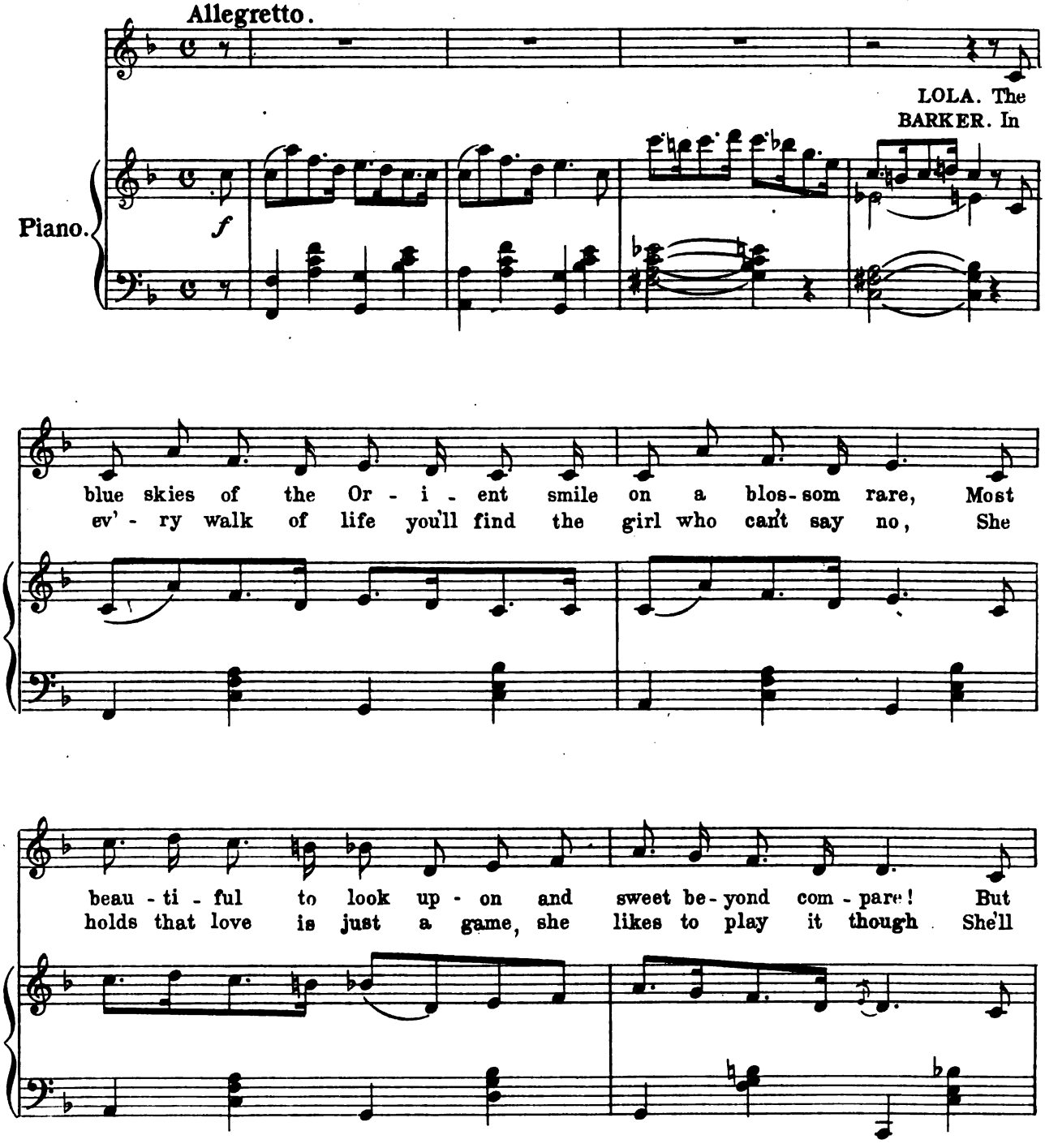

DANCE.
f
f
p
f

The Lotus.

Lola Barker and Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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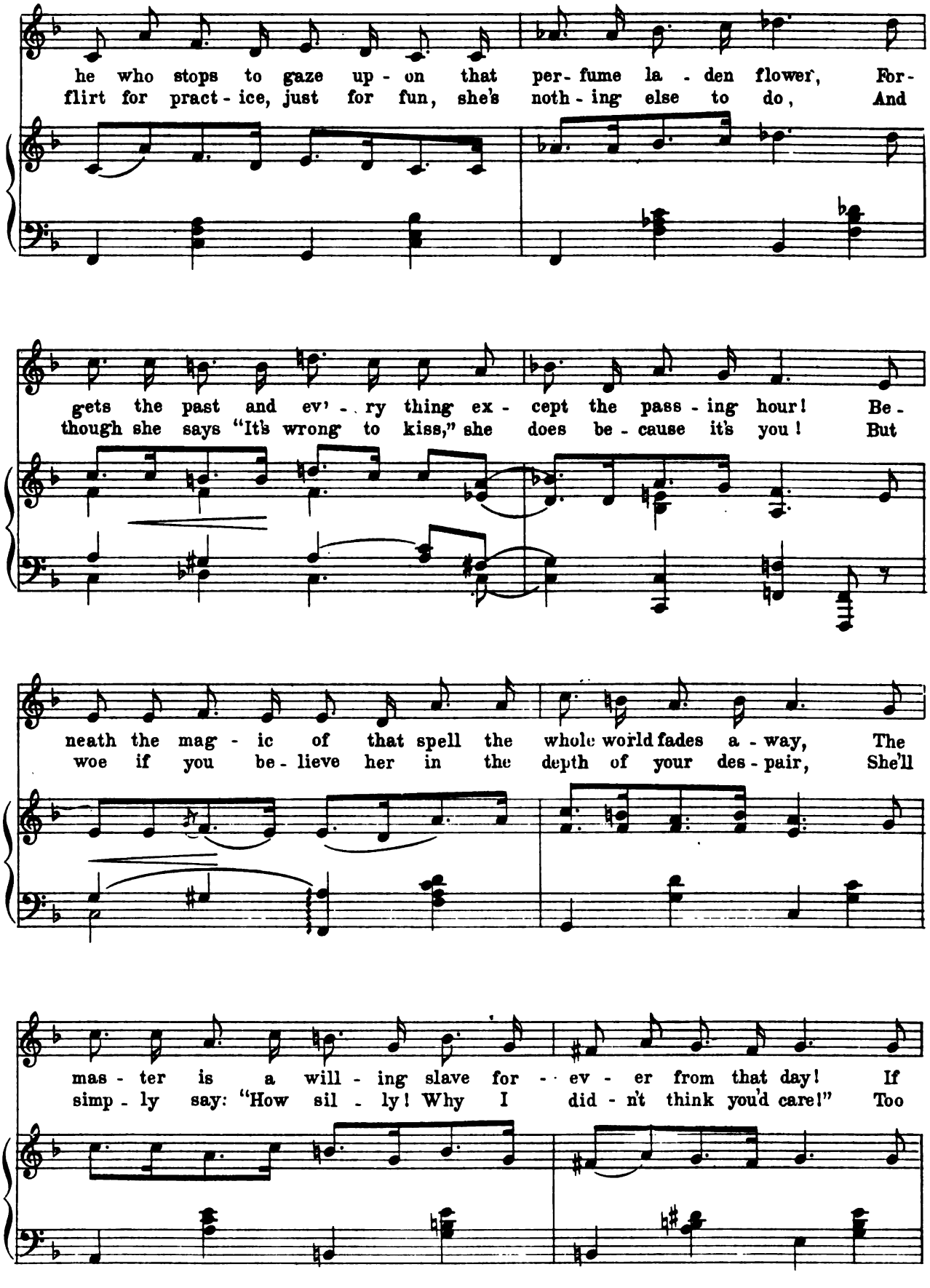
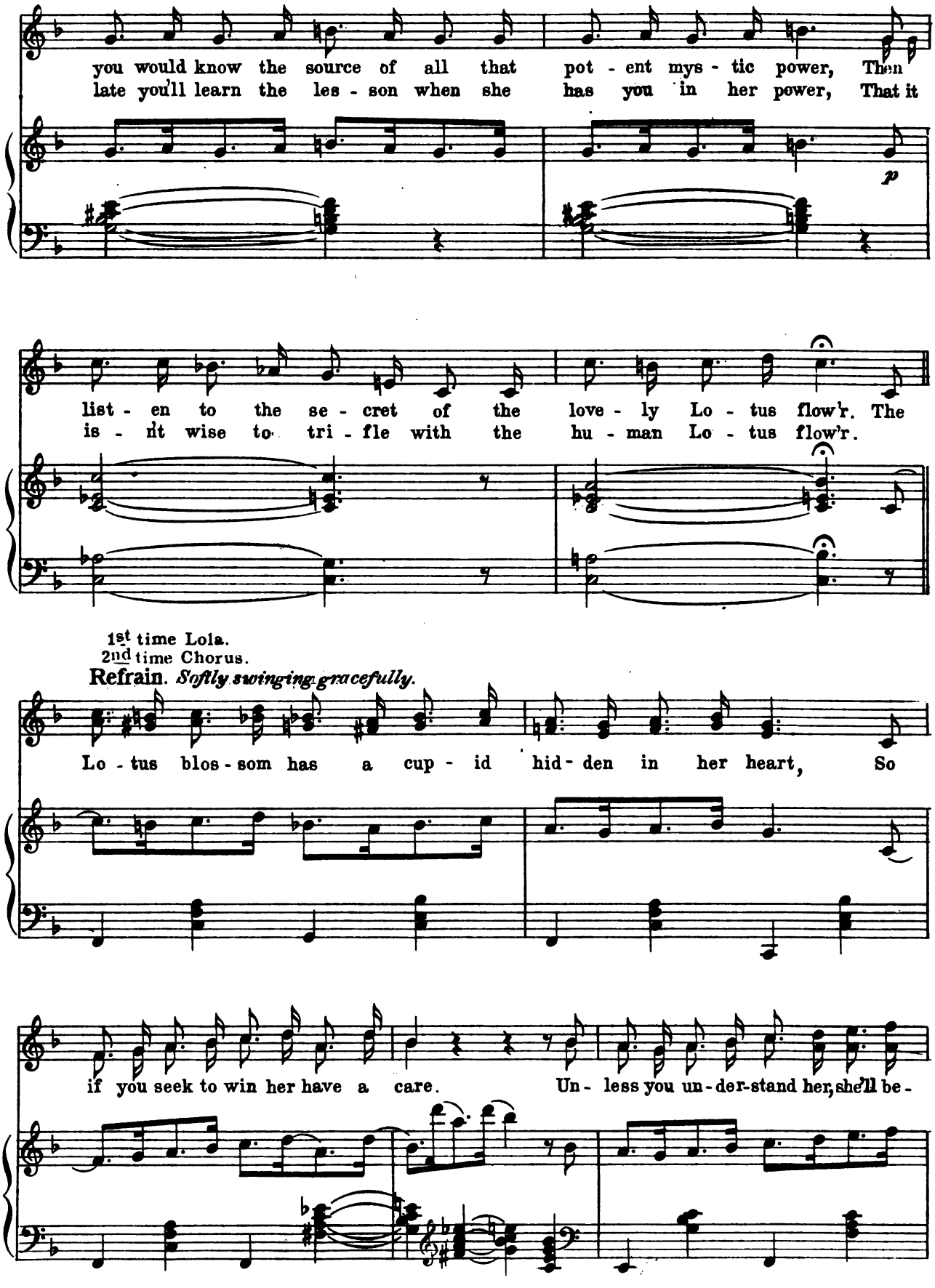
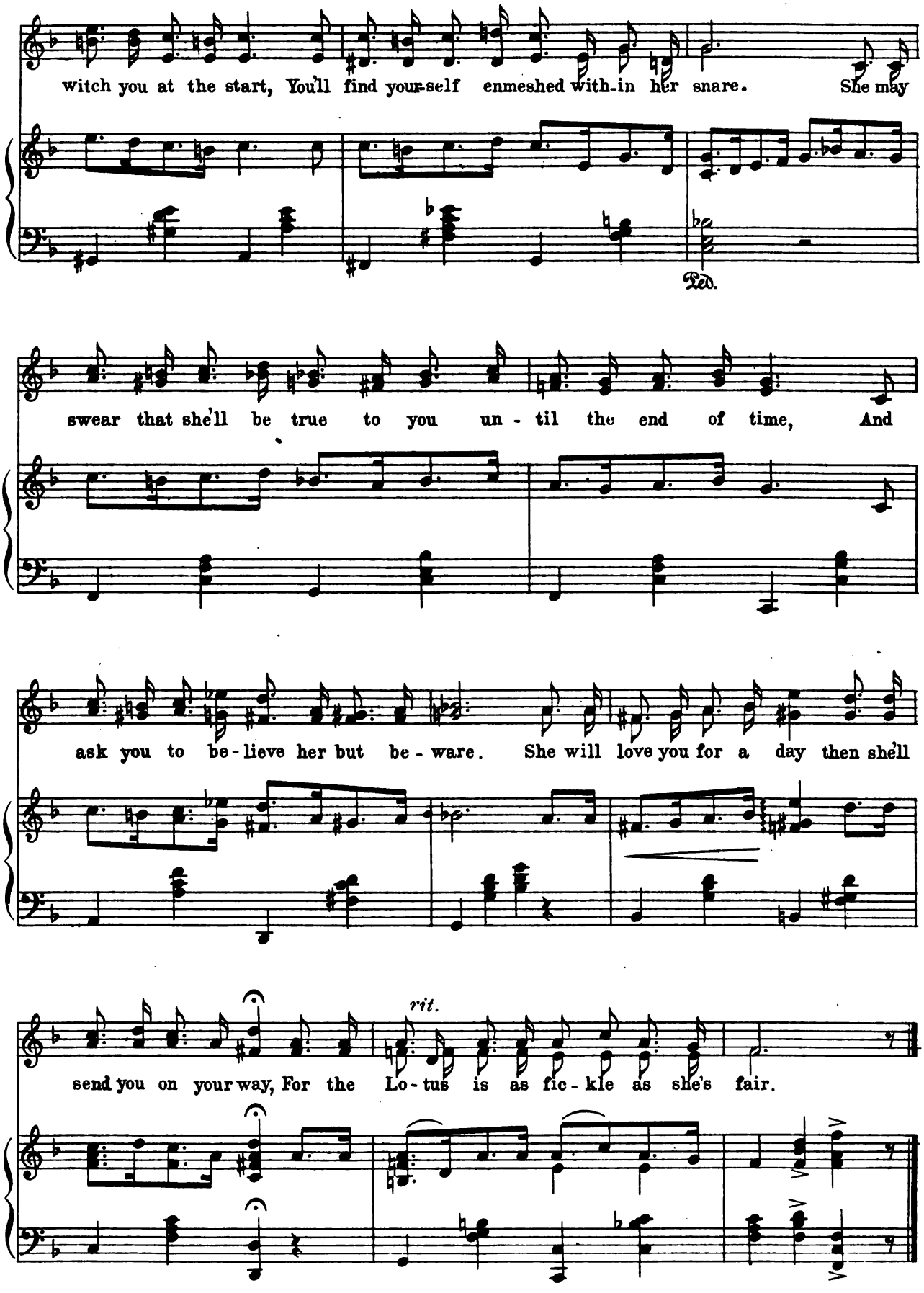

he who stops to gaze up - on that per- fume la - den flower, For-
flirt for pract - ice, just for fun, she's noth - ing else to do, And
gets the past and ev' - ry thing ex - cept the pass - ing hour! Be -
though she says "It's wrong to kiss," she does be - cause it's you! But
neath the mag - ic of that spell the whole world fades a - way, The
woe if you be - lieve her in the depth of your des - pair, She'll
mas - ter is a will - ing slave for - ev - er from that day! If
simp - ly say: "How sil - ly! Why I did - n't think you'd care!" Too


you would know the source of all that pot - ent mys - tic power, Then
late you'll learn the les - son when she has you in her power, That it
p
list - en to the se - cret of the love - ly Lo - tus flow'r. The
is - nt wise to tri - fle with the hu - man Lo - tus flow'r.
1st time Lola.
2nd time Chorus.
Refrain. Softly swinging gracefully.
Lo - tus blos - som has a cup - id hid - den in her heart, So
if you seek to win her have a care. Un - less you un - der-stand her, she'll be -

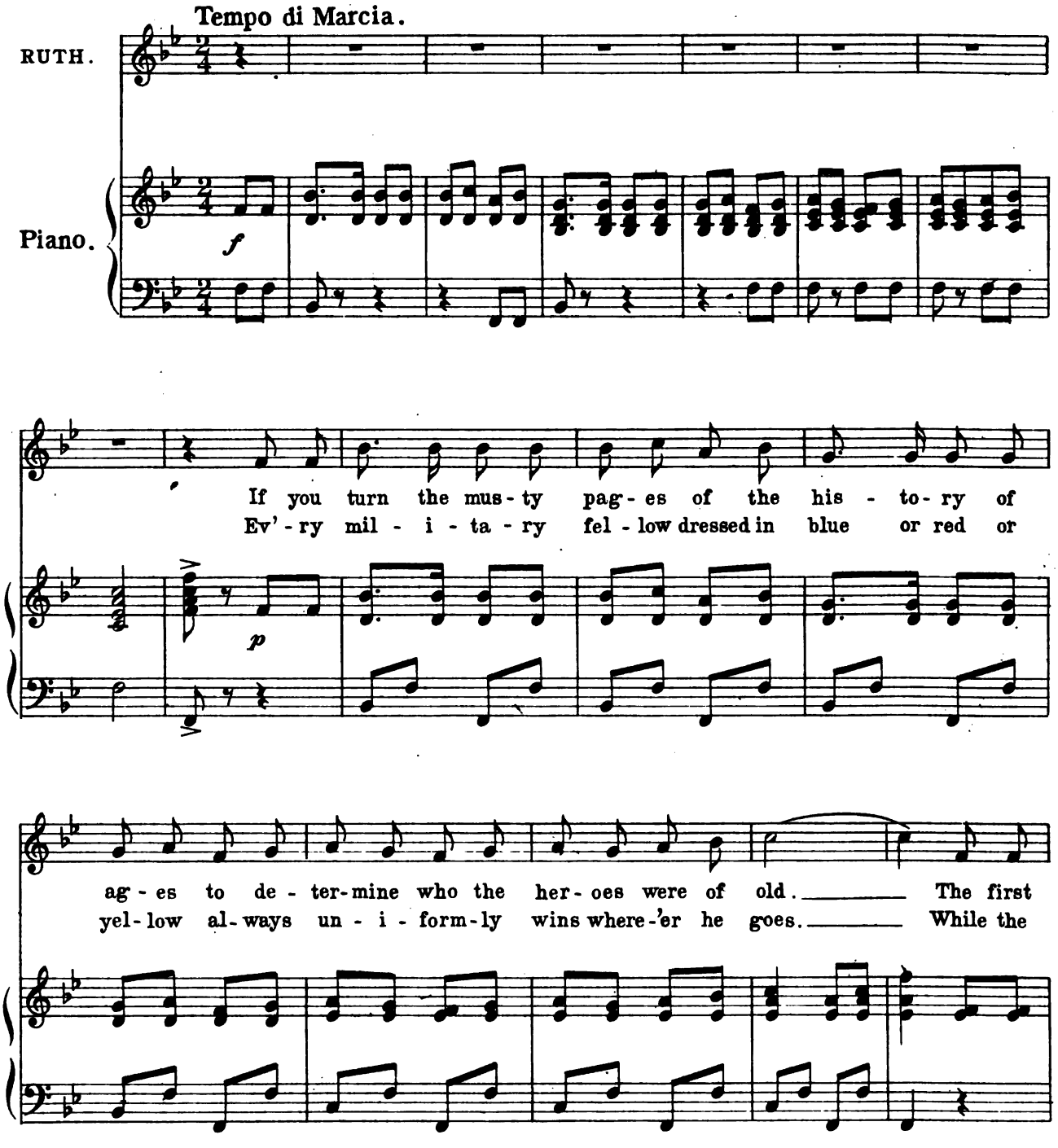

witch you at the start, You'll find your-self enmeshed with-in her snare. She may
Ped.
swear that she'll be true to you un - til the end of time, And
ask you to be - lieve her but be - ware. She will love you for a day then she'll
rit.
send you on your way, For the Lo - tus is as fic - kle as she's fair.

The Military Man.

Ruth and Male Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS



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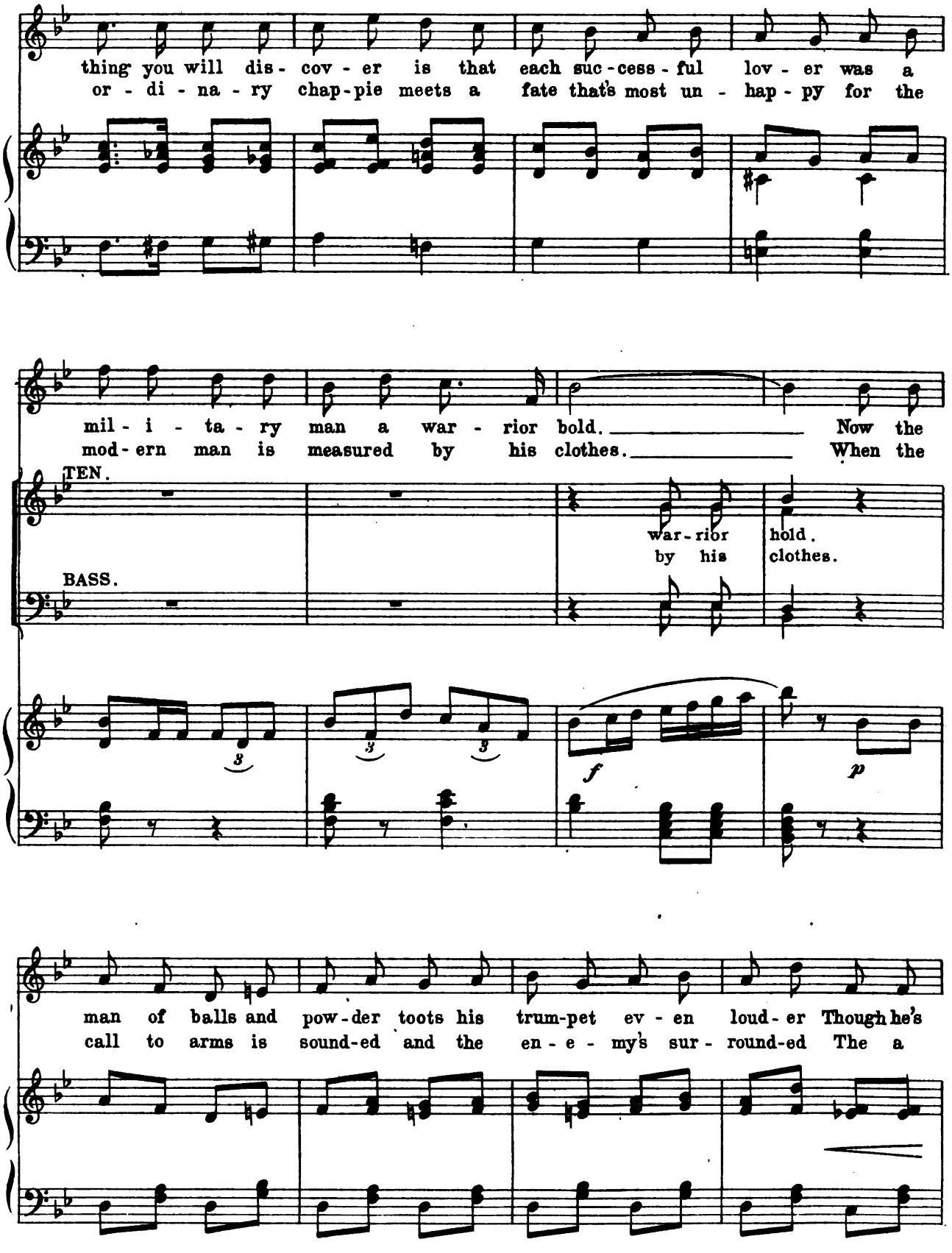
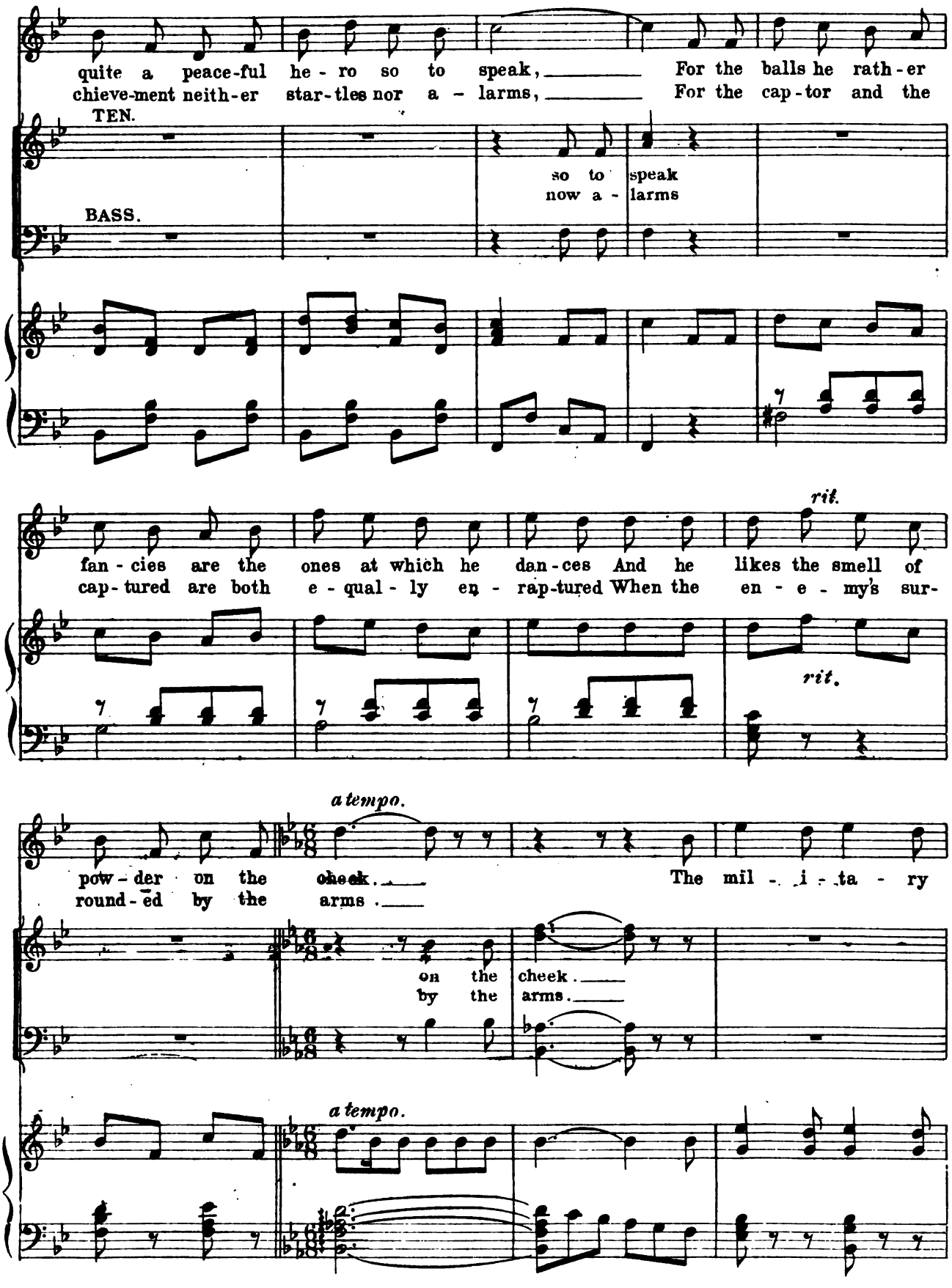
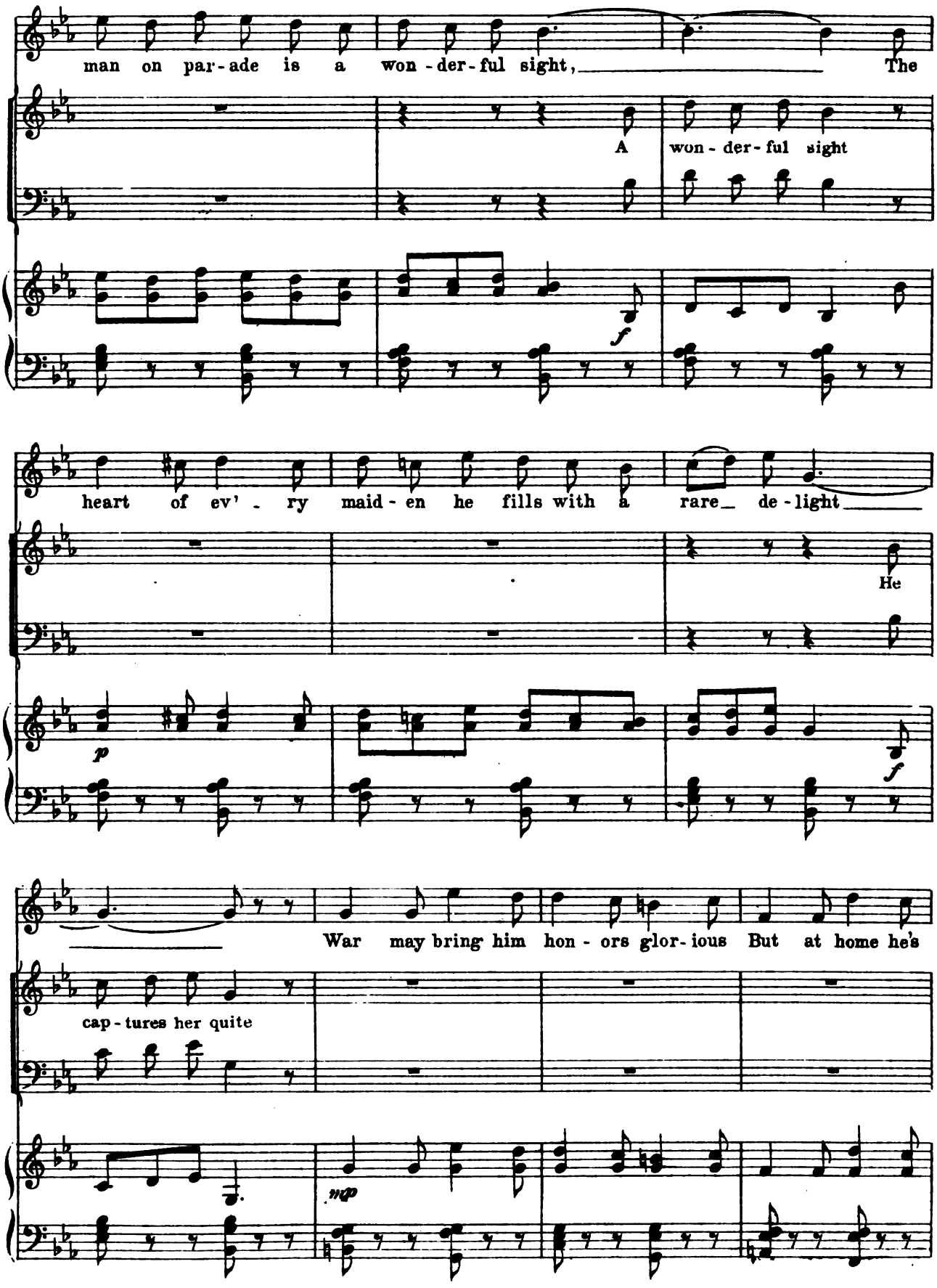
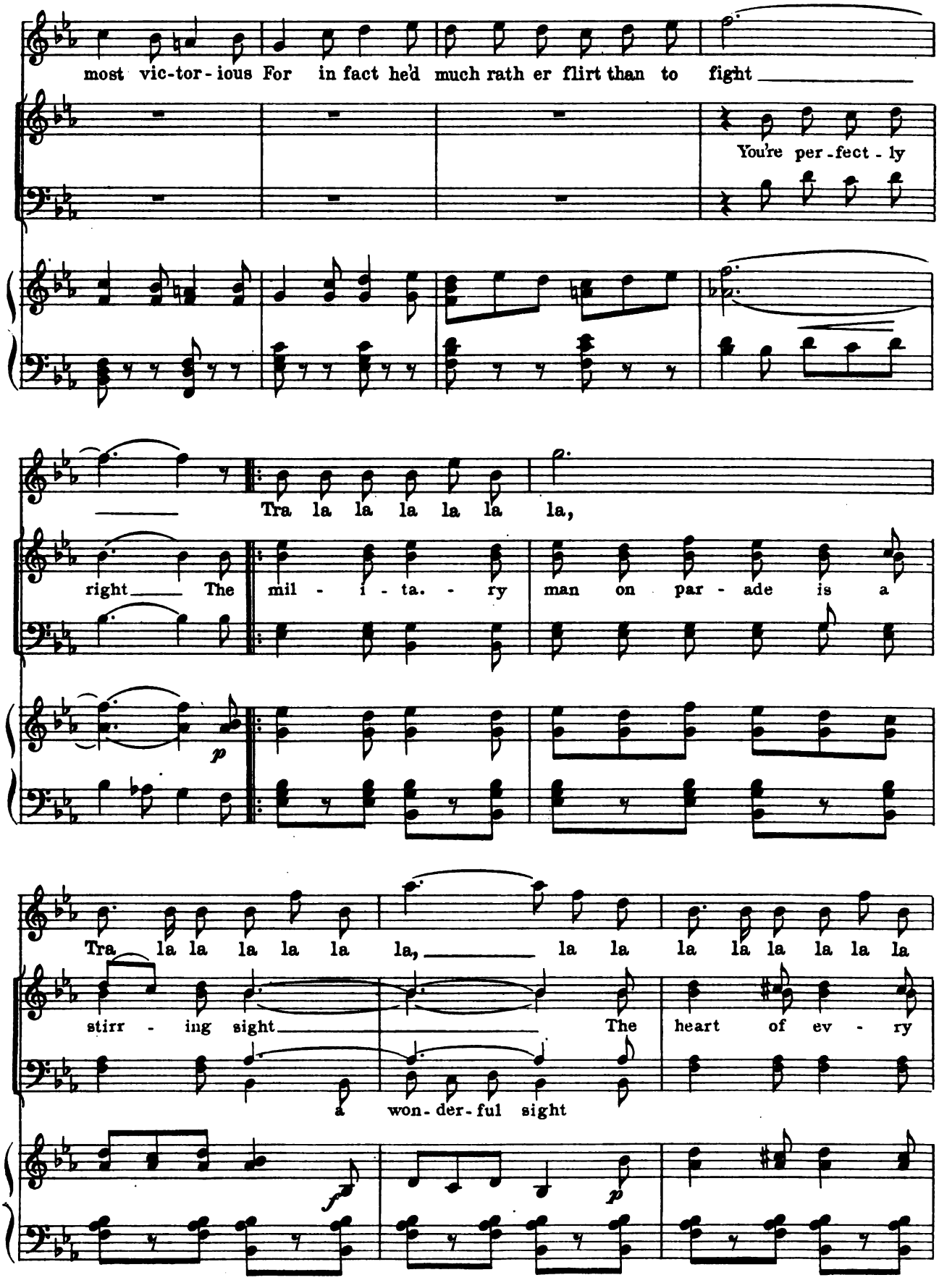
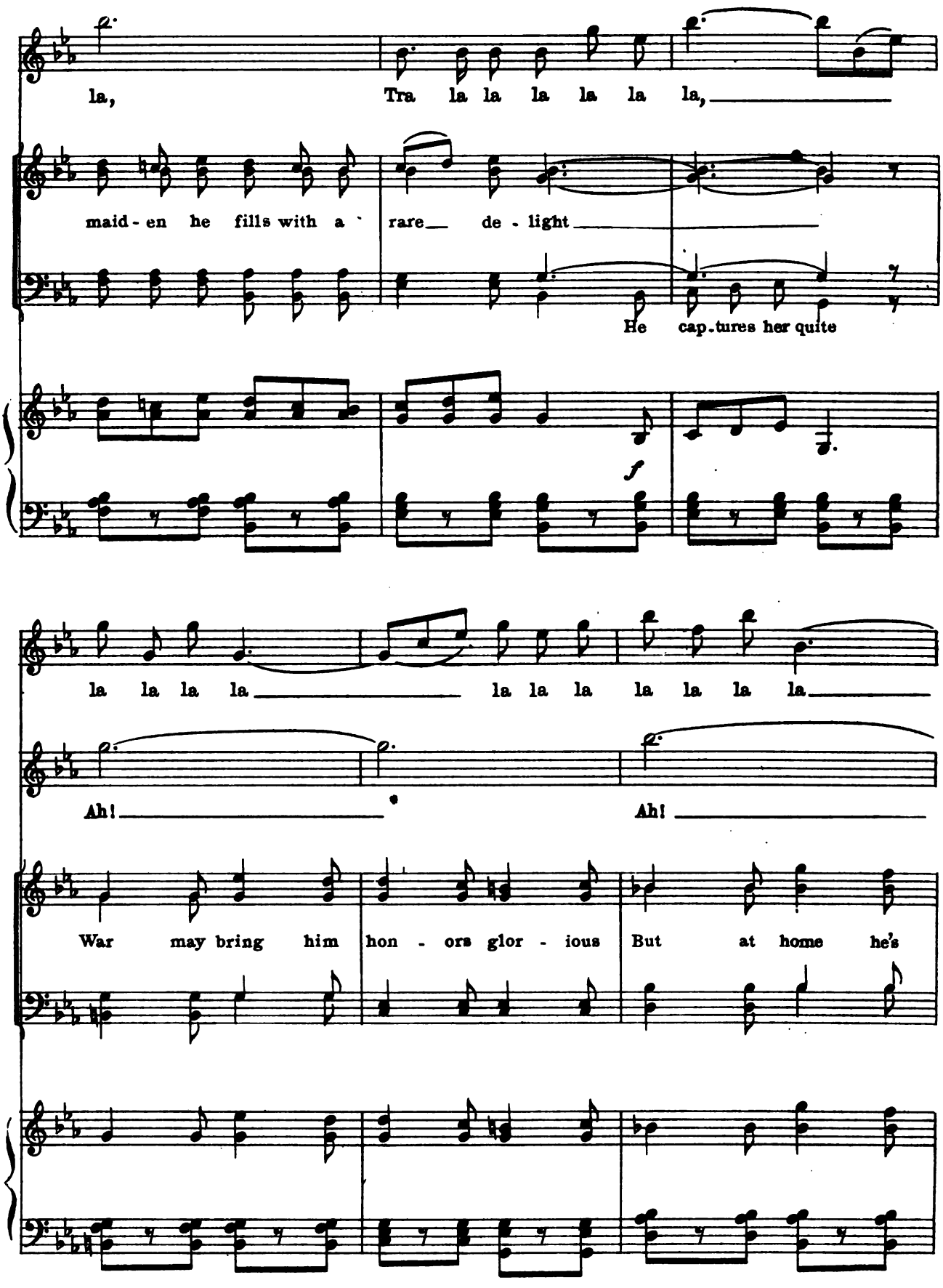
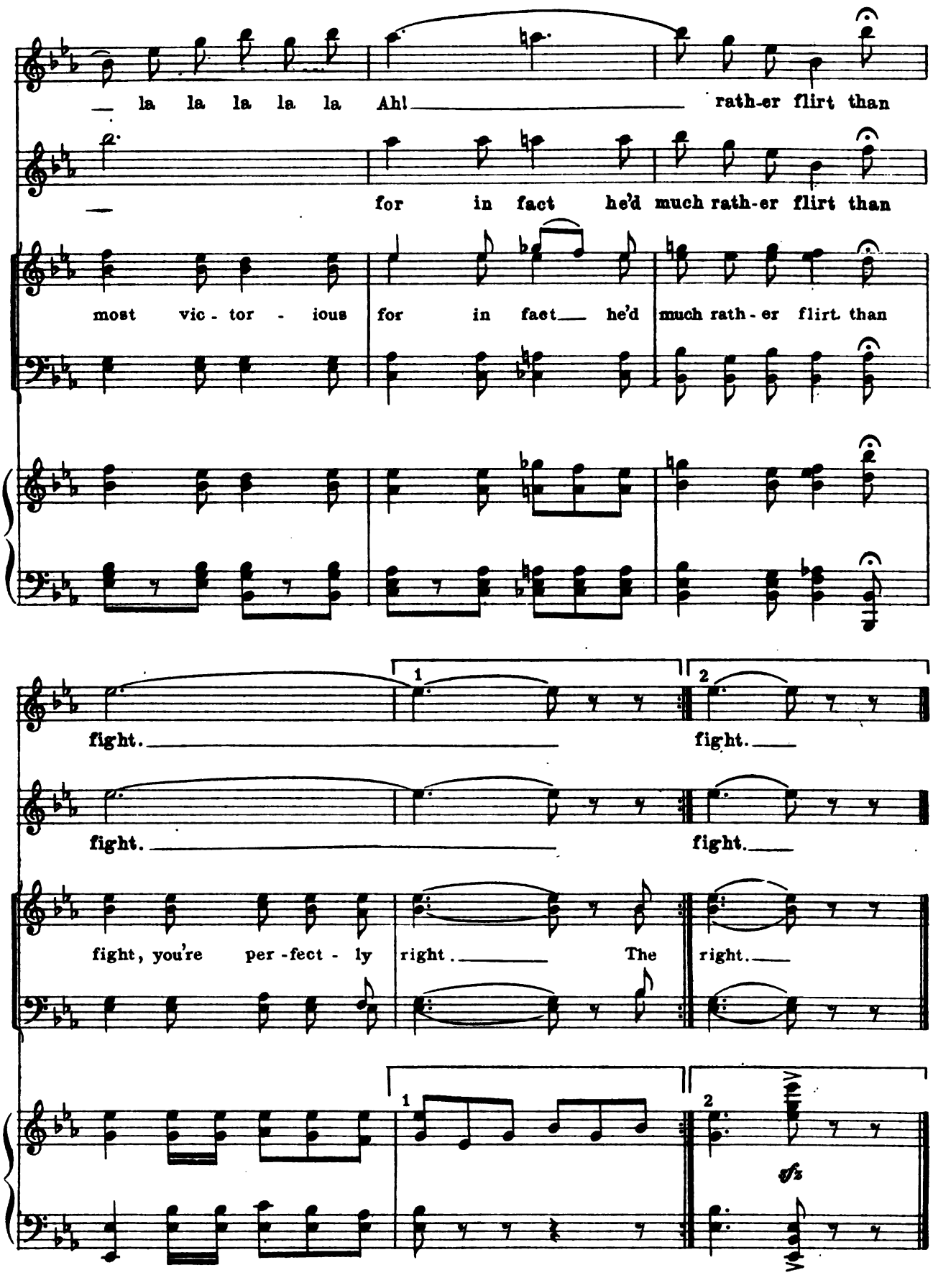

thing you will dis- cov - er is that each suc - cess - ful lov - er was a
or - di - na - ry chap - pie meets a fate that's most un - hap - py for the
mil - i - ta - ry man a war - rior bold. Now the
mod - ern man is measured by his clothes. When the
TEN.
war - rior hold.
by his clothes.
BASS.
f
p
man of balls and pow - der toots his trum - pet ev - en loud - er Though he's
call to arms is sound - ed and the en - e - my's sur - round - ed The a


quite a peace-ful he - ro so to speak, For the balls he rath-er
chieve-ment neith-er star-tles nor a - larms, For the cap-tor and the
TEN.
so to speak
now a - larms
BASS.
rit.
fan-cies are the ones at which he dan-ces And he likes the smell of
cap-tured are both e - qual - ly en - rap-tured When the en - e - my's sur-
rit.
a tempo.
pow-der on the cheek. The mil - i - ta - ry
round-ed by the arms.
on the cheek.
by the arms.
a tempo.


man on par-ade is a won-der-ful sight, The
A won-der-ful sight
heart of ev'-ry maid-en he fills with a rare de-light
He
War may bring him hon-ors glor-ious But at home he's
cap-tures her quite


most vic-tor-ious For in fact he'd much rath er flirt than to fight
You're per-fect-ly
Tra la la la la la la,
right The mil-i-ta.-ry man on par-ade is a
Tra la la la la la la, la la la la la la la
stirr-ing sight The heart of ev-ry
a won-der-ful sight


la, Tra la la la la la la,
maid - en he fills with a rare de - light
He cap.tures her quite
f
la la la la la la la la la la la la
Ah! Ah!
War may bring him hon - ors glor - ious But at home he's


la la la la la Ah! rath-er flirt than
for in fact he'd much rath-er flirt than
most vic - tor - ious for in fact he'd much rath - er flirt than
1
2
fight. fight.
fight. fight.
fight, you're per - fect - ly right. The right.
1
2
sfz

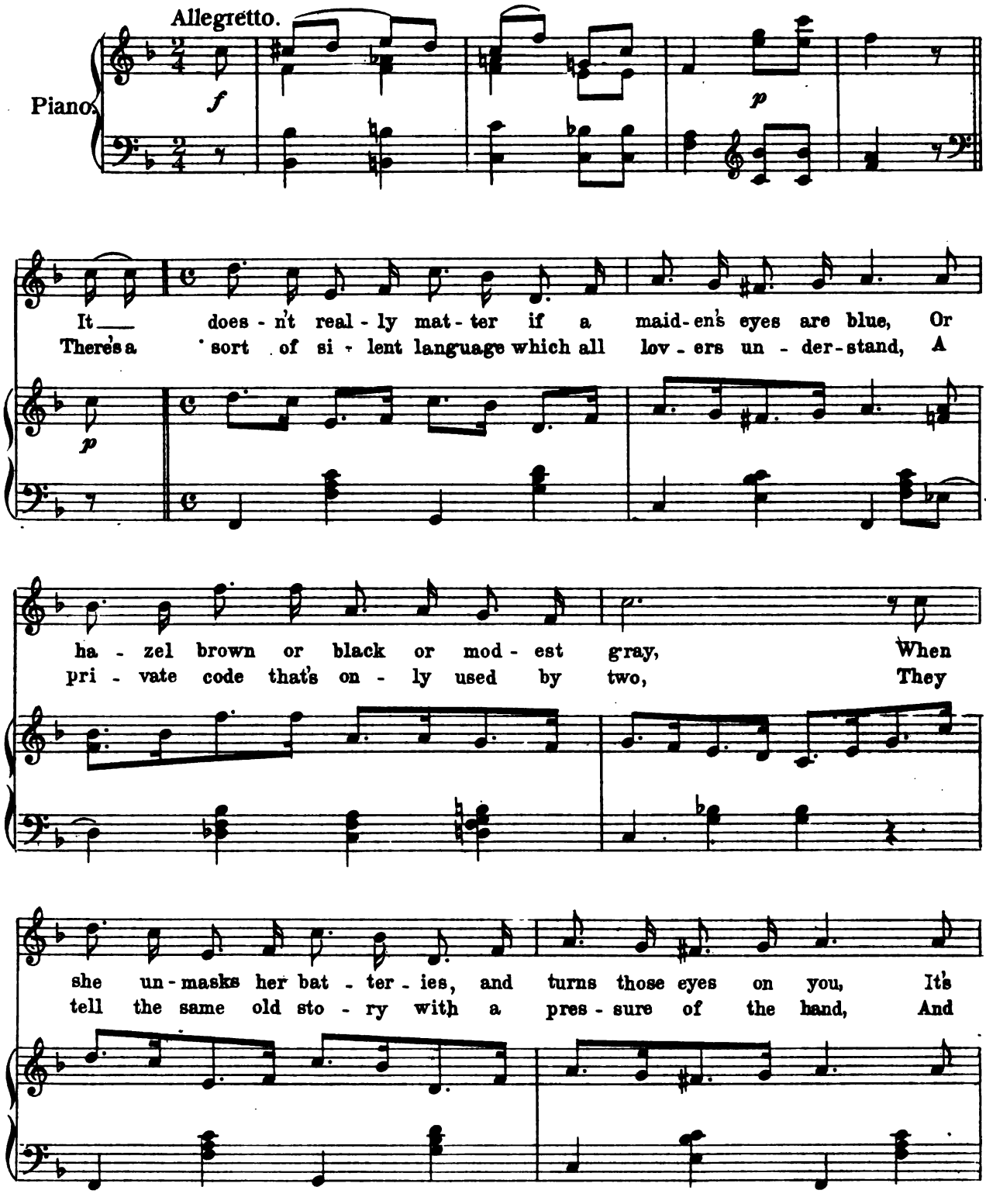
Cupid's Private Code.

3539

Dolly.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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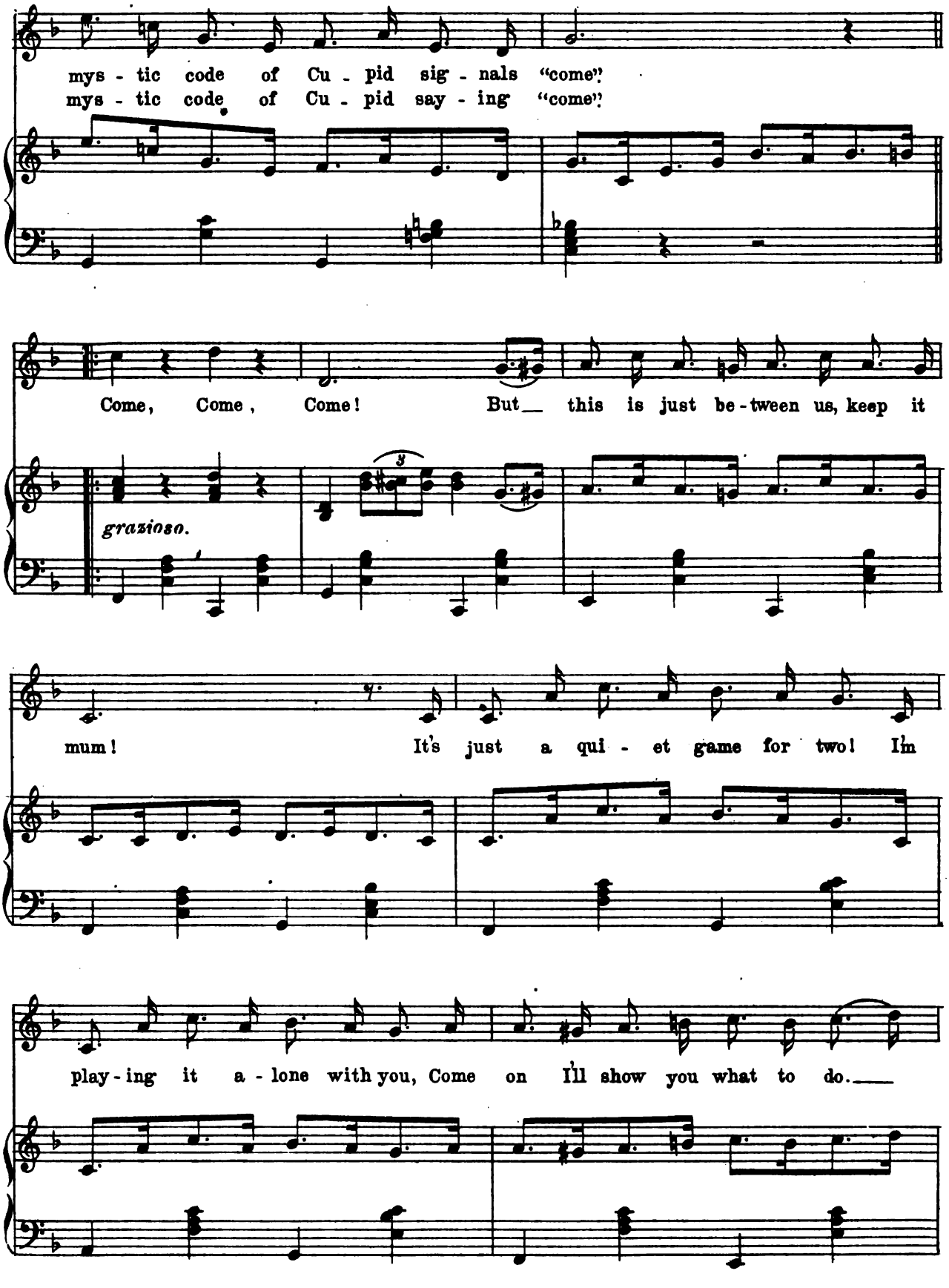
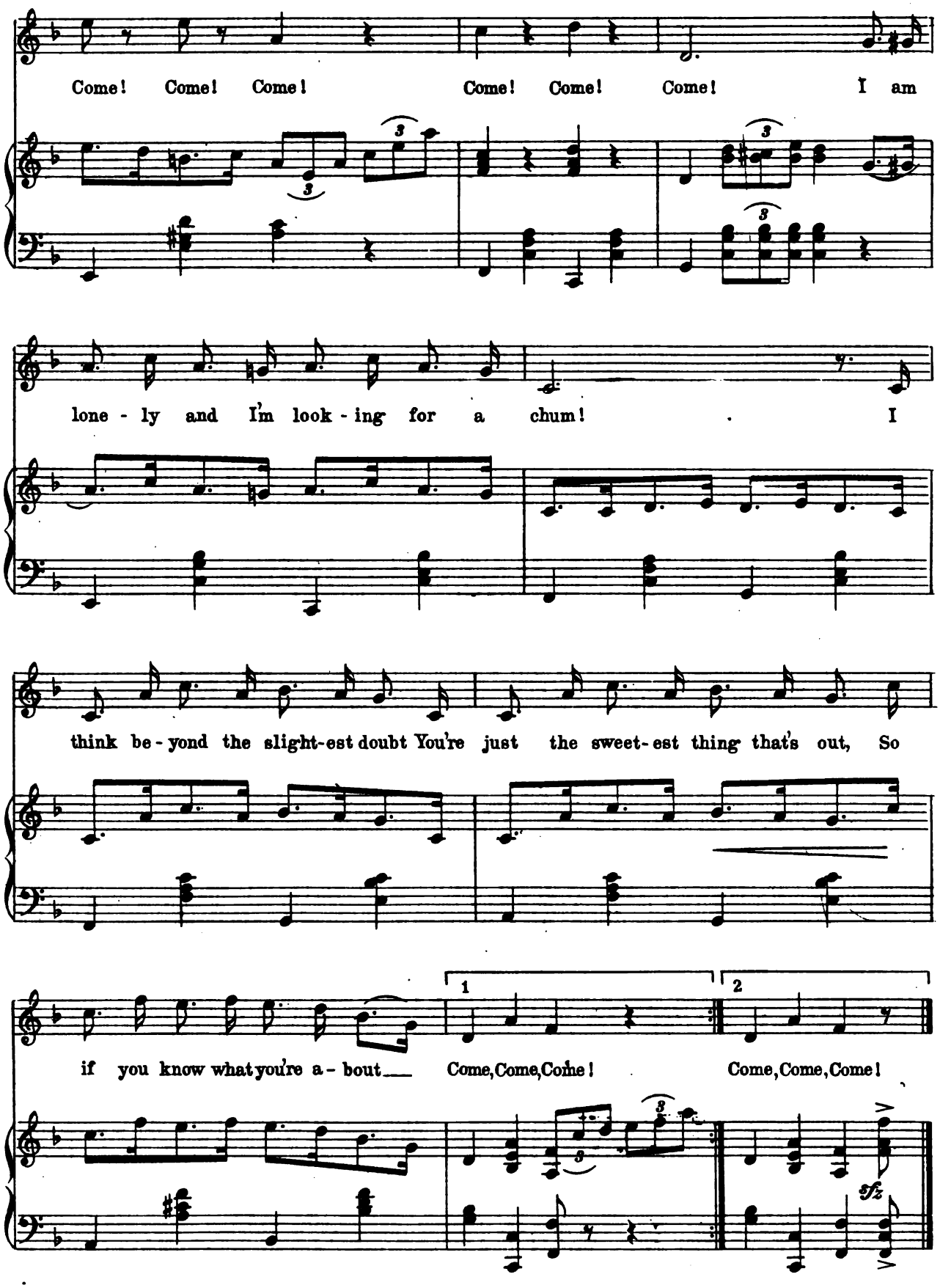
won - der - ful how much a glance can say. She
strange to say they nev - er miss a cue. A

need not speak a sin - gle word; one look will quite suf - fice! Per -
droo - ping eye, a rog - uish smile, a blush, a wink, a sigh. A

sua - sive el - o - quence is of - ten dumb. Some -
nod or just a move - ment of the thumb. You'll

times a wink has power e - nough to melt a heart of ice, When the
not mis - take the mes - sage, can - not do it if you try, It's the


mys - tic code of Cu - pid sig - nals "come".
mys - tic code of Cu - pid say - ing "come".
Come, Come, Come! But this is just be-tween us, keep it
grazioso.
mum! It's just a qui - et game for two! I'm
play - ing it a - lone with you, Come on I'll show you what to do.


Come! Come! Come! Come! Come! Come! I am
lone - ly and I'm look - ing for a chum! I
think be - yond the slight-est doubt You're just the sweet-est thing that's out, So
if you know what you're a - bout Come, Come, Come! Come, Come, Come!
1
2
sfz

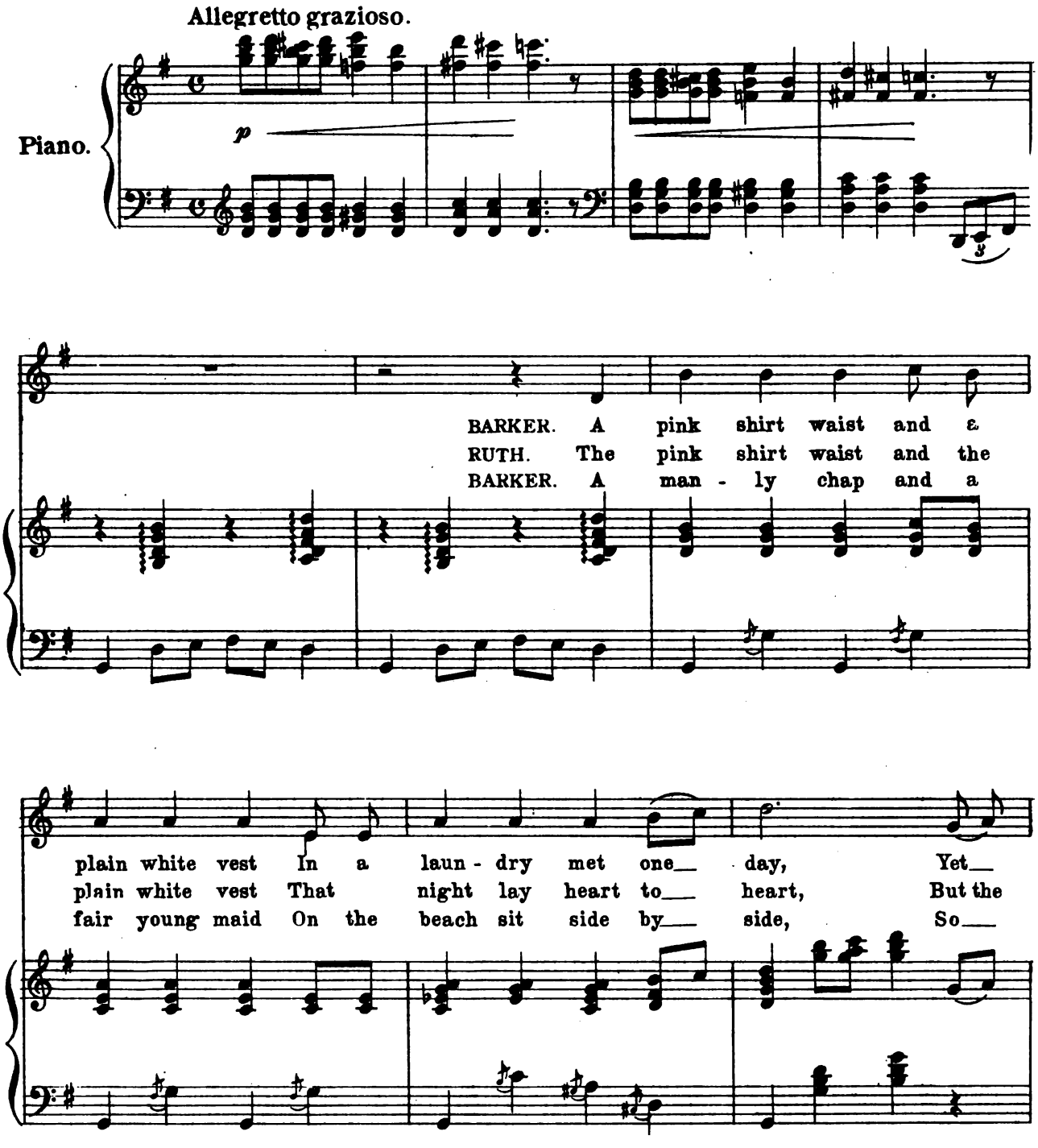
Nestle By My Side.

Ruth, Barker and Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto grazioso.



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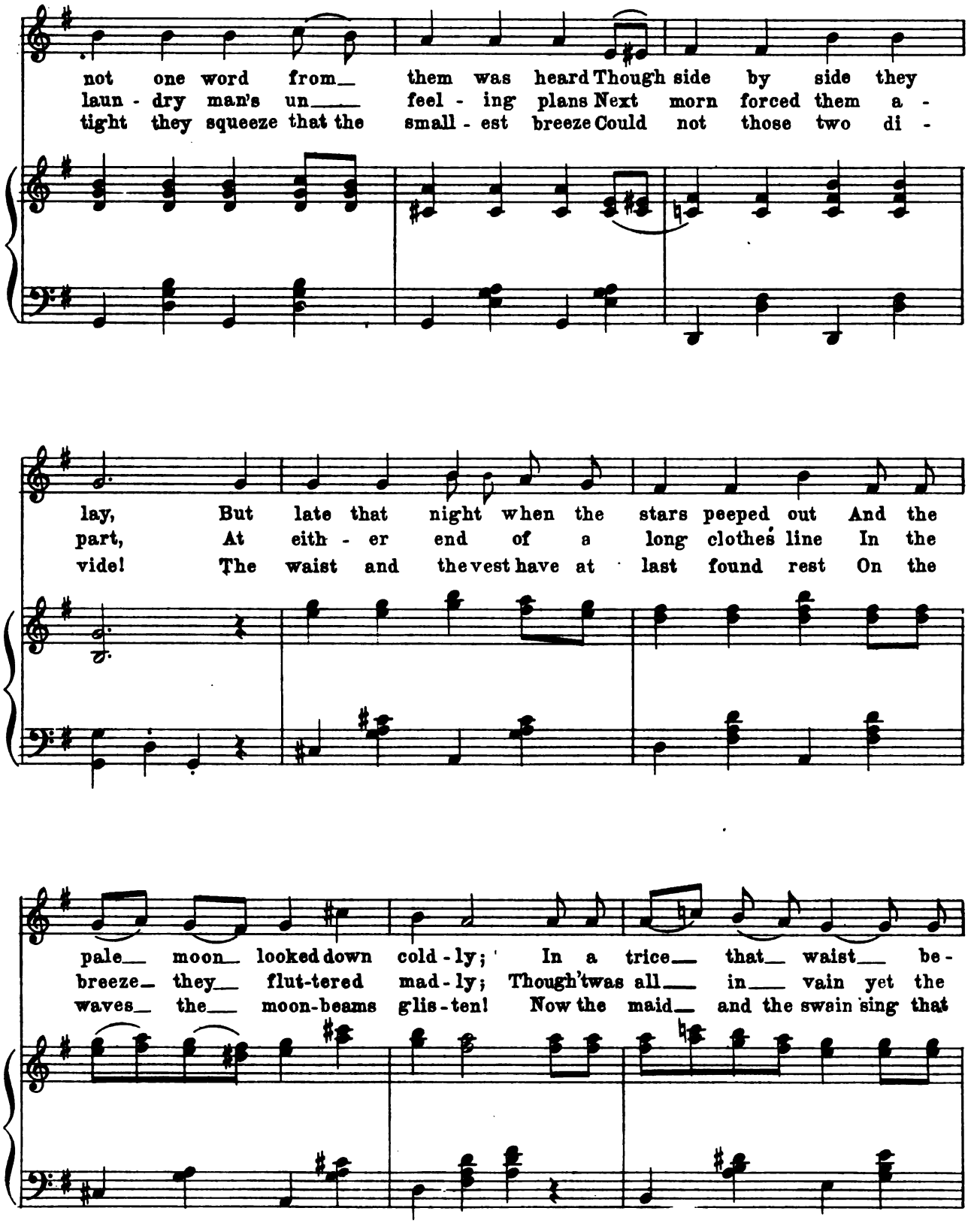
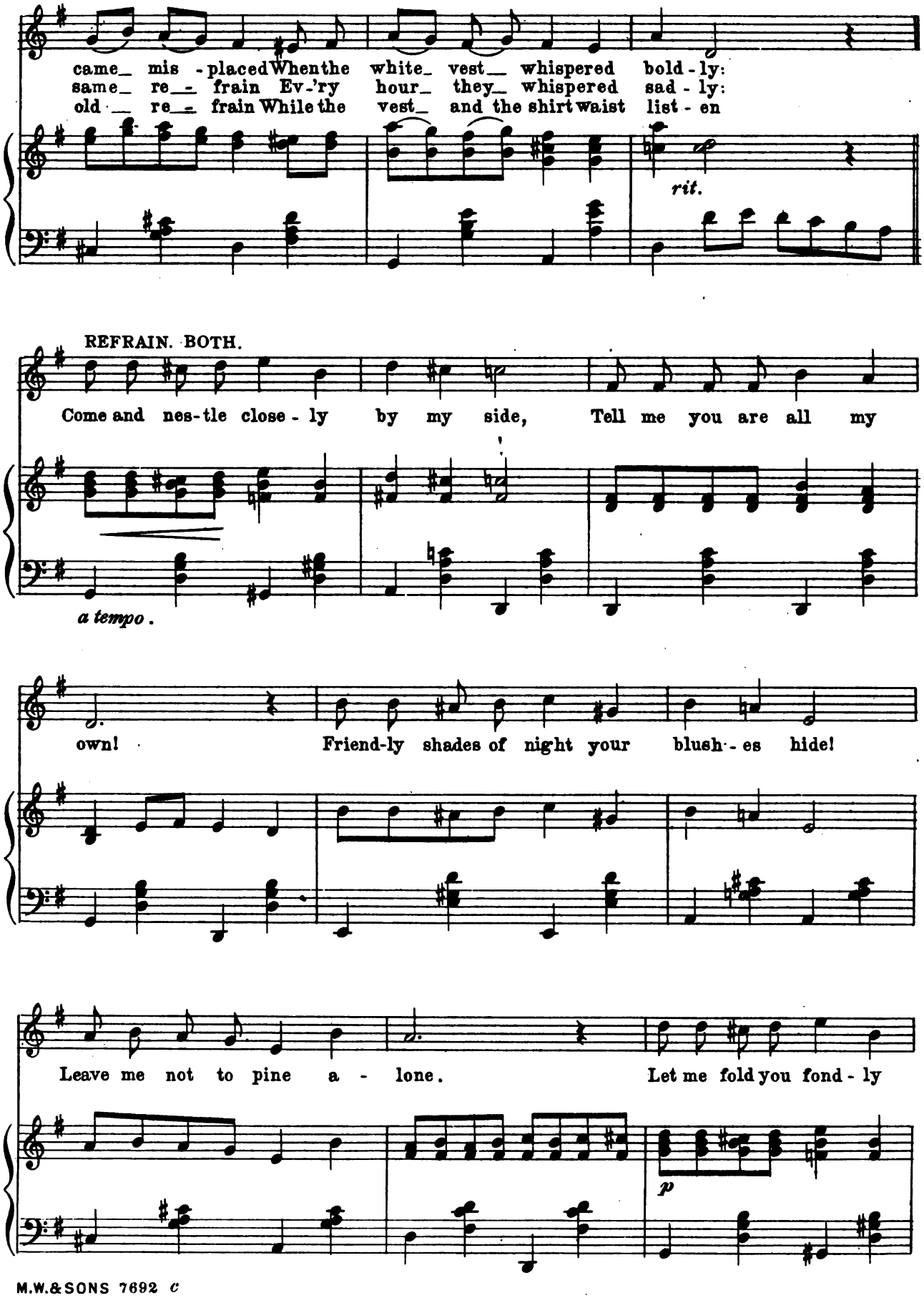
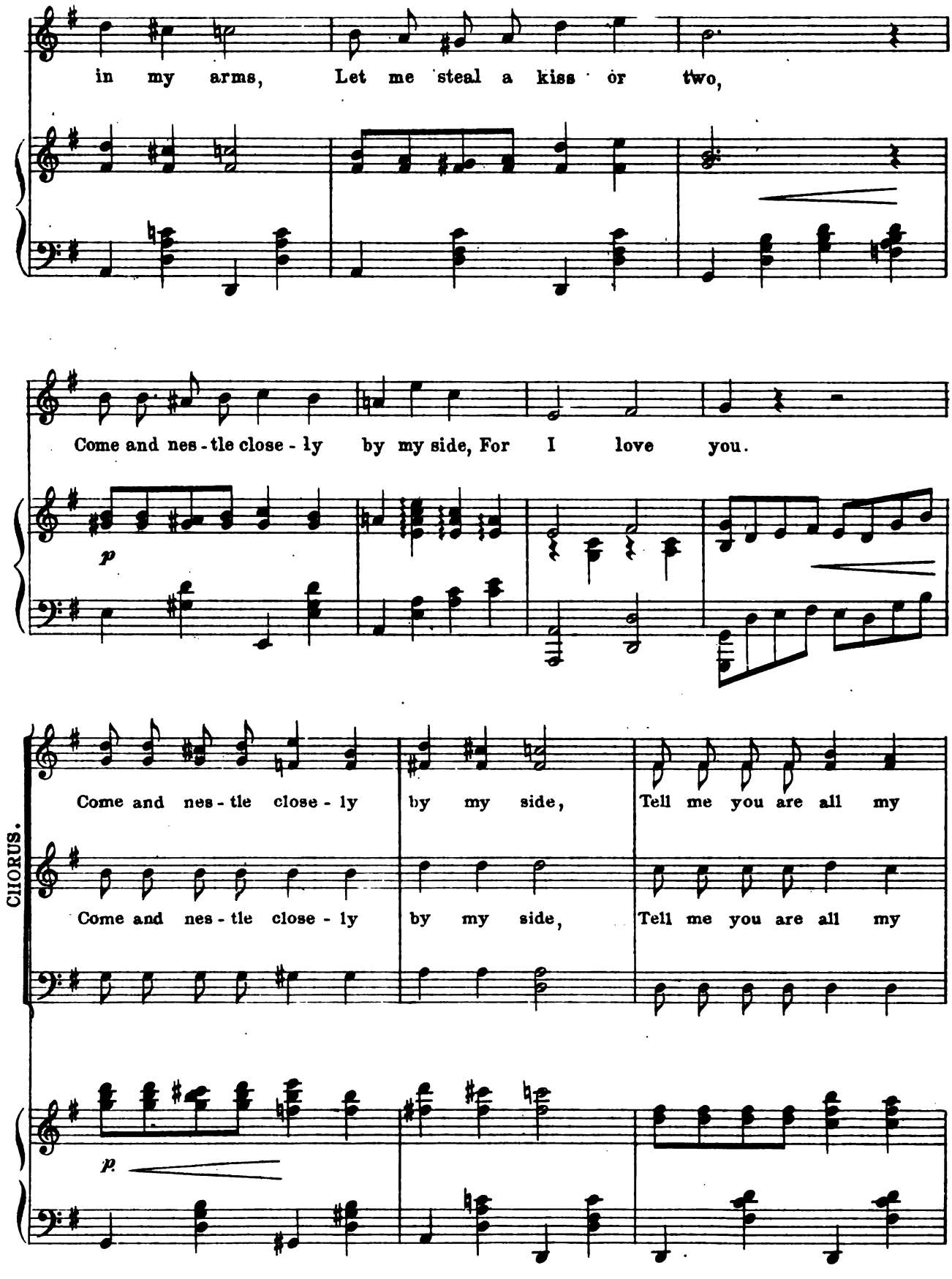
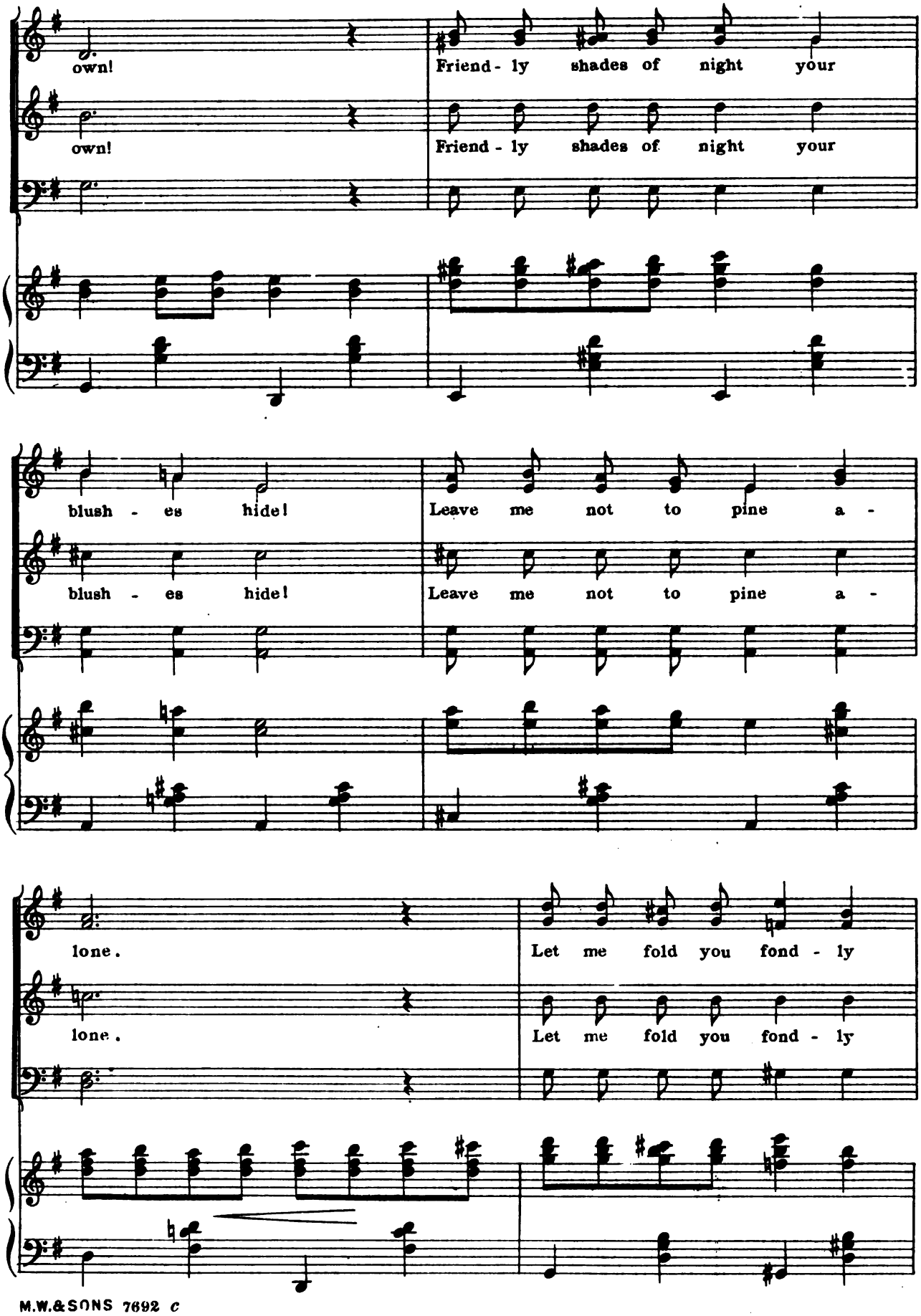
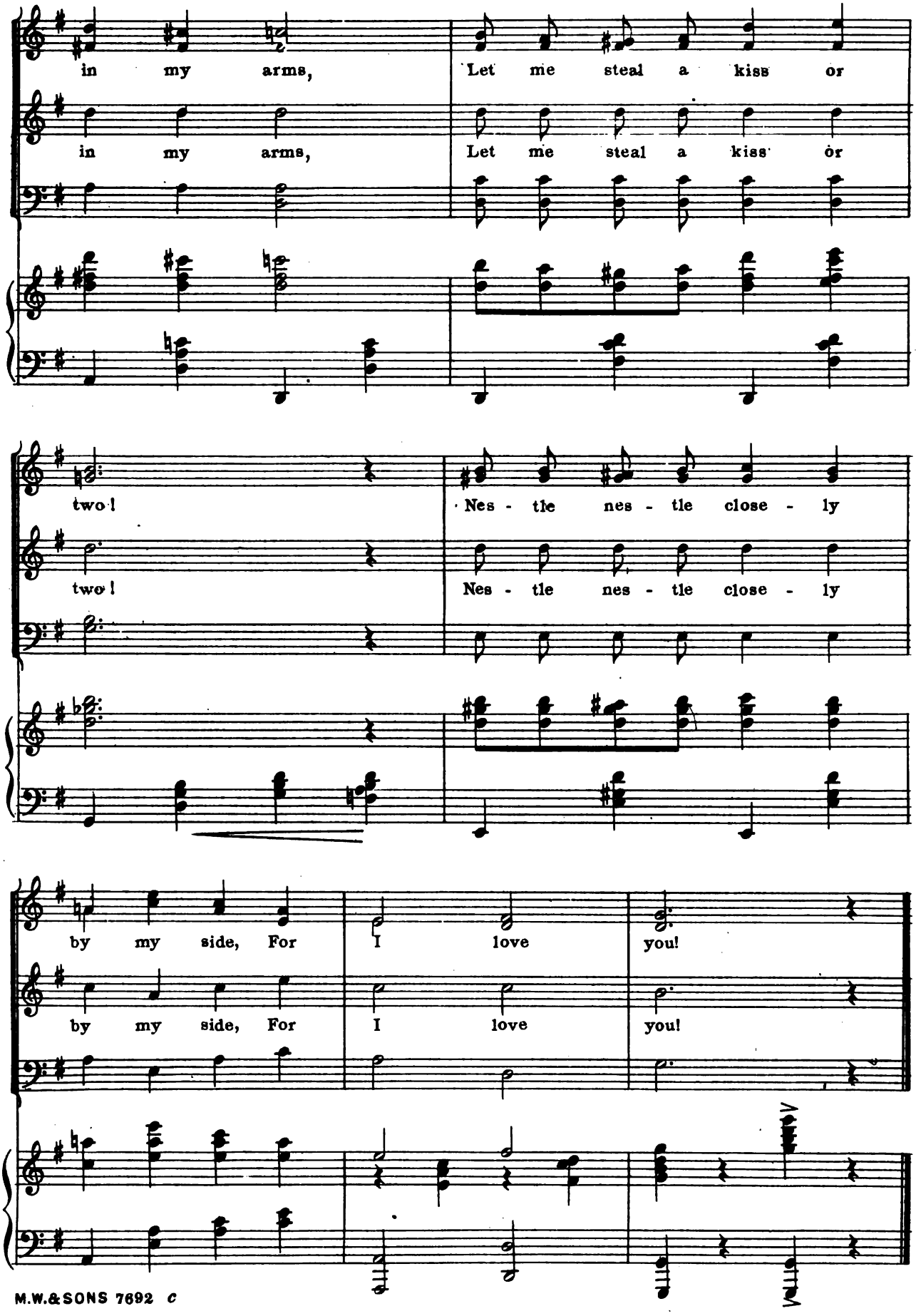

not one word from_ them was heard Though side by side they
laun - dry man's un___ feel - ing plans Next morn forced them a -
tight they squeeze that the small - est breeze Could not those two di -
lay, But late that night when the stars peeped out And the
part, At eith - er end of a long clothes line In the
vide! The waist and the vest have at last found rest On the
pale_ moon_ looked down cold - ly; In a trice_ that_ waist_ be -
breeze_ they_ flut-tered mad - ly; Though 'twas all___ in___ vain yet the
waves_ the___ moon-beams glis - ten! Now the maid_ and the swain sing that


came_ mis - placed When the white_ vest__ whispered bold - ly:
same_ re__ frain Ev-'ry hour_ they_ whispered sad - ly:
old __ re__ frain While the vest_ and the shirt waist list - en
rit.
REFRAIN. BOTH.
Come and nes-tle close - ly by my side, Tell me you are all my
a tempo.
own! Friend-ly shades of night your blush - es hide!
Leave me not to pine a - lone. Let me fold you fond - ly
p


in my arms, Let me steal a kiss or two,
Come and nes - tle close - ly by my side, For I love you.
p
CHORUS.
Come and nes - tle close - ly by my side, Tell me you are all my
Come and nes - tle close - ly by my side, Tell me you are all my
p


own!
Friend - ly shades of night your
own!
Friend - ly shades of night your
blush - es hide!
Leave me not to pine a -
blush - es hide!
Leave me not to pine a -
lone.
Let me fold you fond - ly
lone.
Let me fold you fond - ly

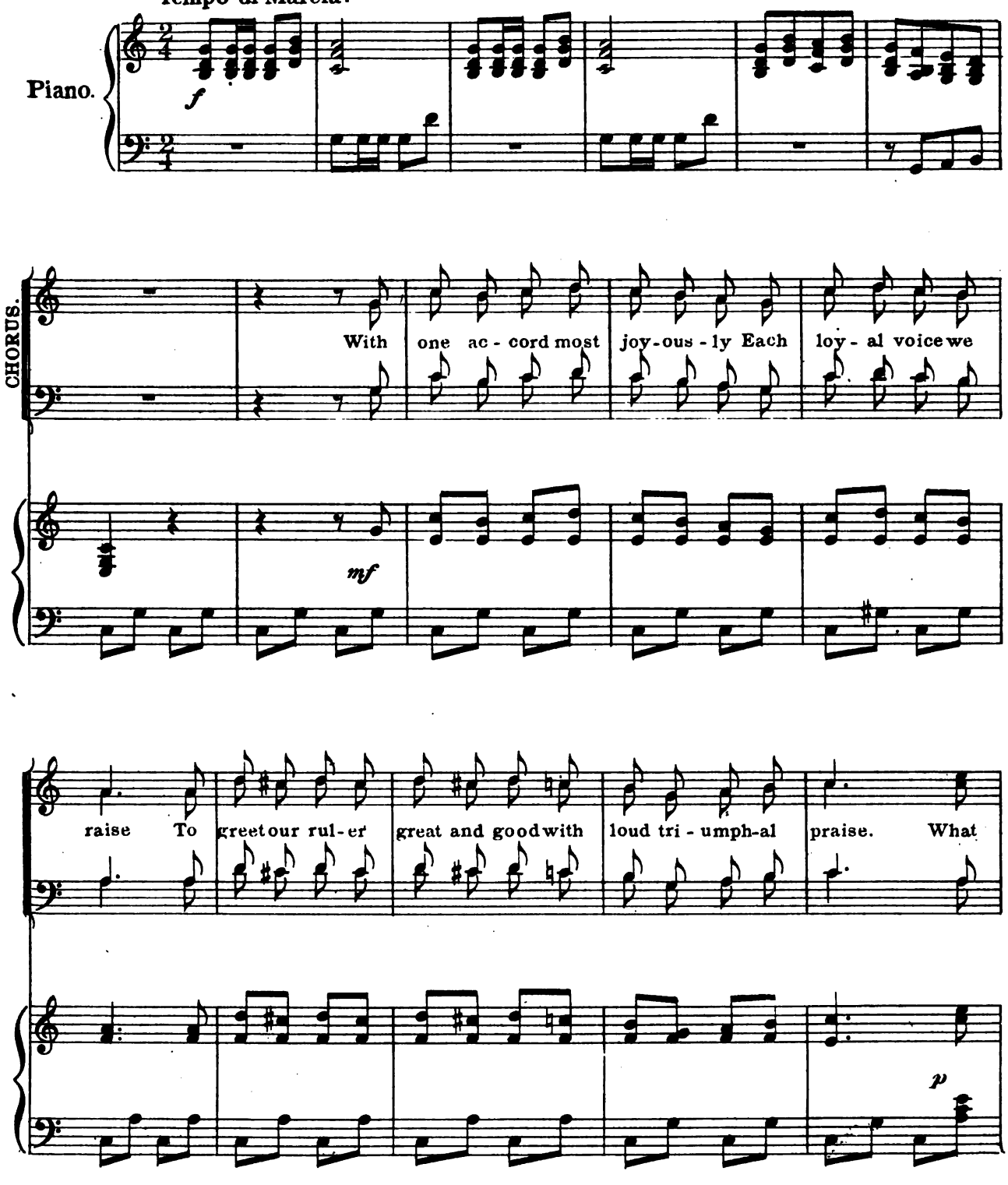

in my arms, Let me steal a kiss or
in my arms, Let me steal a kiss or
two! Nes - tle nes - tle close - ly
two! Nes - tle nes - tle close - ly
by my side, For I love you!
by my side, For I love you!

Finale II.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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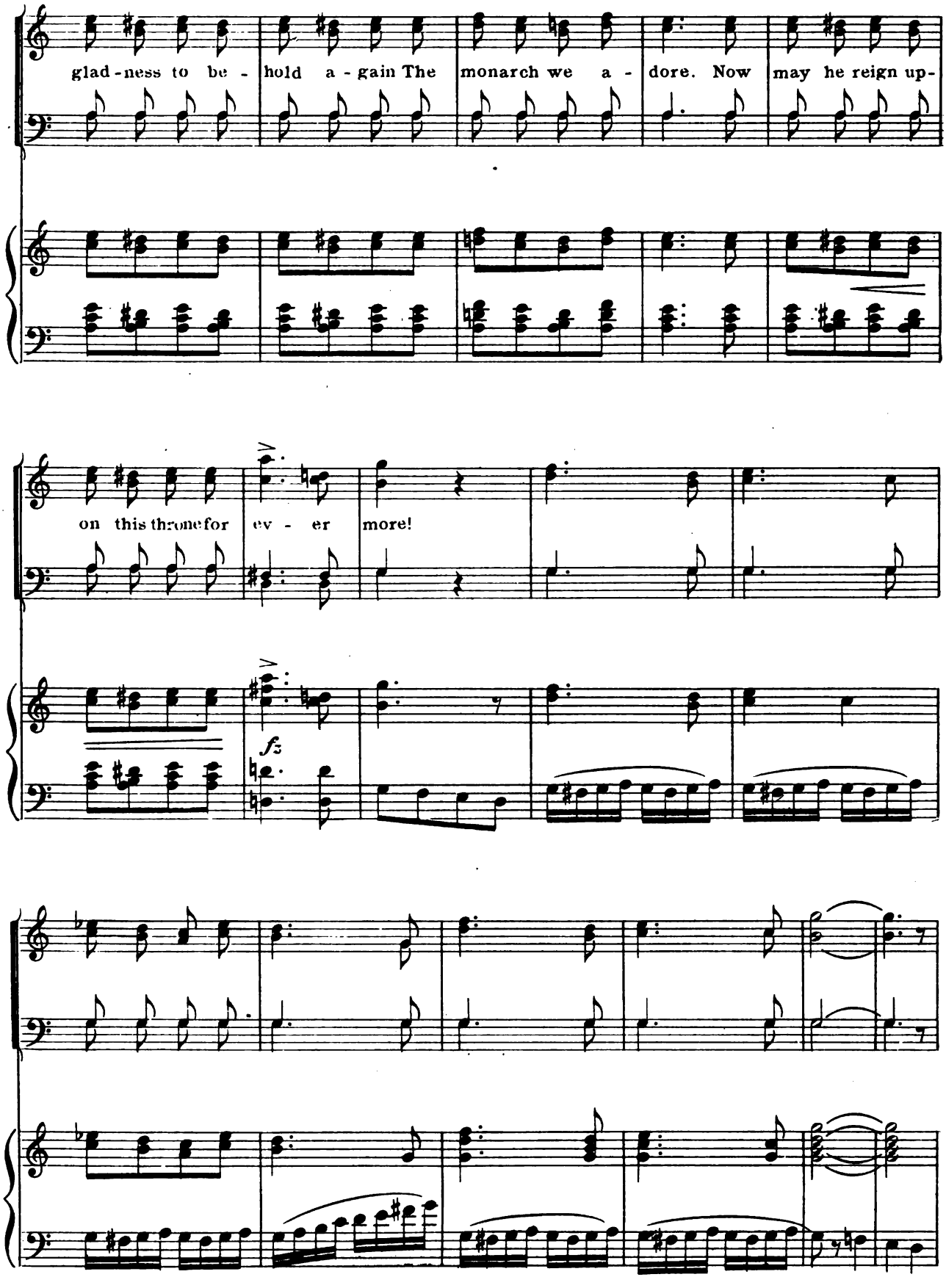
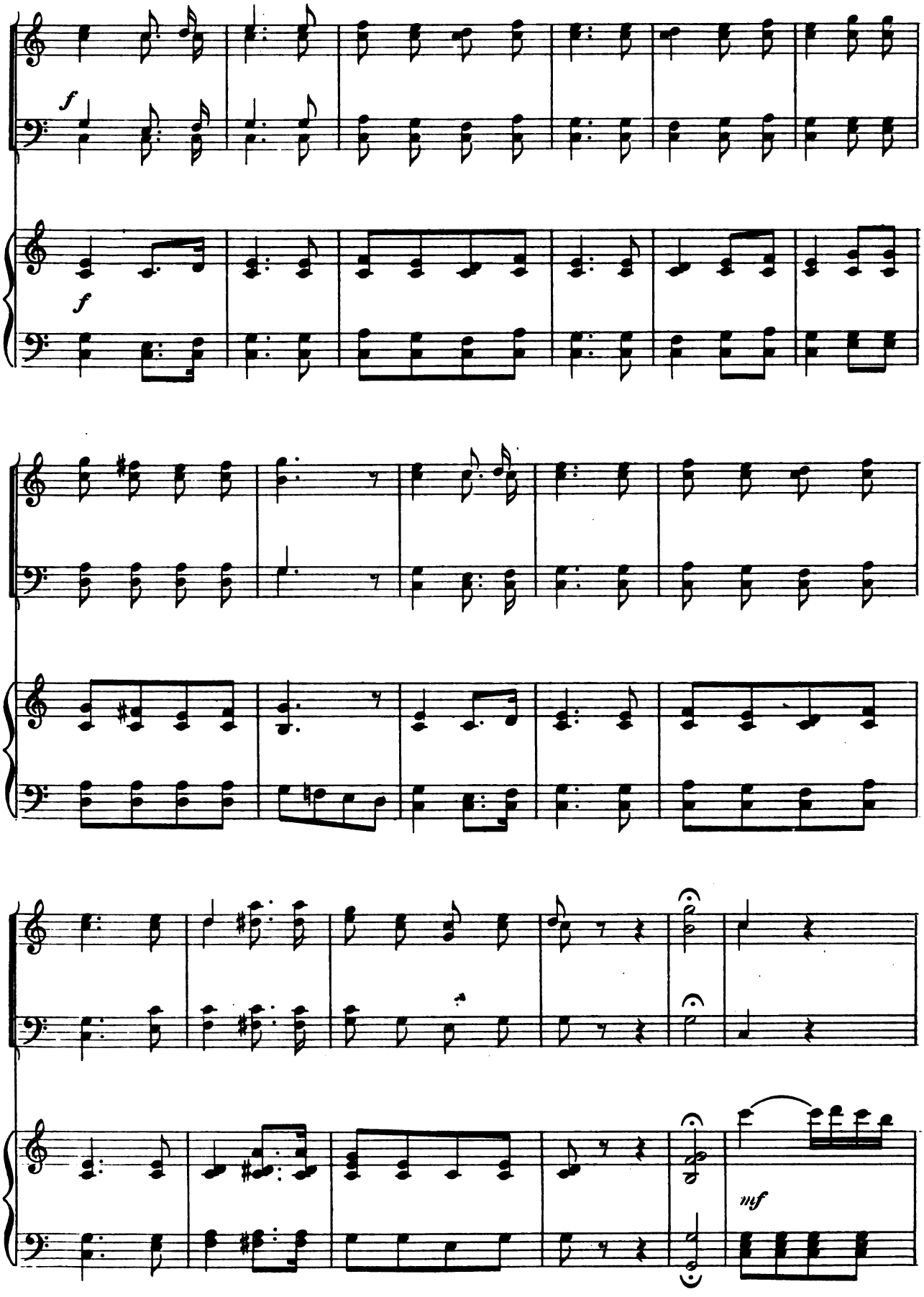
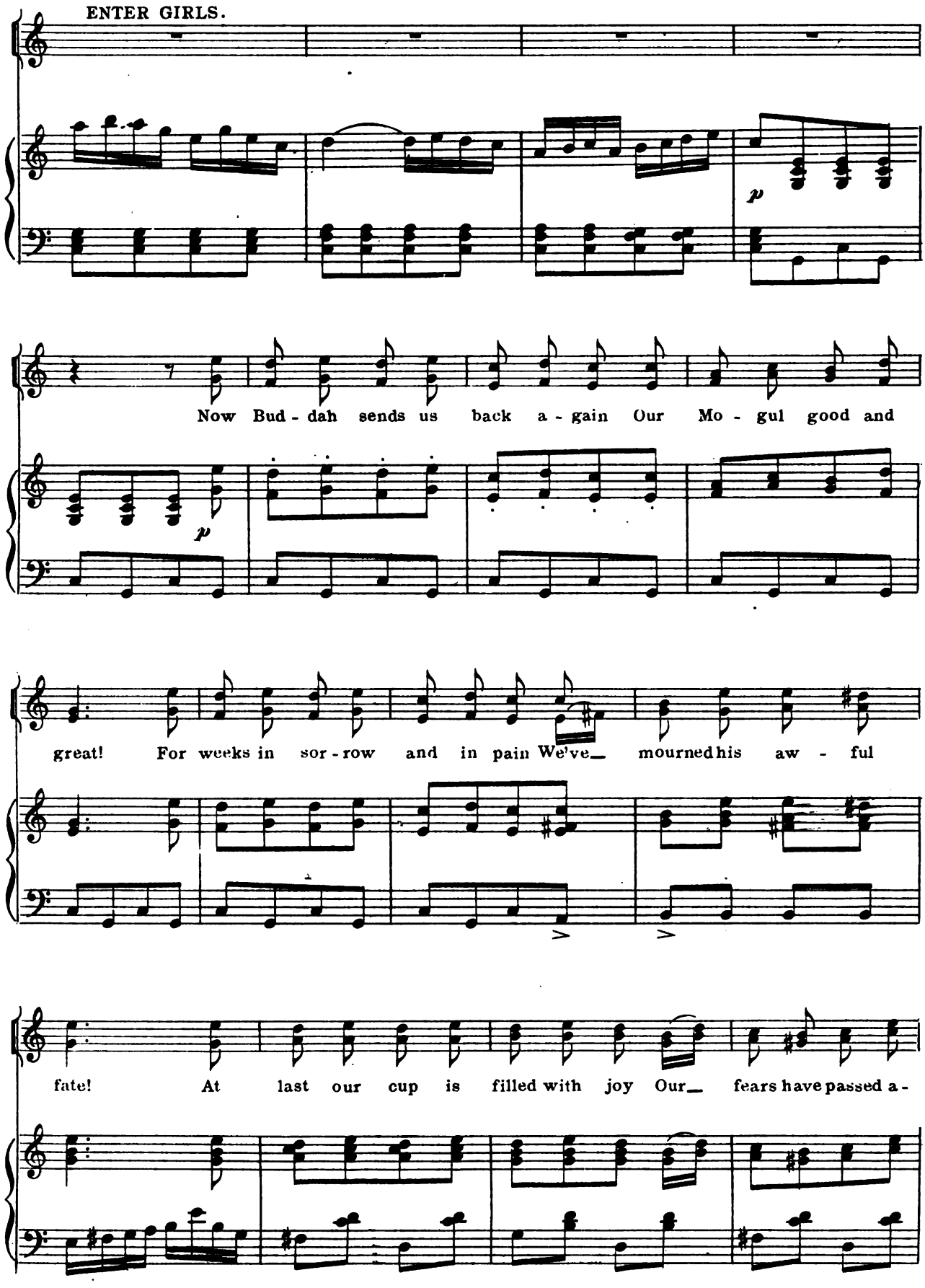
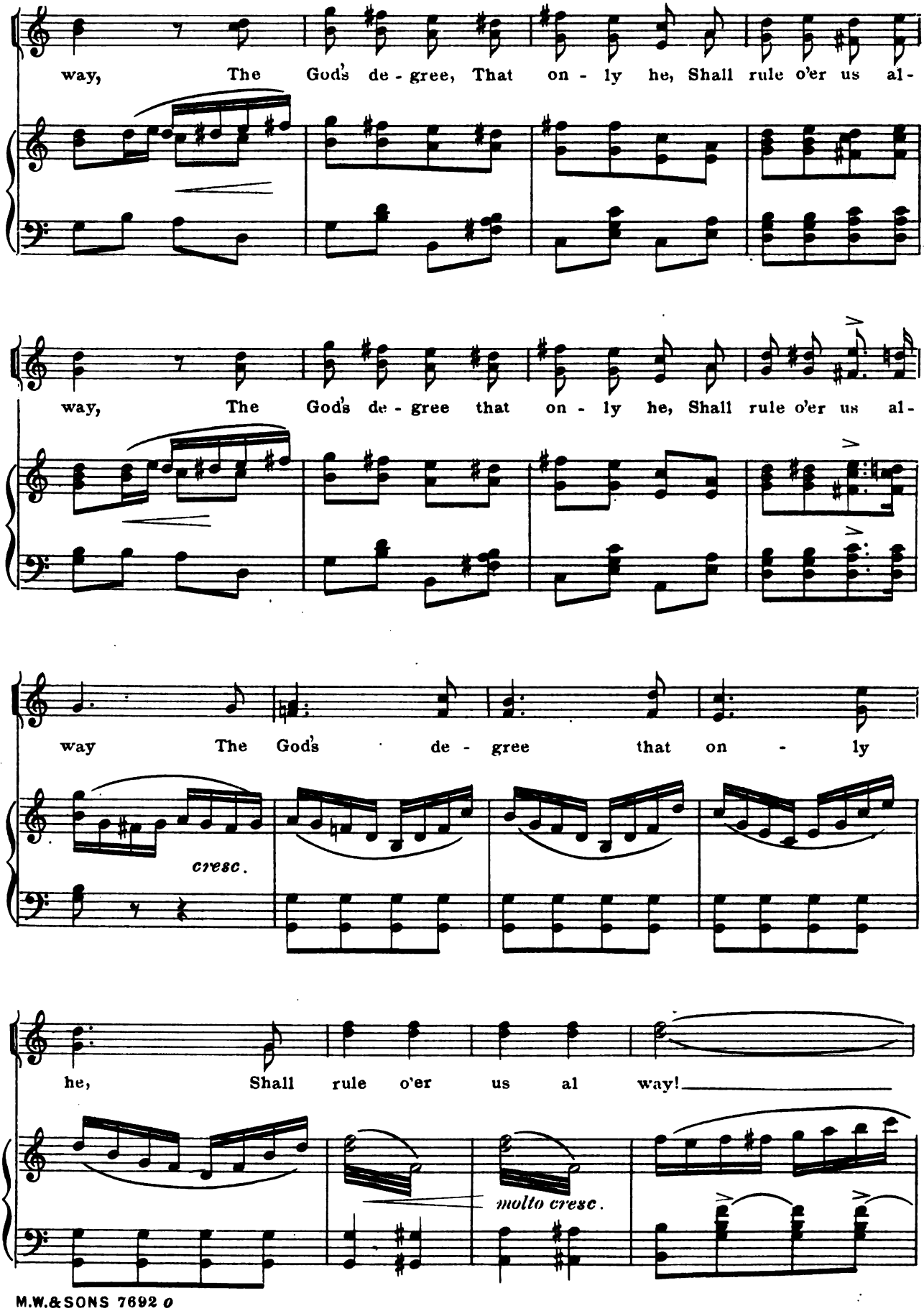
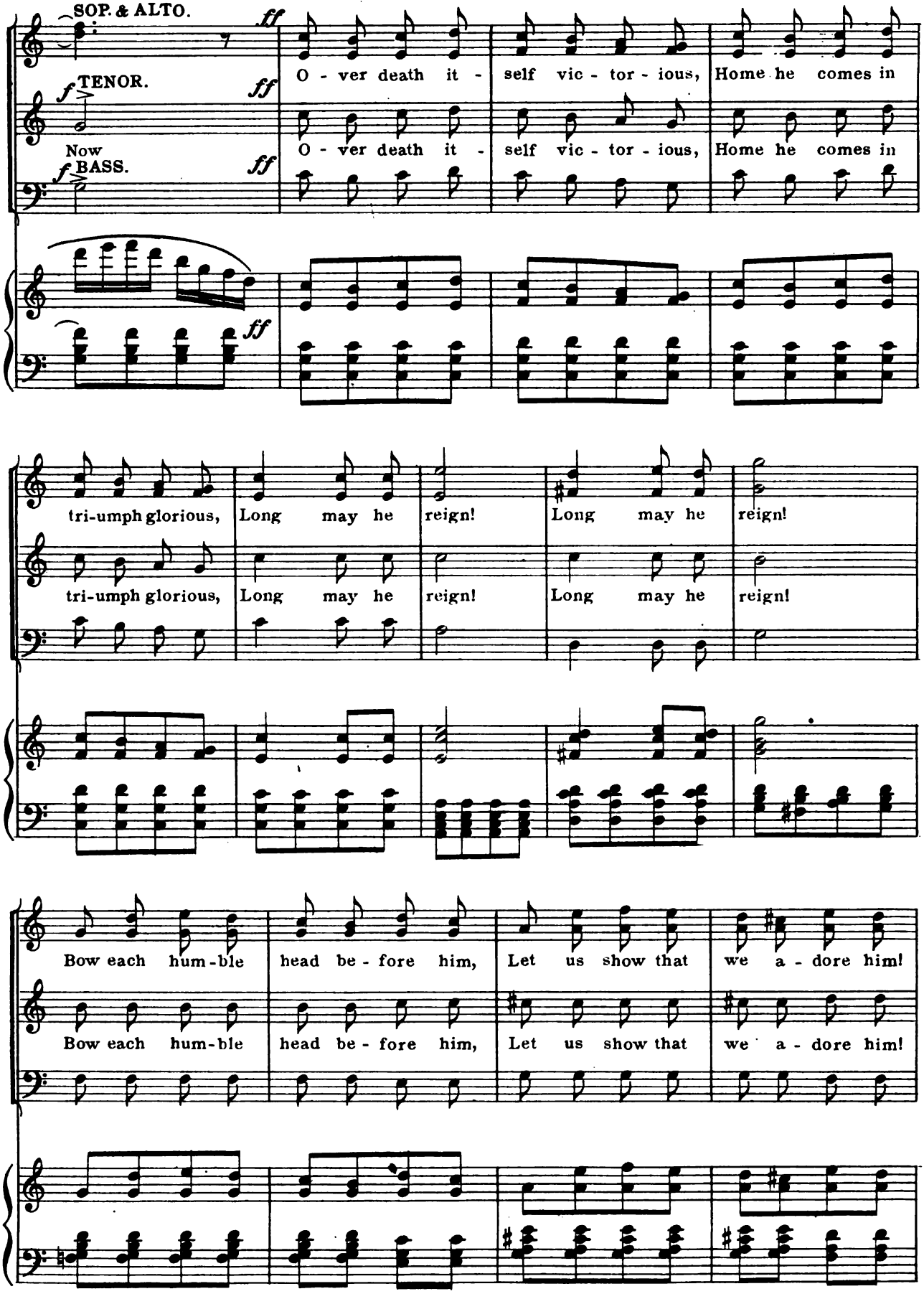
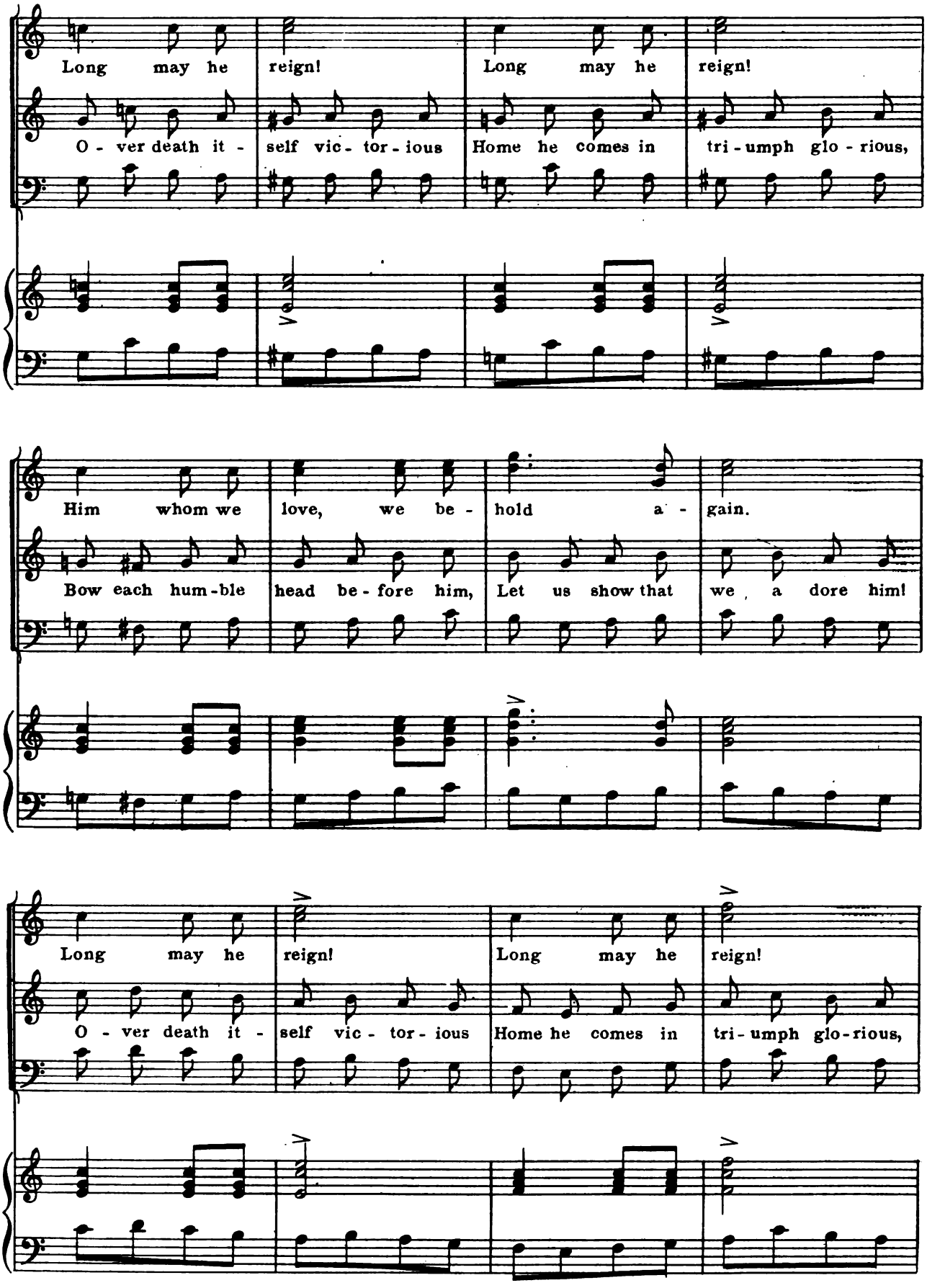

glad-ness to be-
hold a-gain The
monarch we a-
dore. Now
may he reign up-
on this throne for
ev-er
more!
fz

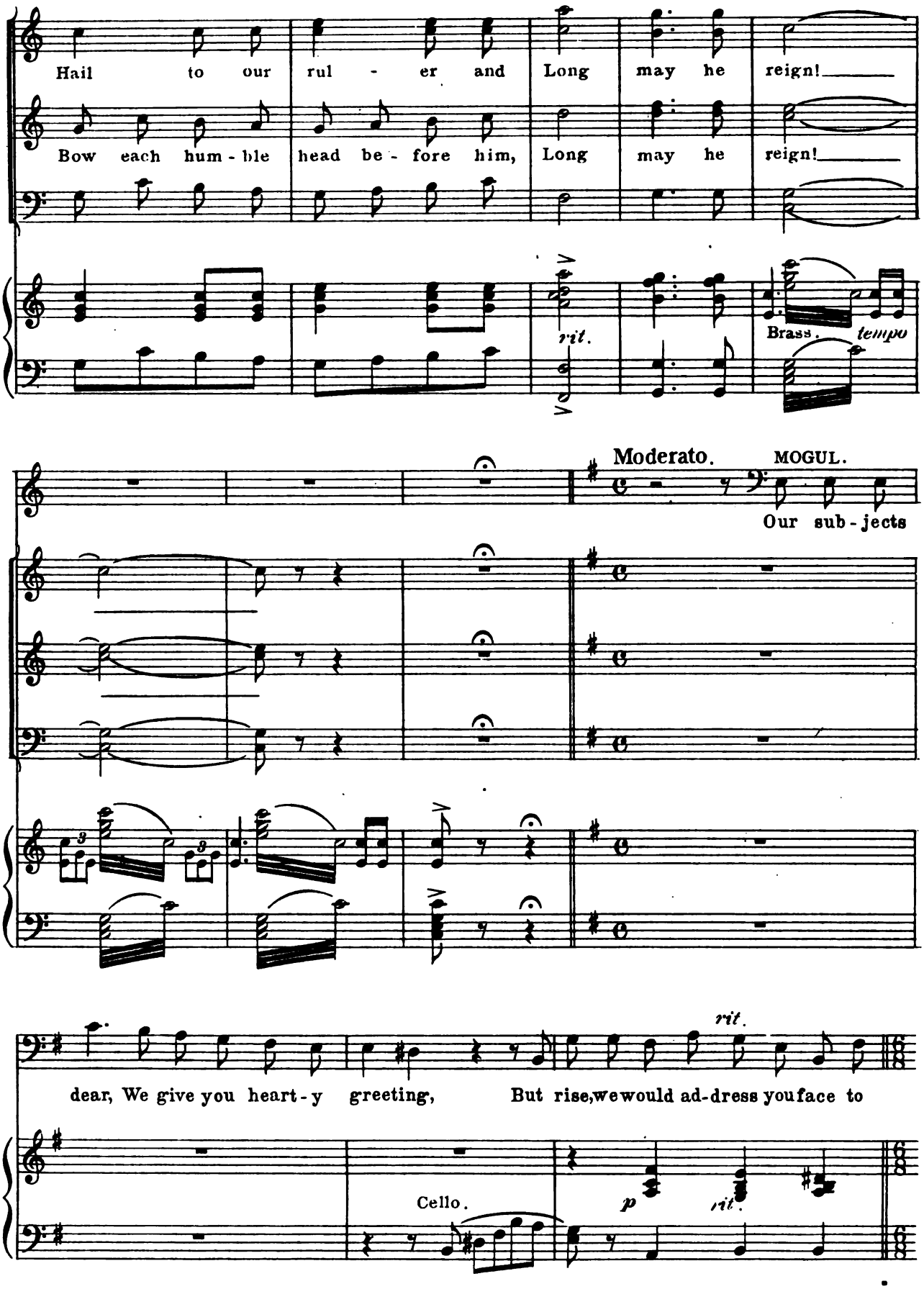

f
f
mf


ENTER GIRLS.
p
Now Bud - dah sends us back a - gain Our Mo - gul good and
p
great! For weeks in sor - row and in pain We've_ mourned his aw - ful
fate! At last our cup is filled with joy Our_ fears have passed a -


way, The God's de - gree, That on - ly he, Shall rule o'er us al-
way, The God's de - gree that on - ly he, Shall rule o'er us al-
way The God's de - gree that on - ly
cresc.
he, Shall rule o'er us al way!
molto cresc.


SOP. & ALTO.
ff
O - ver death it - self vic - tor - ious, Home he comes in
f TENOR.
ff
Now
O - ver death it - self vic - tor - ious, Home he comes in
f BASS.
ff
ff
tri-umph glorious, Long may he reign! Long may he reign!
tri-umph glorious, Long may he reign! Long may he reign!
Bow each hum-ble head be - fore him, Let us show that we a - dore him!
Bow each hum-ble head be - fore him, Let us show that we a - dore him!


Long may he reign! Long may he reign!
O - ver death it - self vic - tor - ious Home he comes in tri - umph glo - rious,
Him whom we love, we be - hold a - gain.
Bow each hum - ble head be - fore him, Let us show that we a dore him!
Long may he reign! Long may he reign!
O - ver death it - self vic - tor - ious Home he comes in tri - umph glo - rious,


Hail to our rul - er and Long may he reign!
Bow each hum - ble head be - fore him, Long may he reign!
rit.
Brass.
tempo
Moderato.
MOGUL.
Our sub - jects
dear, We give you heart - y greeting, But rise, we would ad - dress you face to
rit.
Cello.
p
rit.

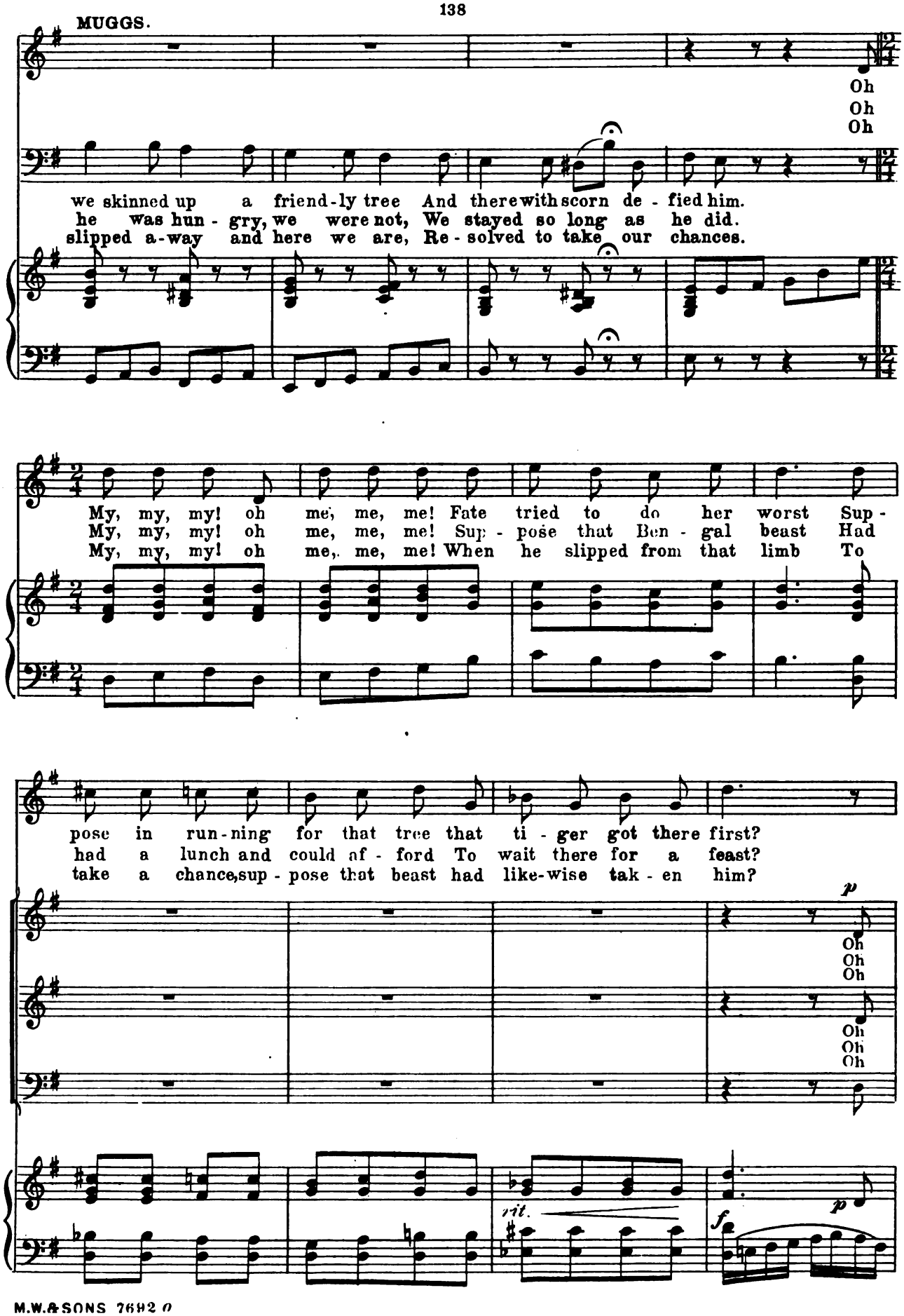
Allegro.

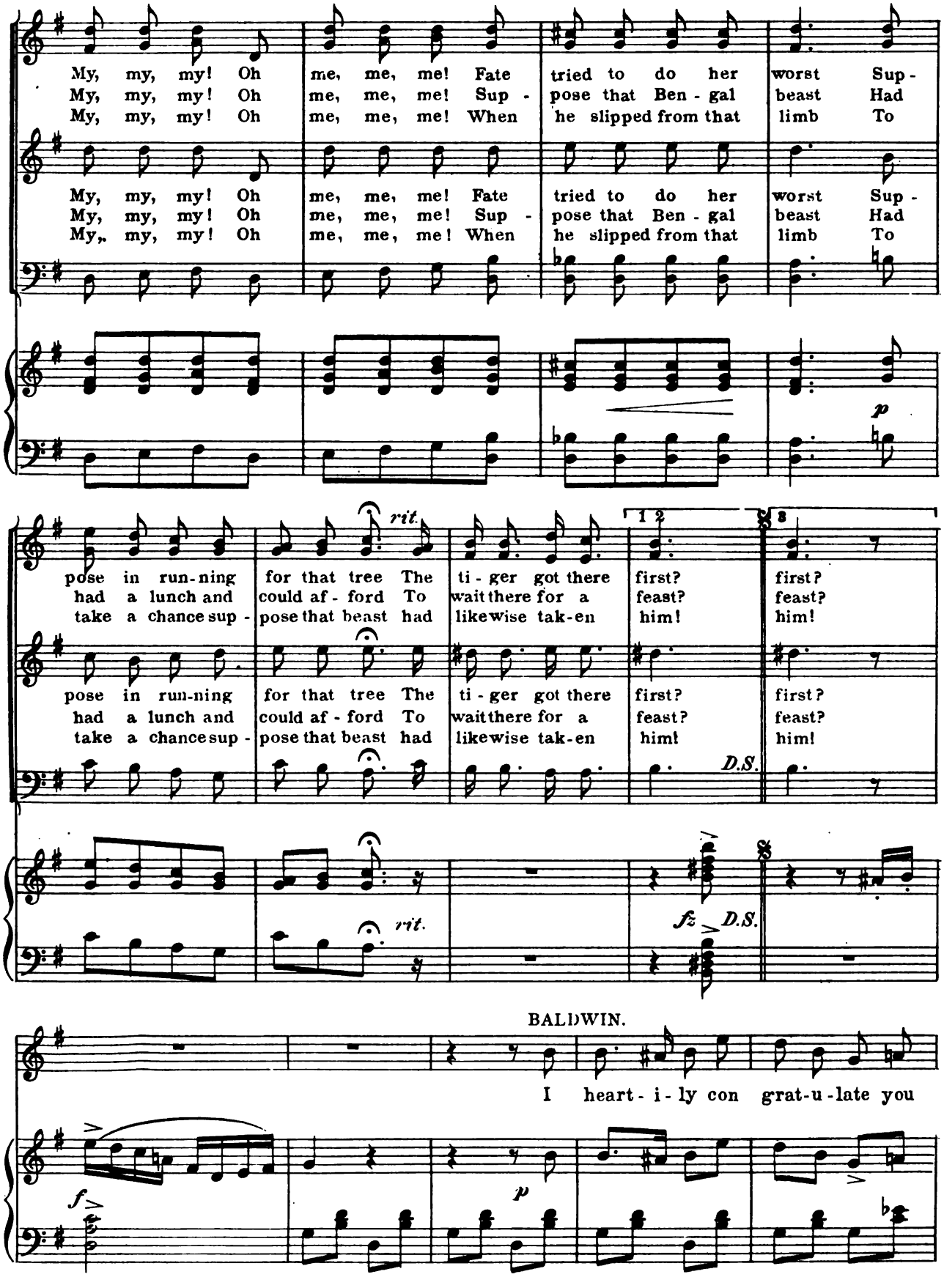
face.

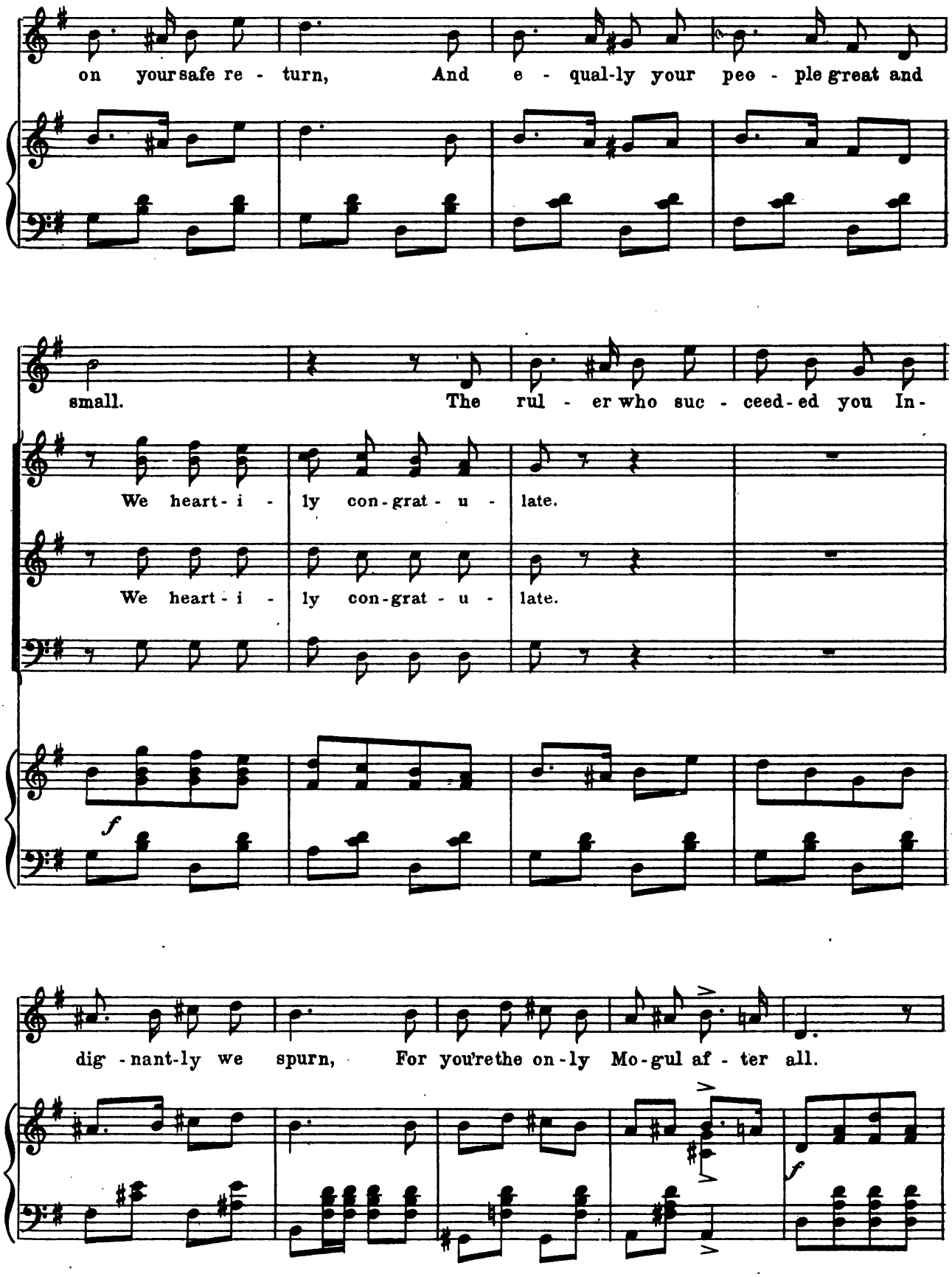
Ex - pe - ri - en - ces we have had which we deem most a - tro - cious! We
We looked at him! He looked at us His feelings seemed quite tor - rid, His
We lived on ber-ries, roots and herbes With now and then a rab - bit, But

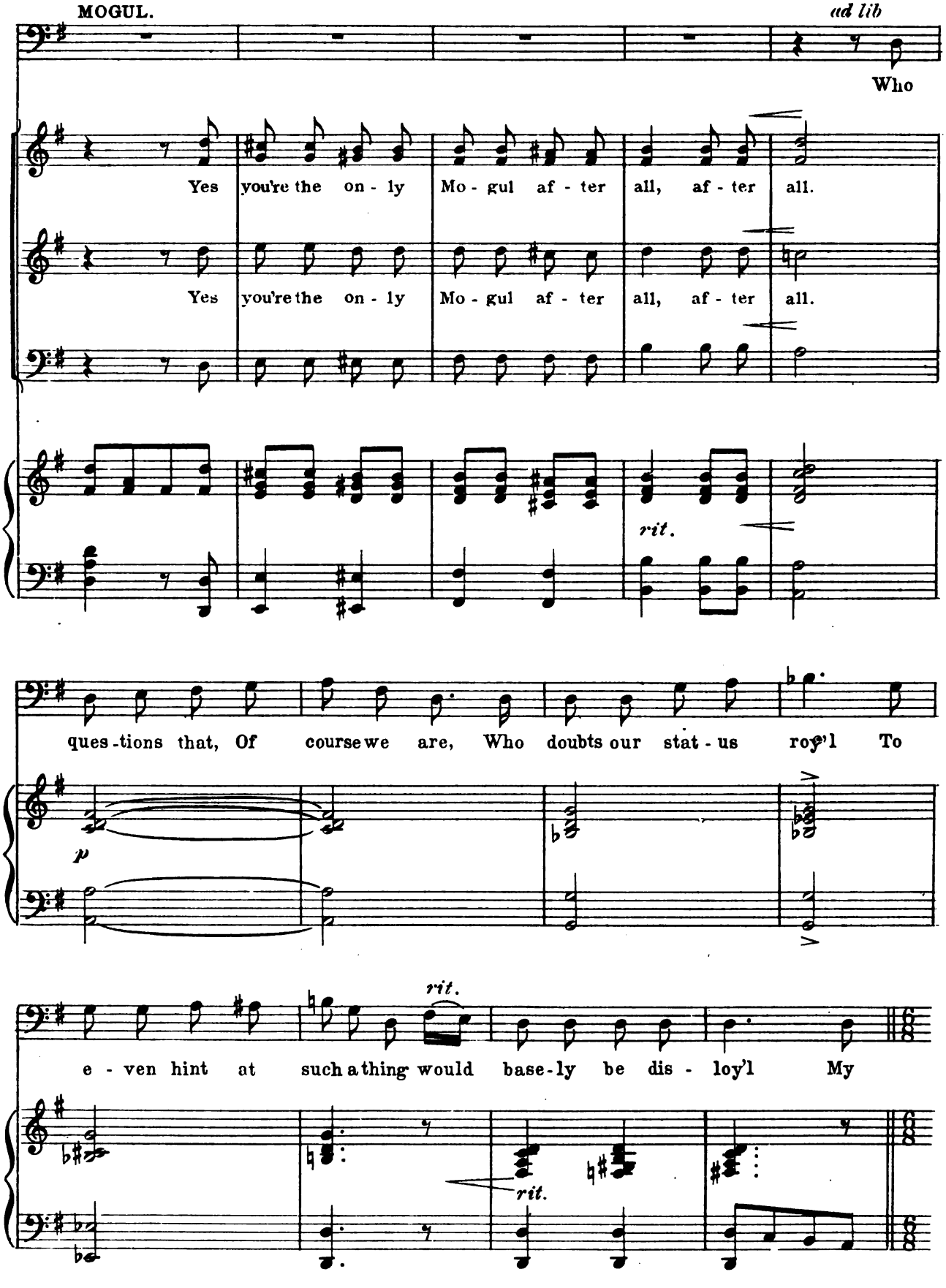
met with - in the first short hour, a ti - ger most fe - ro - cious! That
pol - ished teeth pro - trud - ed thus, A sight dis-tinct - ly hor-rid! The
climb - ing tress be - came with us a pret - ty con - stant ha - bit! As

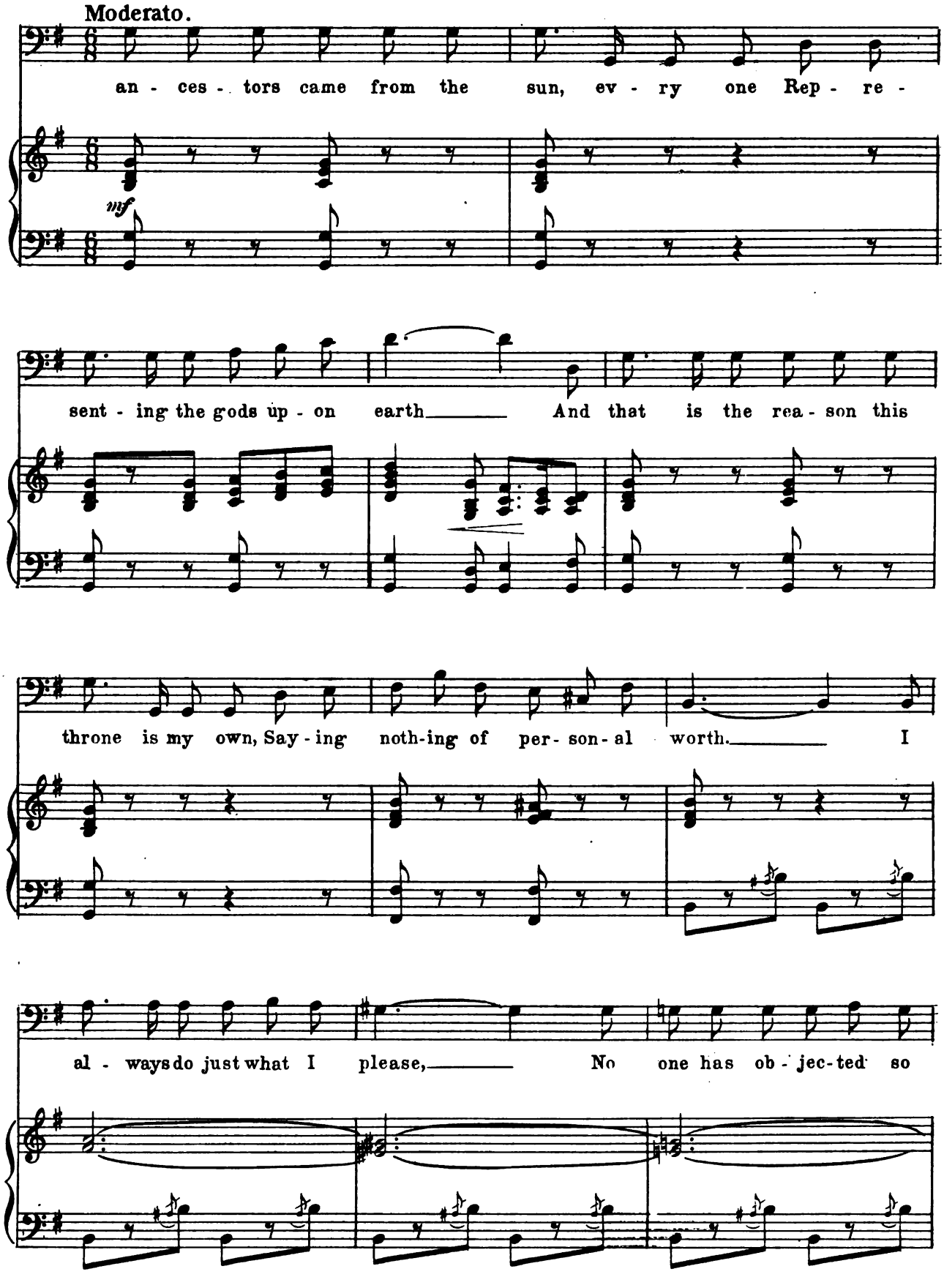
roy - al Bengal strip - ed beast was grinning when we spied him So
way he growed and tore up turf Proved that a meal he need - ed But
was it-self could not be worse Than life a-mong those branches We

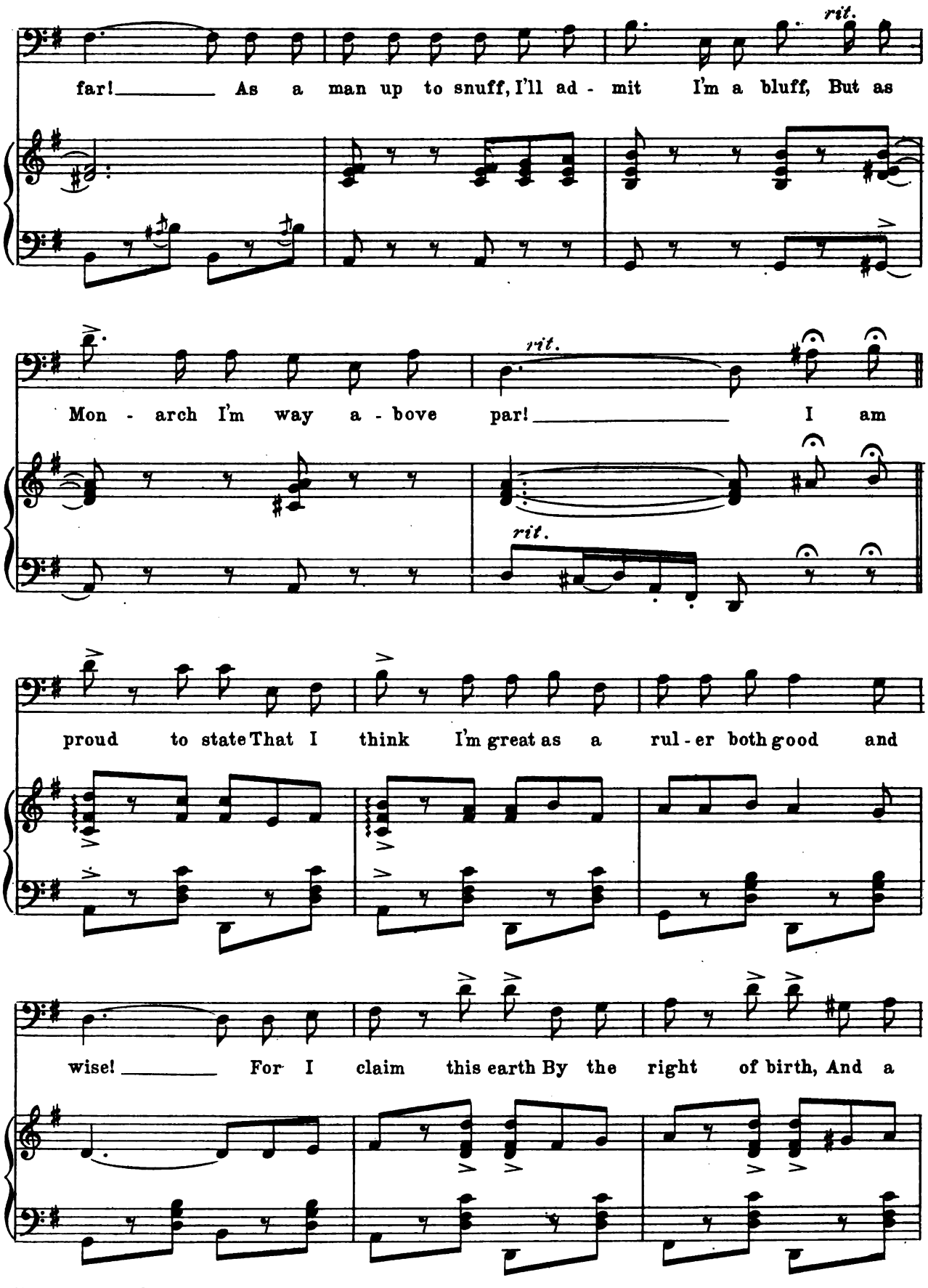

MUGGS.
Oh
Oh
Oh
we skinned up a friend-ly tree And there with scorn de - fied him.
he was hun - gry, we were not, We stayed so long as he did.
slipped a-way and here we are, Re - solved to take our chances.
My, my, my! oh me, me, me! Fate tried to do her worst Sup -
My, my, my! oh me, me, me! Sup - pose that Ben - gal beast Had
My, my, my! oh me, me, me! When he slipped from that limb To
pose in run - ning for that tree that ti - ger got there first?
had a lunch and could af - ford To wait there for a feast?
take a chance, sup - pose that beast had like-wise tak - en him?
p
Oh
Oh
Oh
Oh
Oh
Oh
rit.
f
p

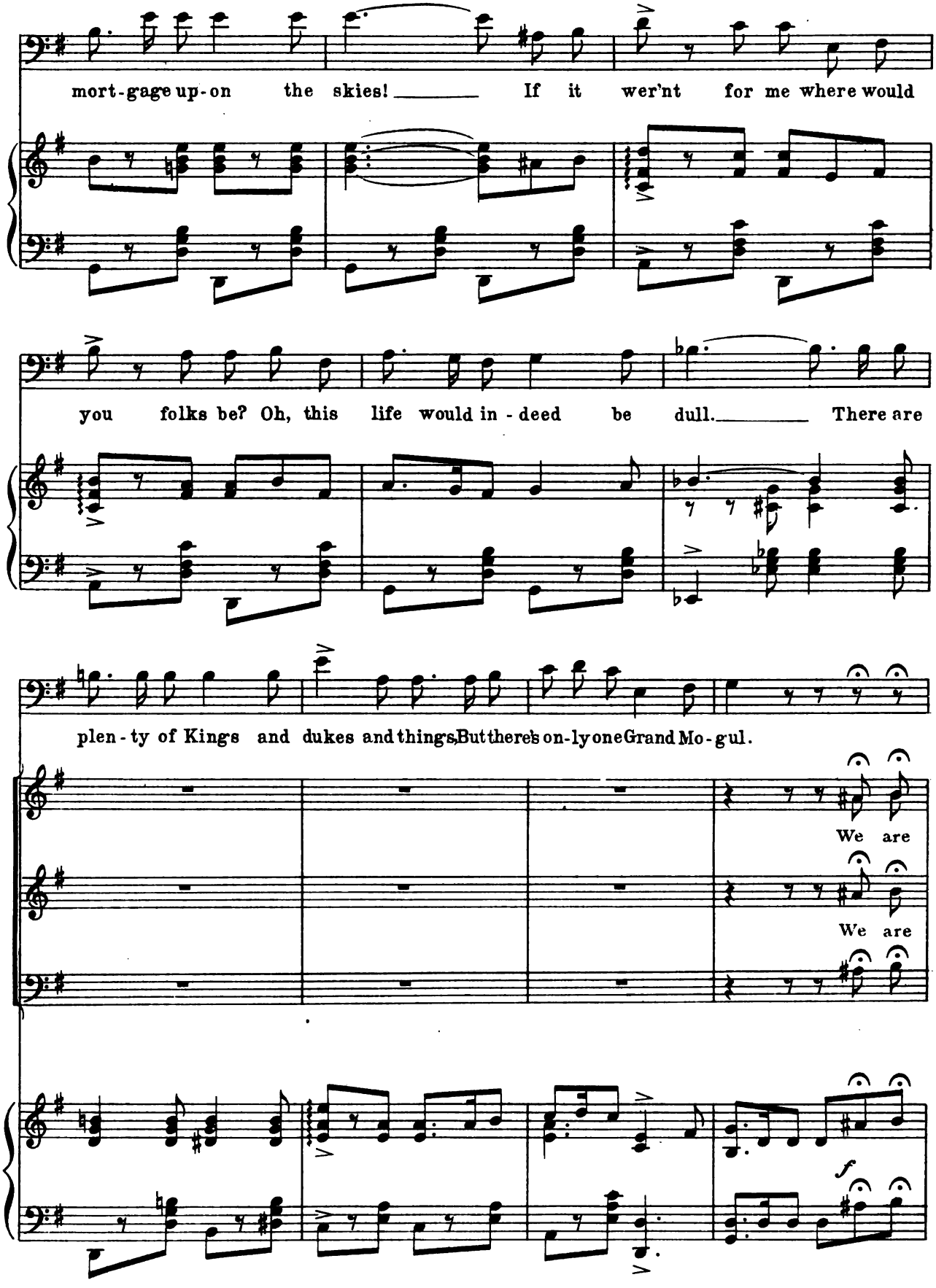

My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! Fate tried to do her worst Sup-
My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! Sup - pose that Ben - gal beast Had
My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! When he slipped from that limb To
My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! Fate tried to do her worst Sup-
My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! Sup - pose that Ben - gal beast Had
My, my, my! Oh me, me, me! When he slipped from that limb To
p
pose in run-ning for that tree The ti - ger got there first? first?
had a lunch and could af - ford To wait there for a feast? feast?
take a chance sup - pose that beast had likewise tak-en him! him!
rit.
1 2
3
D.S.
pose in run-ning for that tree The ti - ger got there first? first?
had a lunch and could af - ford To wait there for a feast? feast?
take a chance sup - pose that beast had likewise tak-en him! him!
rit.
fz
D.S.
BALDWIN.
I heart - i - ly con grat-u - late you
f
p

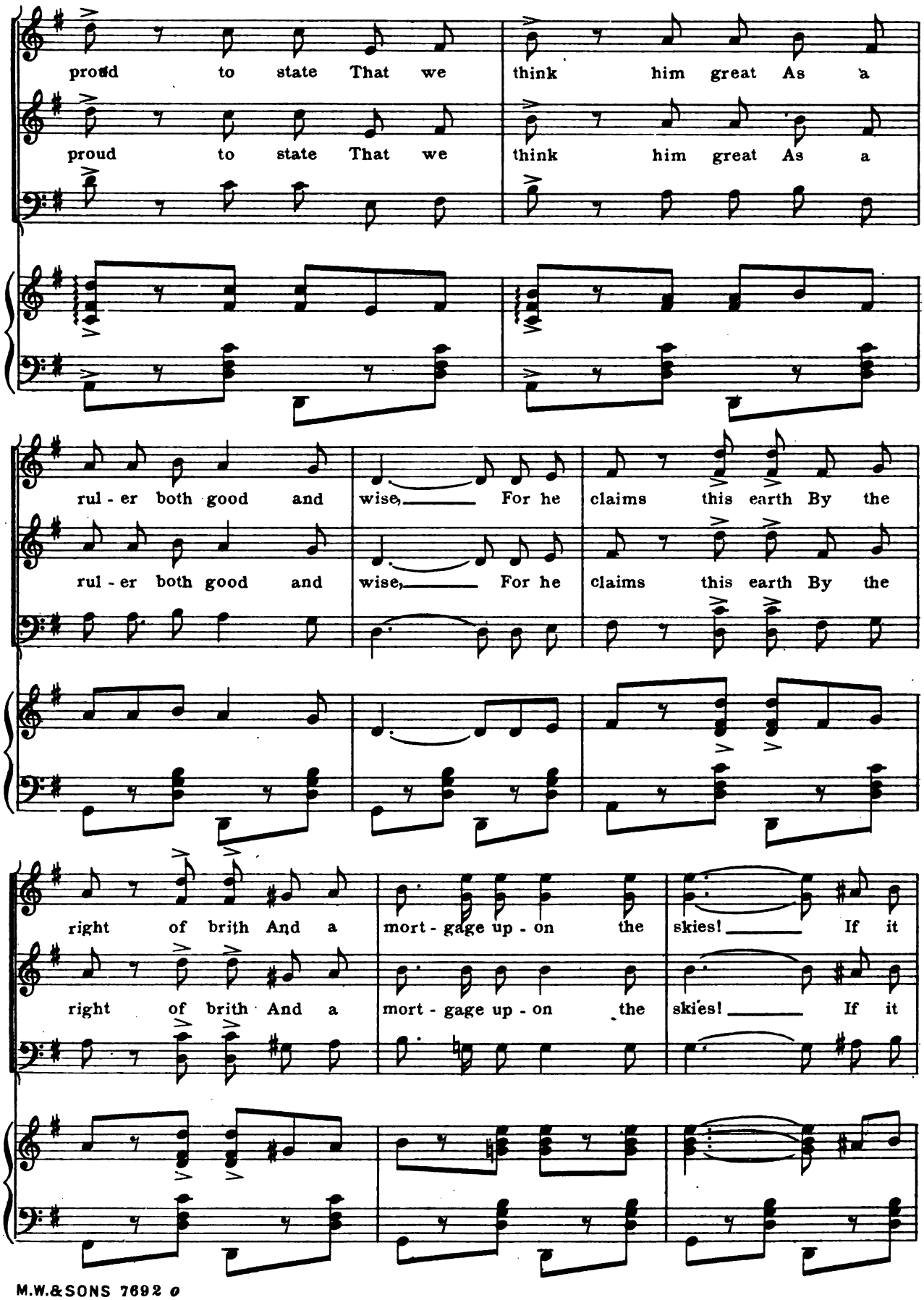

on your safe re - turn, And e - qual-ly your peo - ple great and
small. The rul - er who suc - ceed-ed you In-
We heart - i - ly con-grat - u - late.
We heart - i - ly con-grat - u - late.
f
dig - nant-ly we spurn, For you're the on-ly Mo-gul af - ter all.
f

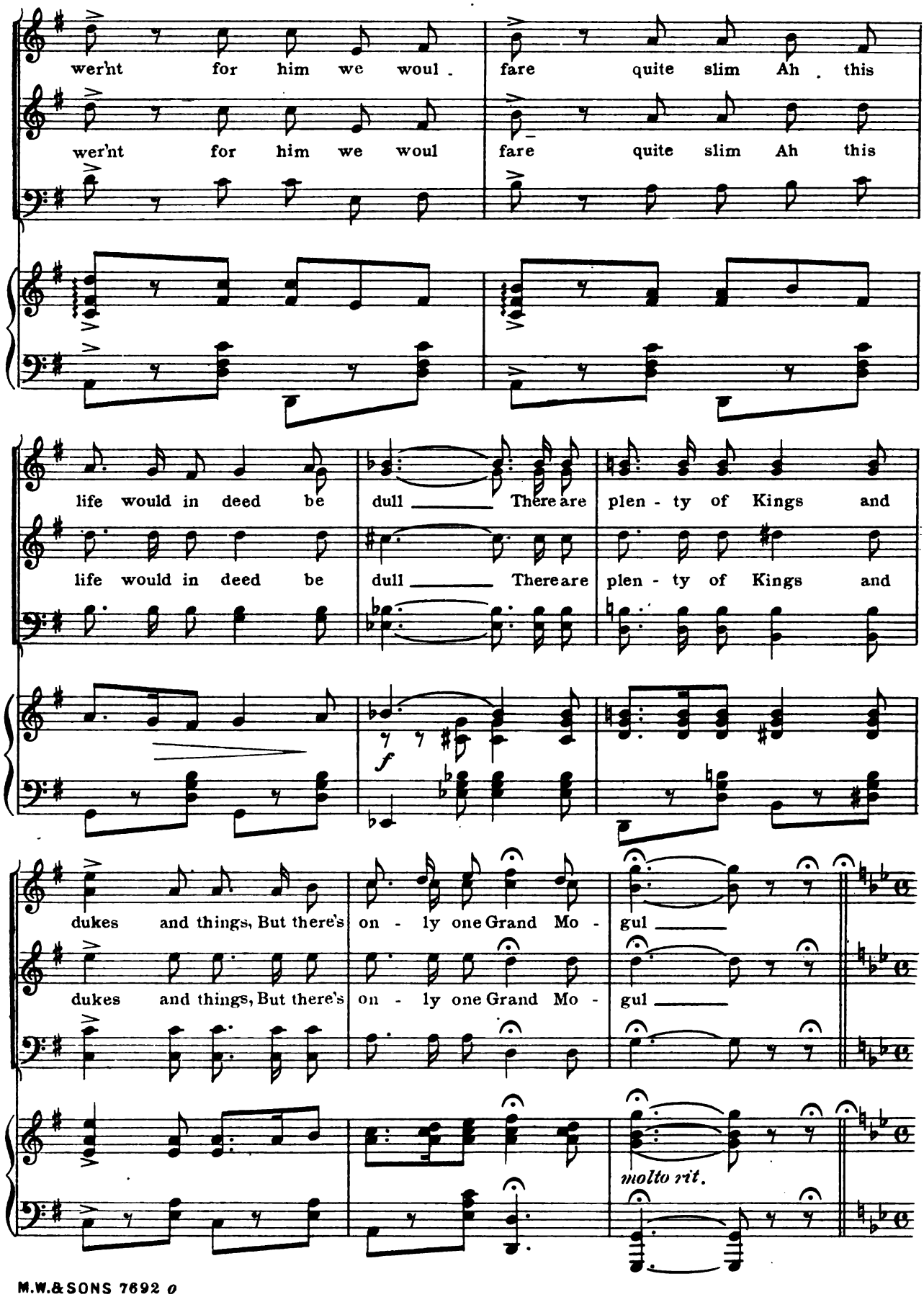

MOGUL.
ad lib
Who
Yes you're the on - ly Mo - gul af - ter all, af - ter all.
Yes you're the on - ly Mo - gul af - ter all, af - ter all.
rit.
ques - tions that, Of course we are, Who doubts our stat - us roy'l To
p
rit.
e - ven hint at such a thing would base - ly be dis - loy'l My
rit.

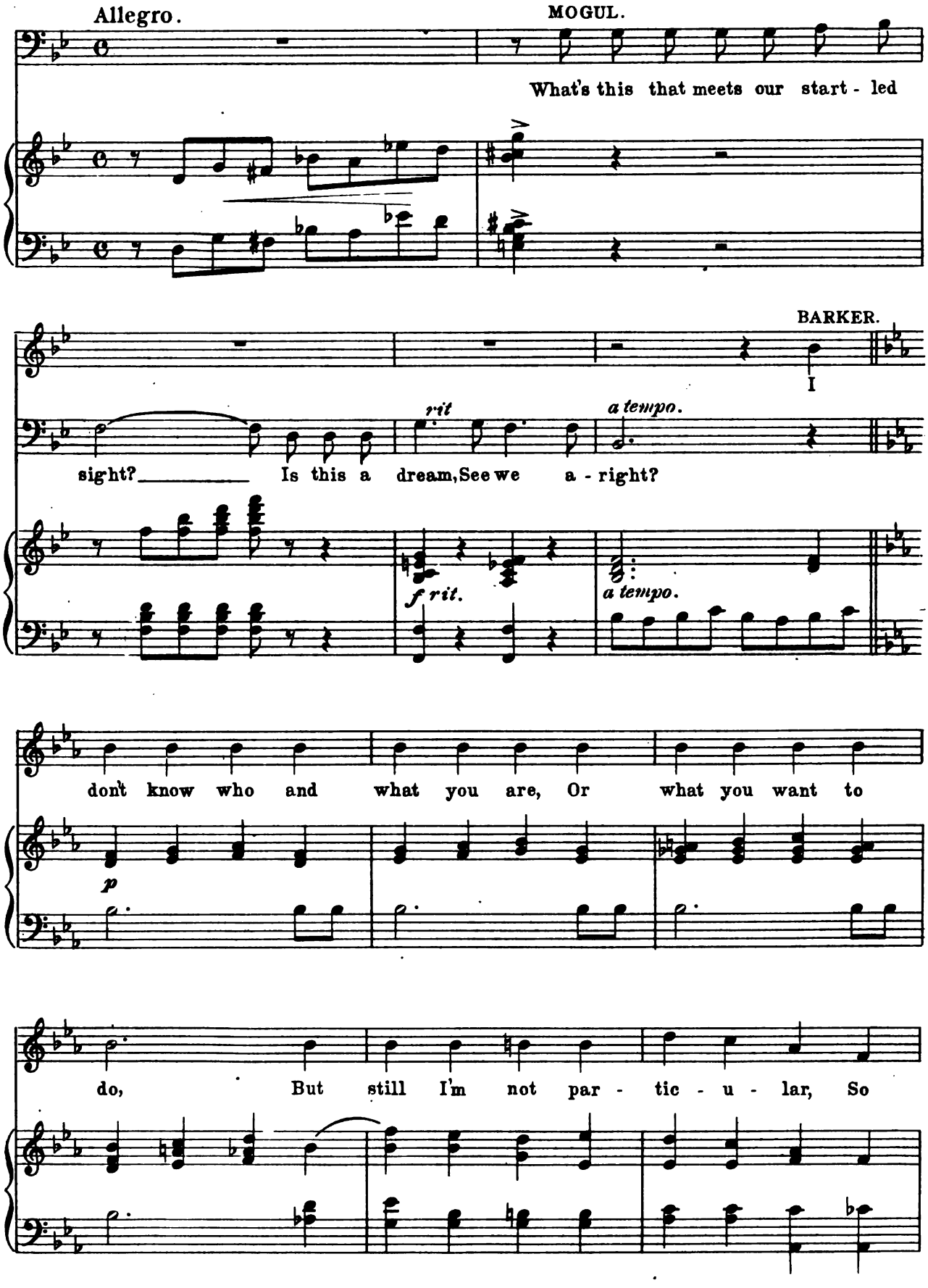

Moderato.
an - ces - tors came from the sun, ev - ry one Rep - re -
mf
sent - ing the gods up - on earth And that is the rea - son this
throne is my own, Say - ing noth-ing of per- son - al worth. I
al - ways do just what I please, No one has ob - jec - ted so


rit.
far! As a man up to snuff, I'll ad - mit I'm a bluff, But as
rit.
Mon - arch I'm way a - bove par! I am
rit.
proud to state That I think I'm great as a rul - er both good and
wise! For I claim this earth By the right of birth, And a


mort-gage up-on the skies! If it wer'nt for me where would
you folks be? Oh, this life would in-deed be dull. There are
plen-ty of Kings and dukes and things, But there's on-ly one Grand Mo-gul.
We are
We are
f


proud to state That we think him great As a
proud to state That we think him great As a
rul - er both good and wise, For he claims this earth By the
rul - er both good and wise, For he claims this earth By the
right of brith And a mort - gage up - on the skies! If it
right of brith And a mort - gage up - on the skies! If it


wer'nt for him we woul - fare quite slim Ah . this
wer'nt for him we woul fare quite slim Ah this
life would in deed be dull _____ There are plen - ty of Kings and
life would in deed be dull _____ There are plen - ty of Kings and
f
dukes and things, But there's on - ly one Grand Mo - gul _____
dukes and things, But there's on - ly one Grand Mo - gul _____
molto rit.


Allegro.
MOGUL.
What's this that meets our start - led
BARKER.
I
sight? Is this a dream, See we a - right?
rit
a tempo.
f rit.
a tempo.
don't know who and what you are, Or what you want to
p
do, But still I'm not par - tic - u - lar, So

here's the same to you.

MOGUL.

Our robe of state, our crown, our

throne, Who dares to u - surp thus? For this your

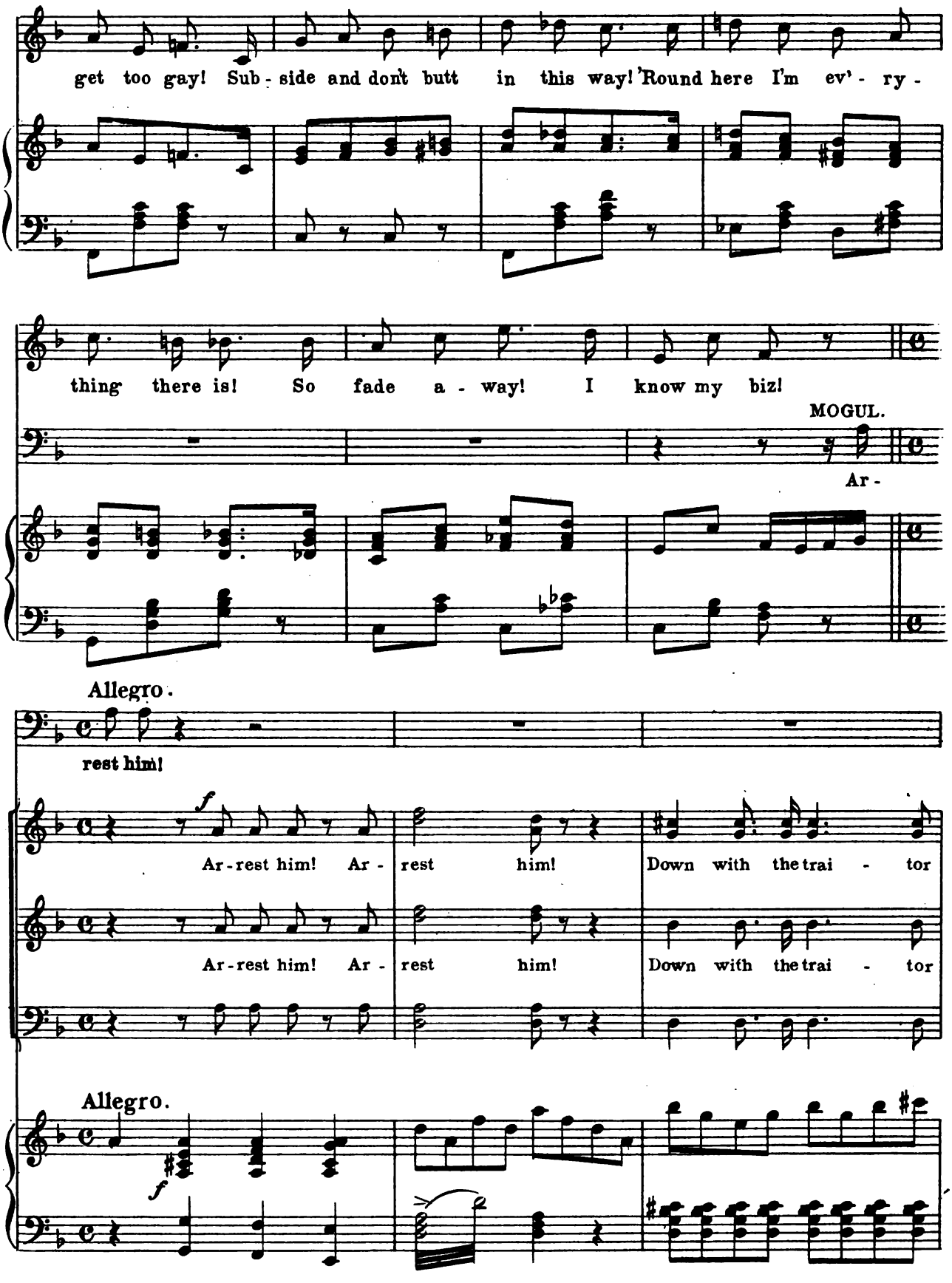
life shall quick a - tone. What mean you, an - swer

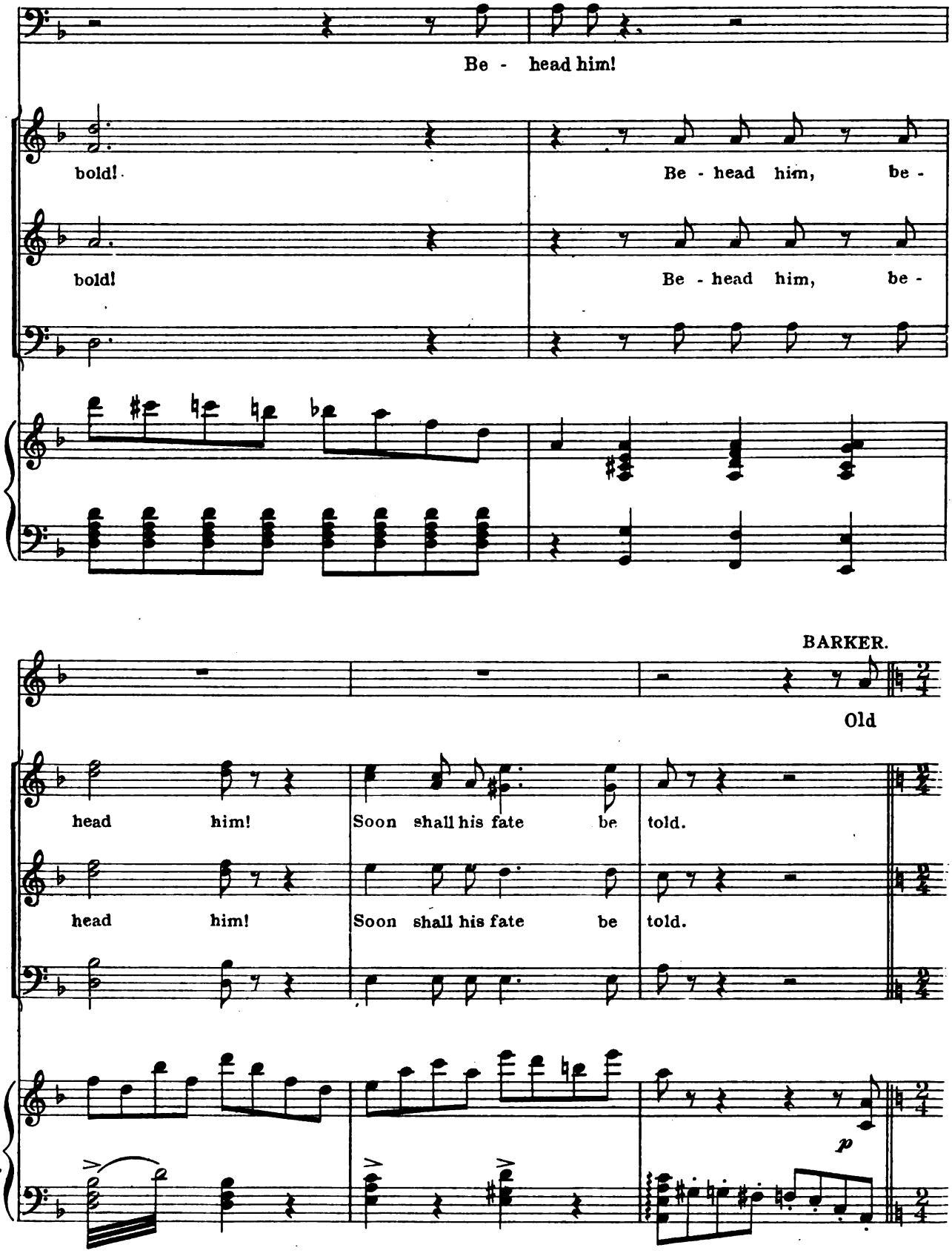
Moderato grazioso.

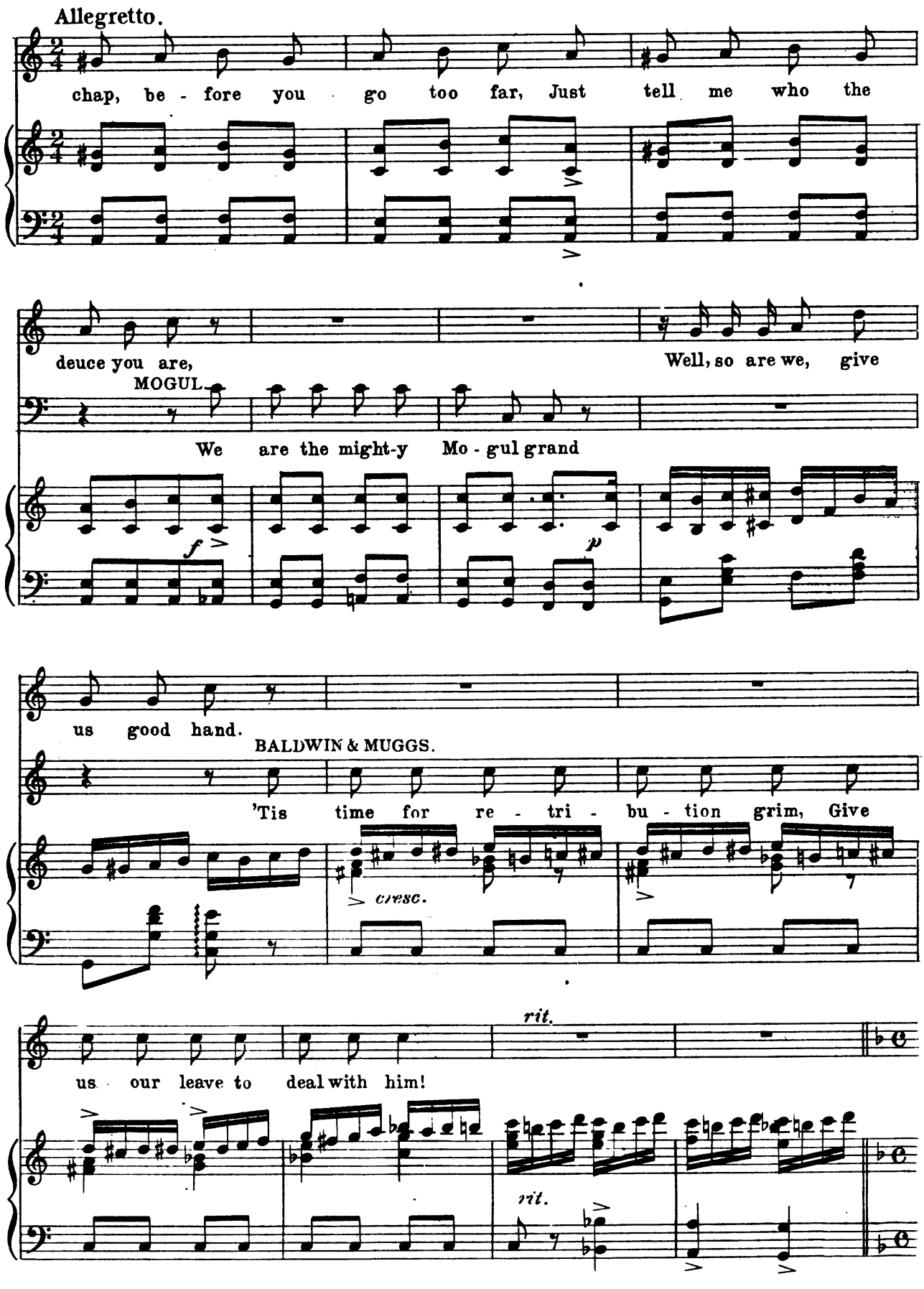
BARKER.

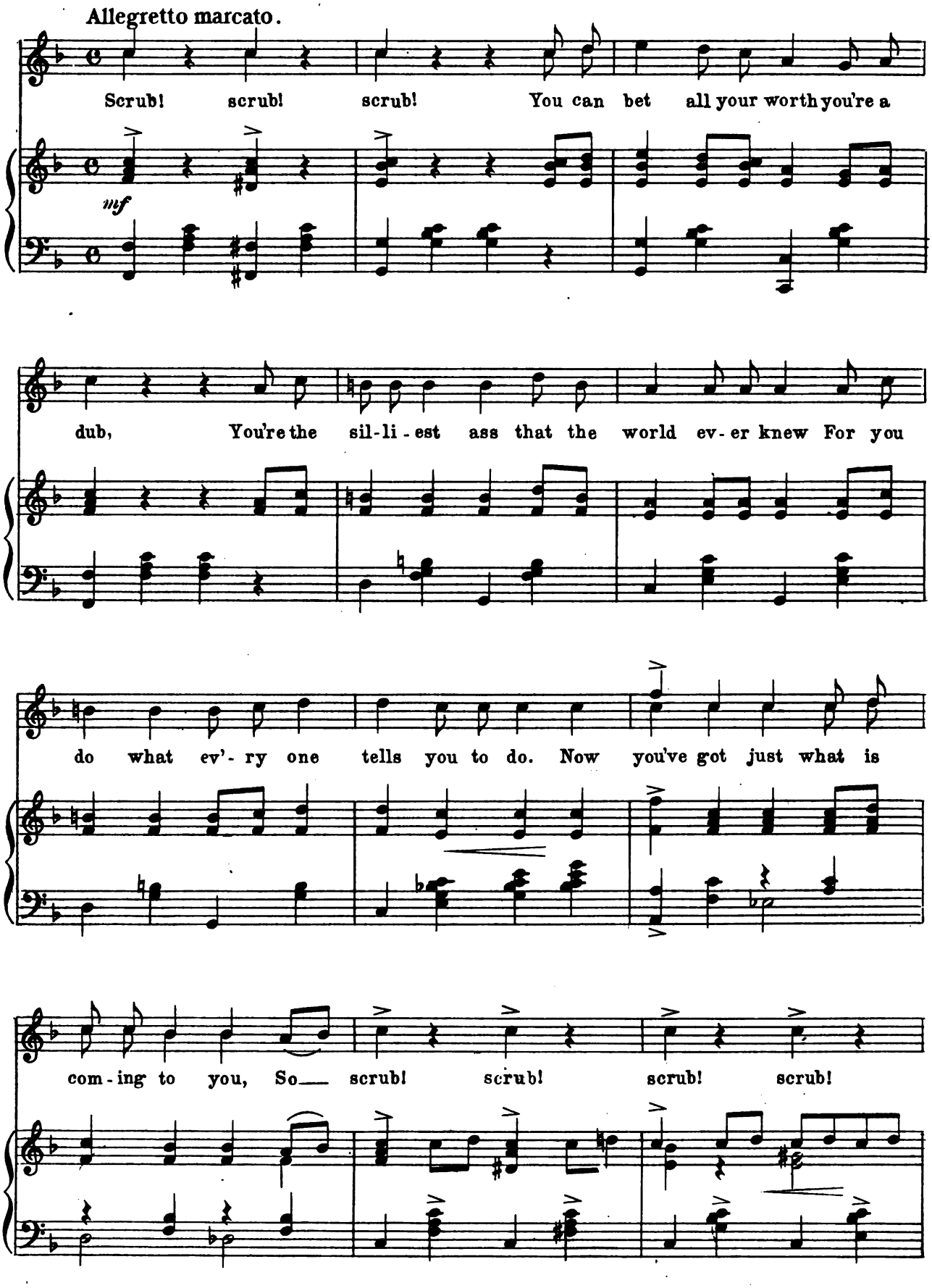
See here my friend! Dont

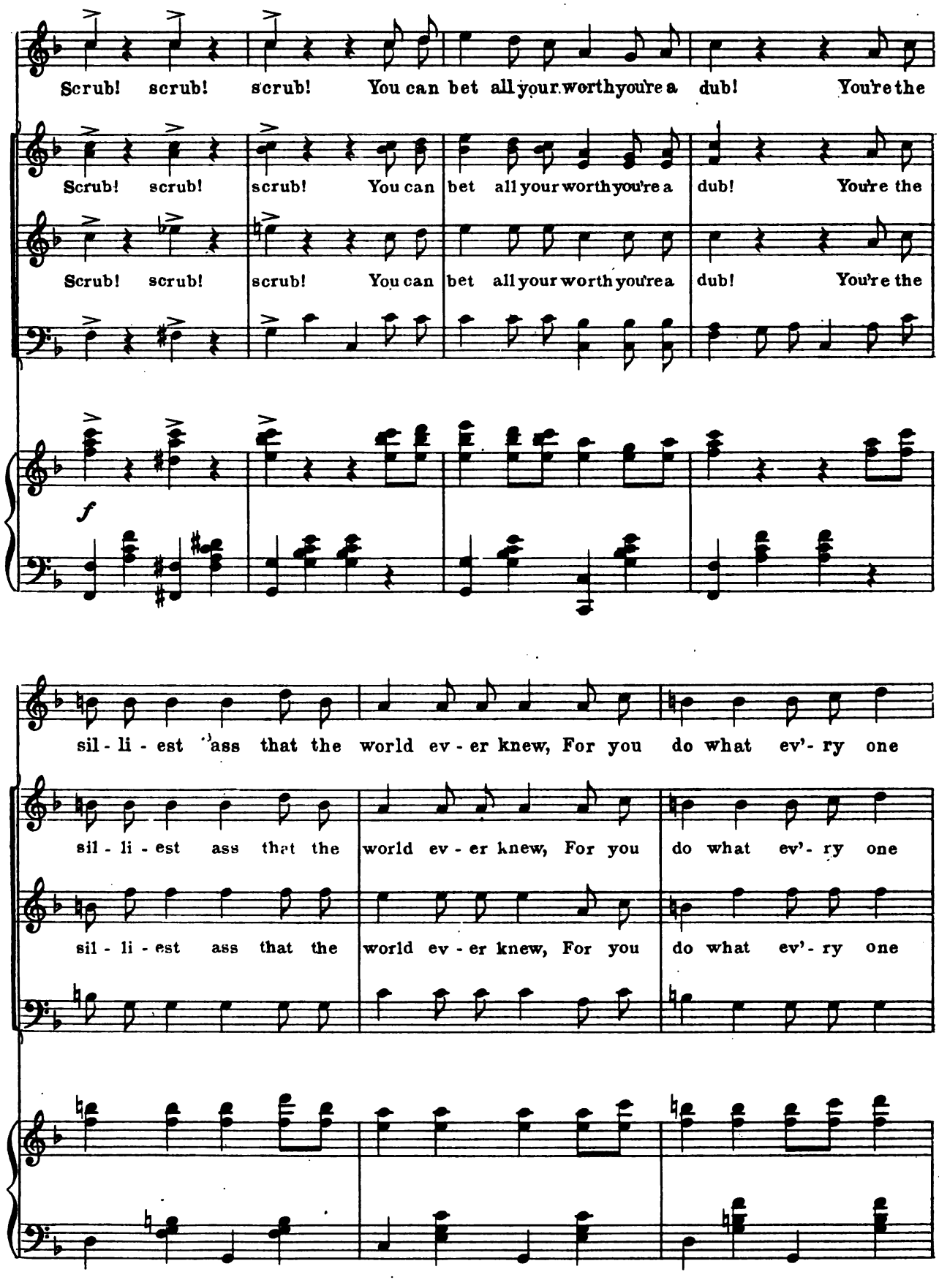
us!


get too gay! Sub - side and don't butt in this way! 'Round here I'm ev' - ry -
thing there is! So fade a - way! I know my biz!
MOGUL.
Ar -
Allegro.
rest him!
Ar - rest him! Ar - rest him! Down with the trai - tor
Ar - rest him! Ar - rest him! Down with the trai - tor
Allegro.


Be - head him!
bold!
Be - head him, be -
bold!
Be - head him, be -
BARKER.
Old
head him!
Soon shall his fate be told.
head him!
Soon shall his fate be told.
p


Allegretto.
chap, be - fore you go too far, Just tell me who the
deuce you are,
Well, so are we, give
MOGUL.
We are the might-y Mo - gul grand
f
p
us good hand.
BALDWIN & MUGGS.
'Tis time for re - tri - bu - tion grim, Give
cresc.
rit.
us our leave to deal with him!
rit.


Allegretto marcato.
Scrub! scrub! scrub! You can bet all your worth you're a
mf
dub, You're the sil-li-est ass that the world ev-er knew For you
do what ev'-ry one tells you to do. Now you've got just what is
com-ing to you, So scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub!


Scrub! scrub! scrub! You can bet all your worth you're a dub! You're the
Scrub! scrub! scrub! You can bet all your worth you're a dub! You're the
Scrub! scrub! scrub! You can bet all your worth you're a dub! You're the
f
sil - li - est ass that the world ev - er knew, For you do what ev'- ry one
sil - li - est ass that the world ev - er knew, For you do what ev'- ry one
sil - li - est ass that the world ev - er knew, For you do what ev'- ry one

LOLA ENTERS.

tells you to do. Now you've got just what is coming to you So__ scrub! scrub!

tells you to do. Now you've got just what is coming to you So__ scrub! scrub!

tells you to do. Now you've got just what is coming to you So scrub! scrub!

molto cresc.

Allegro.

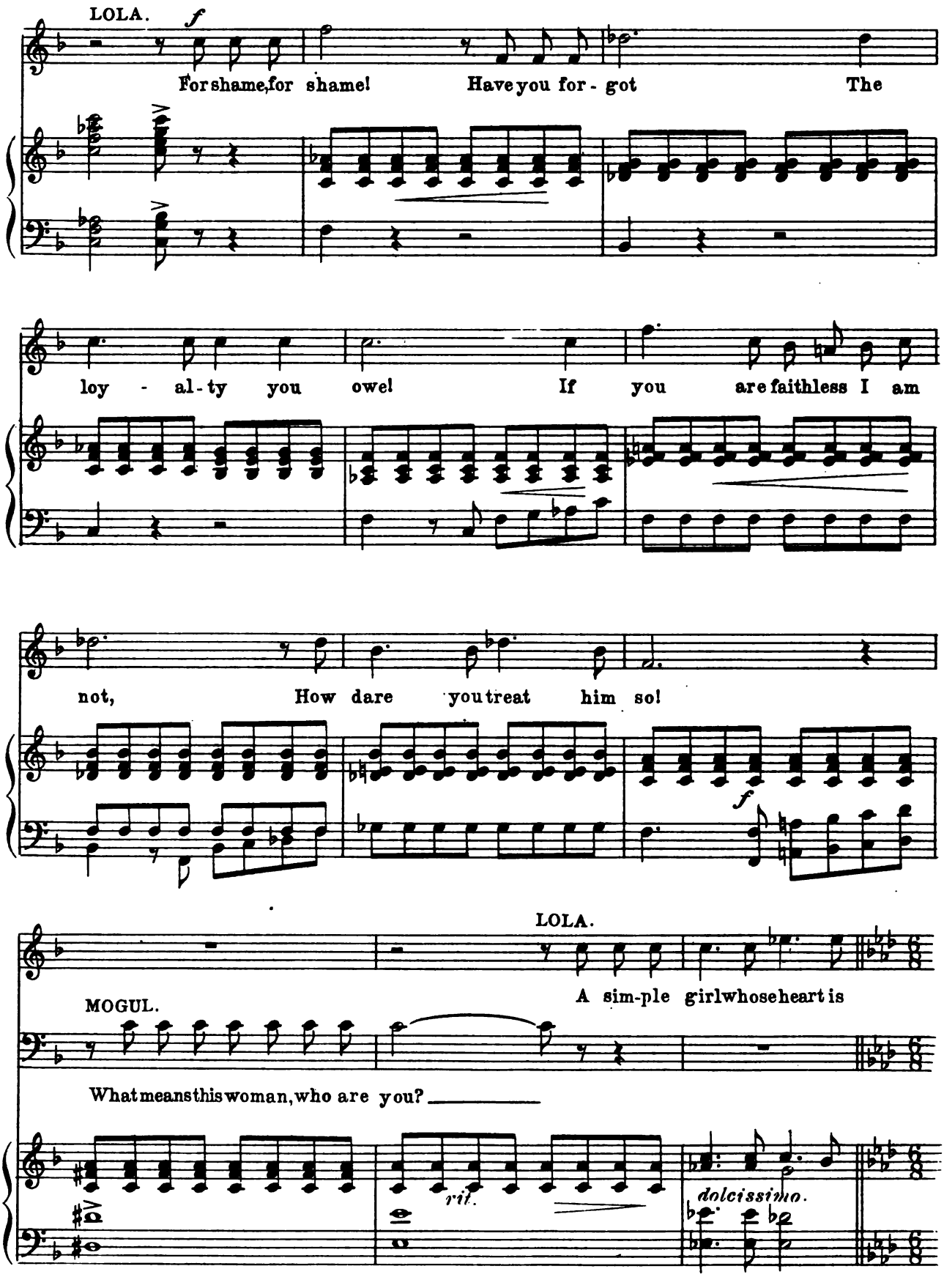
scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub!

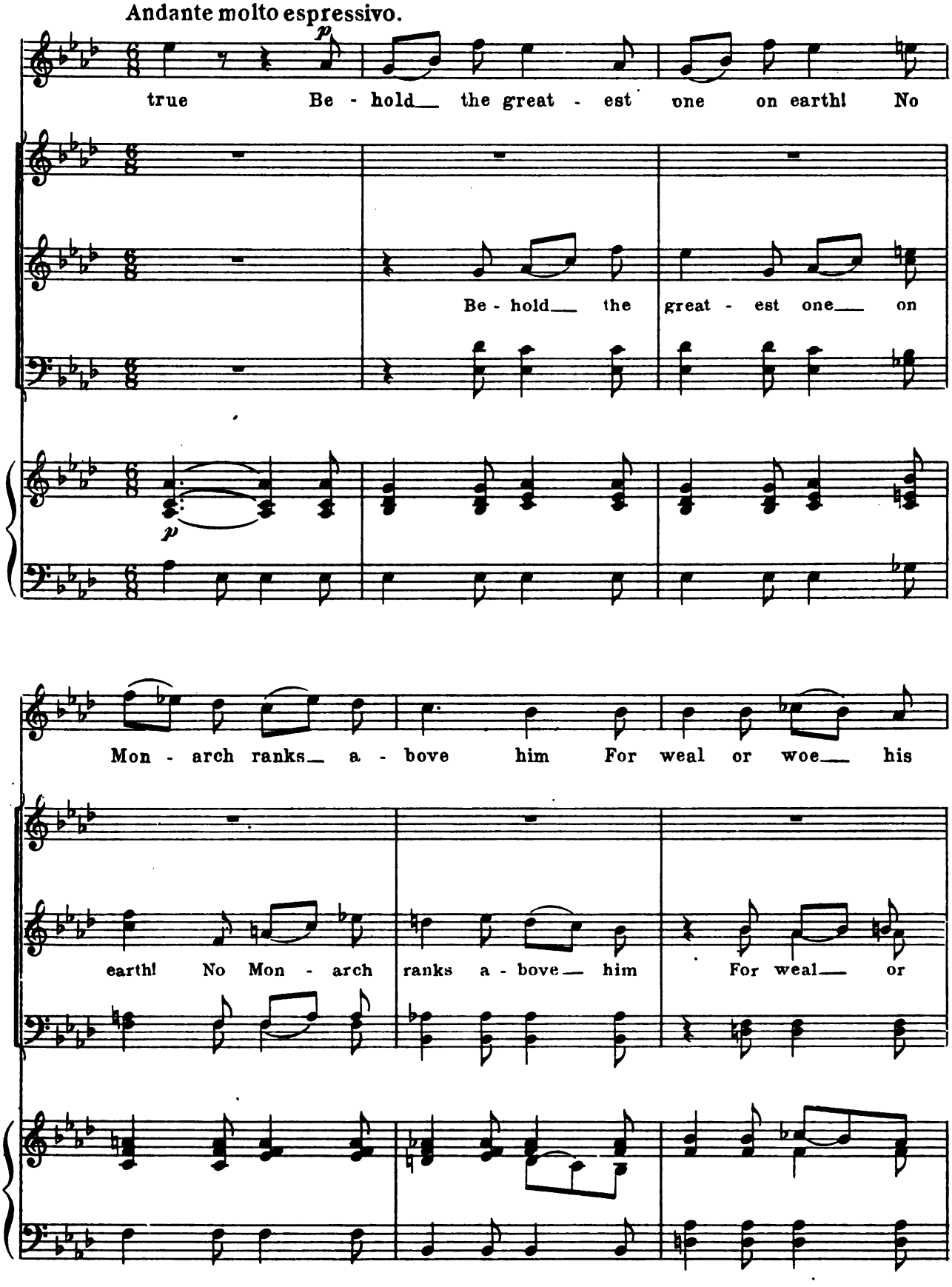
scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub!

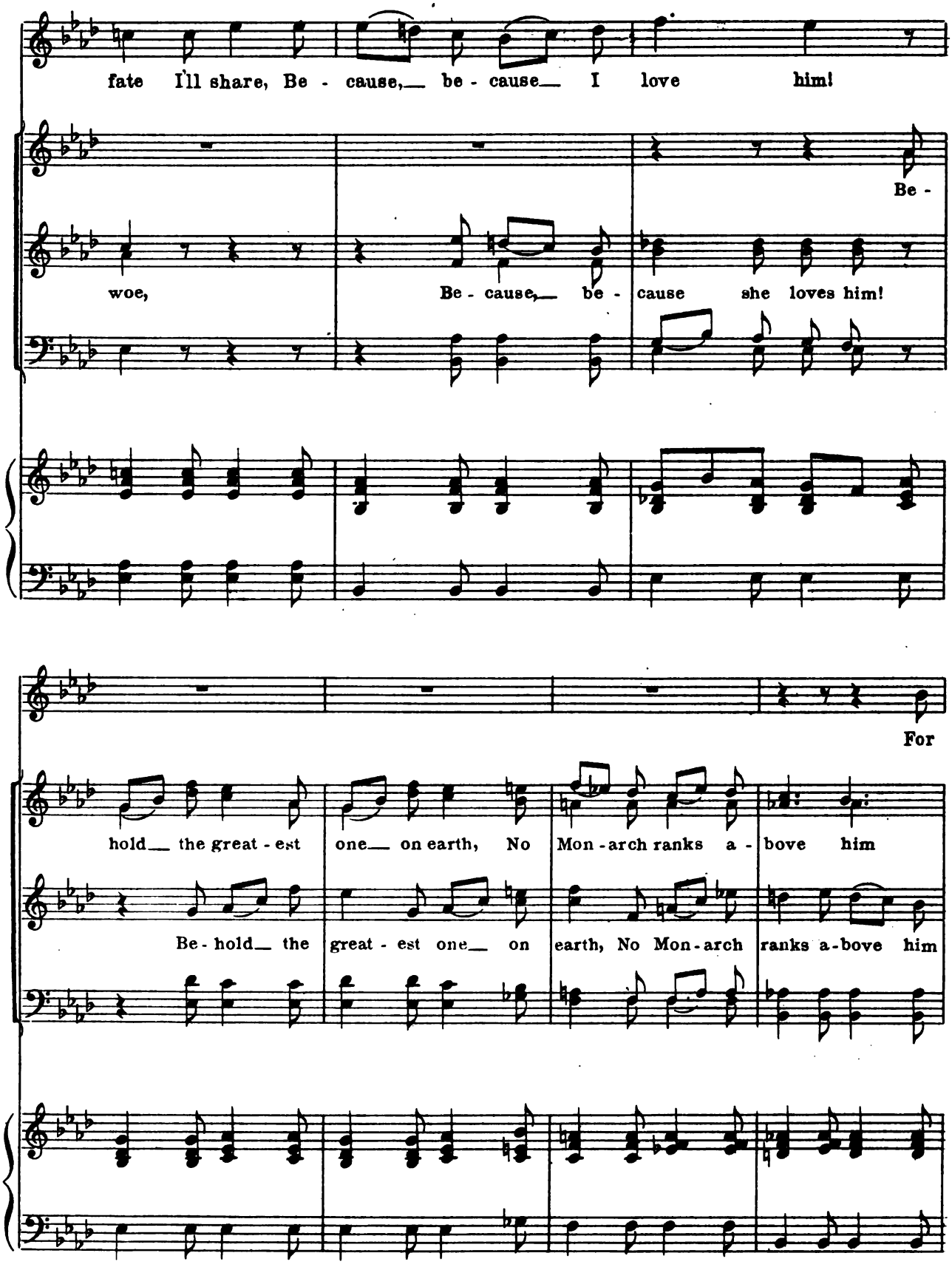
scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub! scrub!

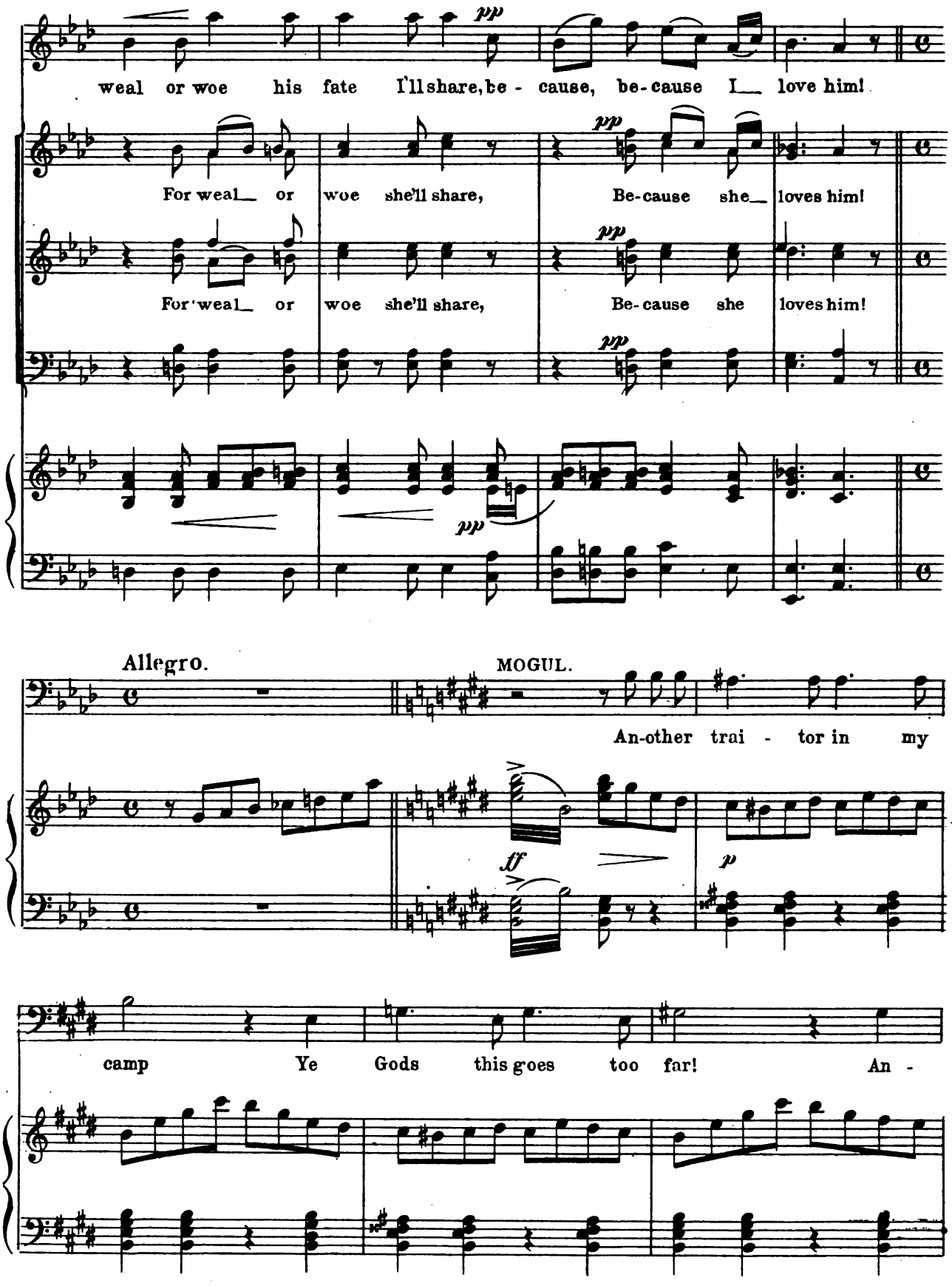
Allegro.

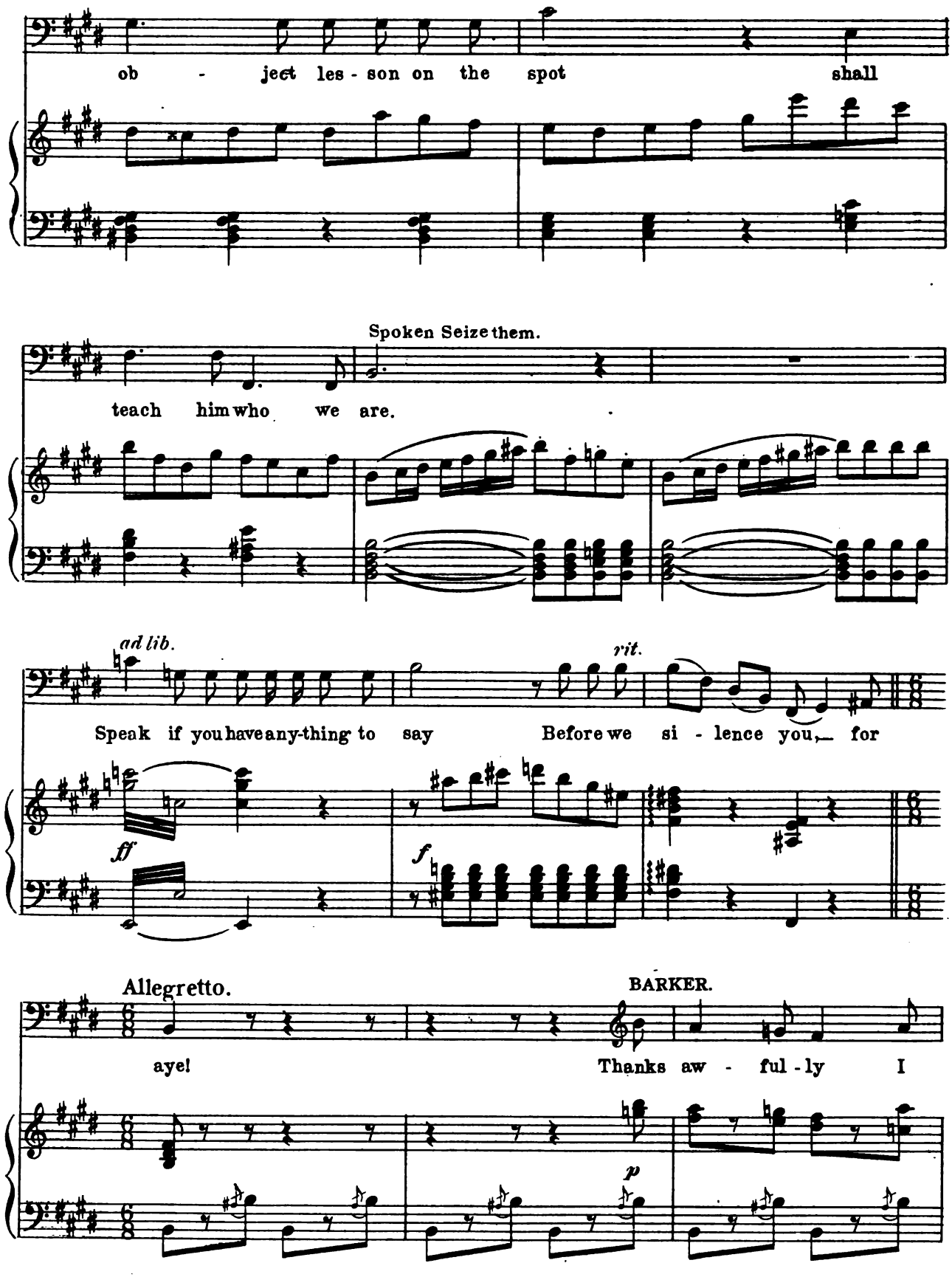
ff


LOLA.
f
For shame, for shame! Have you for - got The
loy - al - ty you owe! If you are faithless I am
not, How dare you treat him so!
f
LOLA.
A sim-ple girl whose heart is
MOGUL.
What means this woman, who are you?
rit.
dolcissimo.


Andante molto espressivo.
p
true Be - hold the great - est one on earth! No
Be - hold the great - est one on
p
Mon - arch ranks a - bove him For weal or woe his
earth! No Mon - arch ranks a - bove him For weal or


fate I'll share, Be - cause, be - cause I love him!
Be -
woe, Be - cause, be - cause she loves him!
For
hold the great - est one on earth, No Mon - arch ranks a - bove him
Be - hold the great - est one on earth, No Mon - arch ranks a - bove him


pp
weal or woe his fate I'll share, be - cause, be-cause I love him!
For weal or woe she'll share, Be-cause she loves him!
For weal or woe she'll share, Be-cause she loves him!
Allegro.
MOGUL.
An-other trai - tor in my
ff
p
camp Ye Gods this goes too far! An -


ob - ject les - son on the spot shall
Spoken Seize them.
teach him who we are.
ad lib.
rit.
Speak if you have any-thing to say Before we si - lence you, for
ff
f
Allegretto.
BARKER.
aye! Thanks aw - ful - ly I
p

MOGUL.

rath - er think I'd like a fare - well good stiff drink. The

word it-self cuts short that plea! Pre-pare! Now ready! One!

Andantino.

MOGUL.

What

RUTH off stage.

Ah!

p

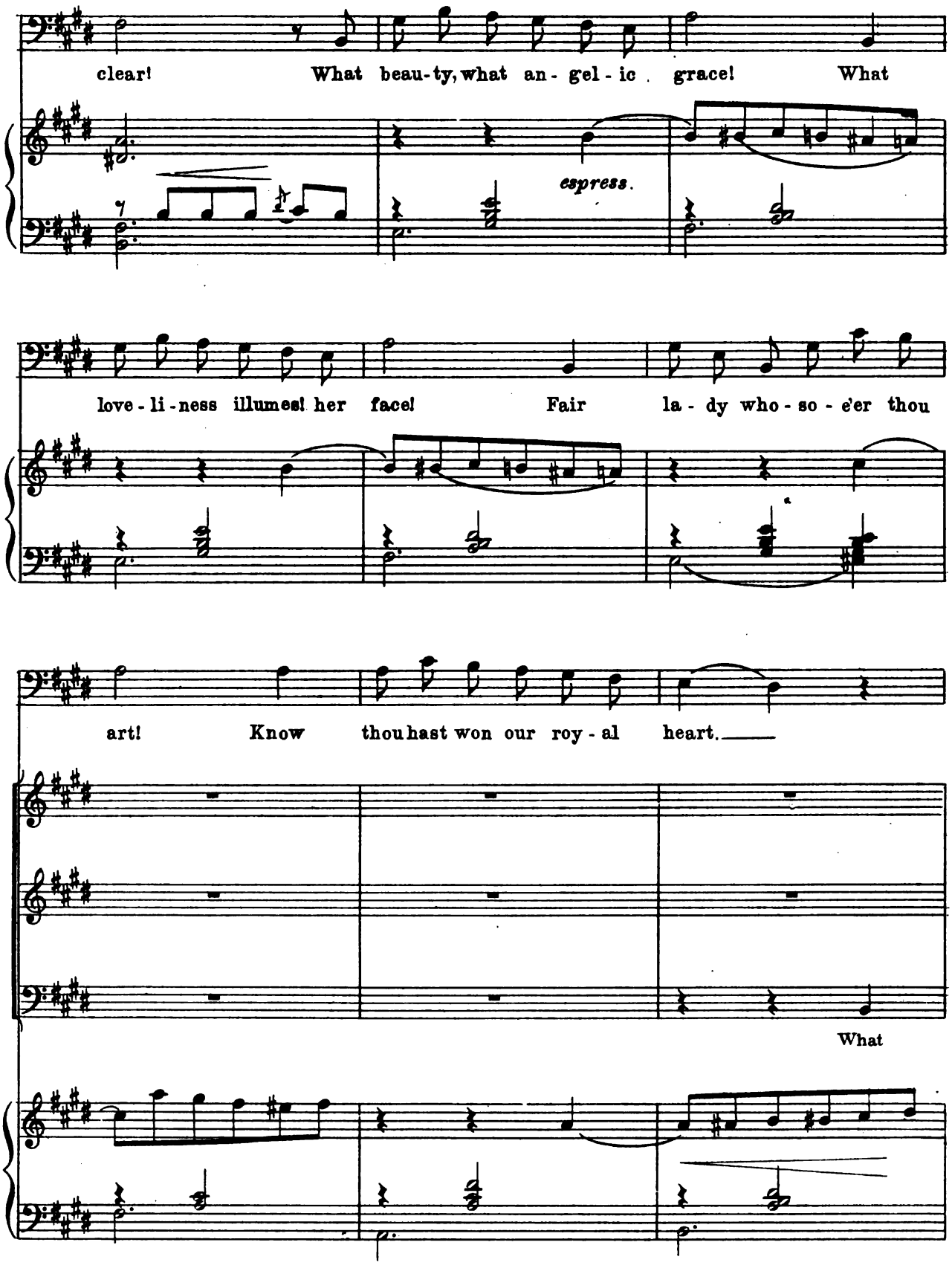
lunga.

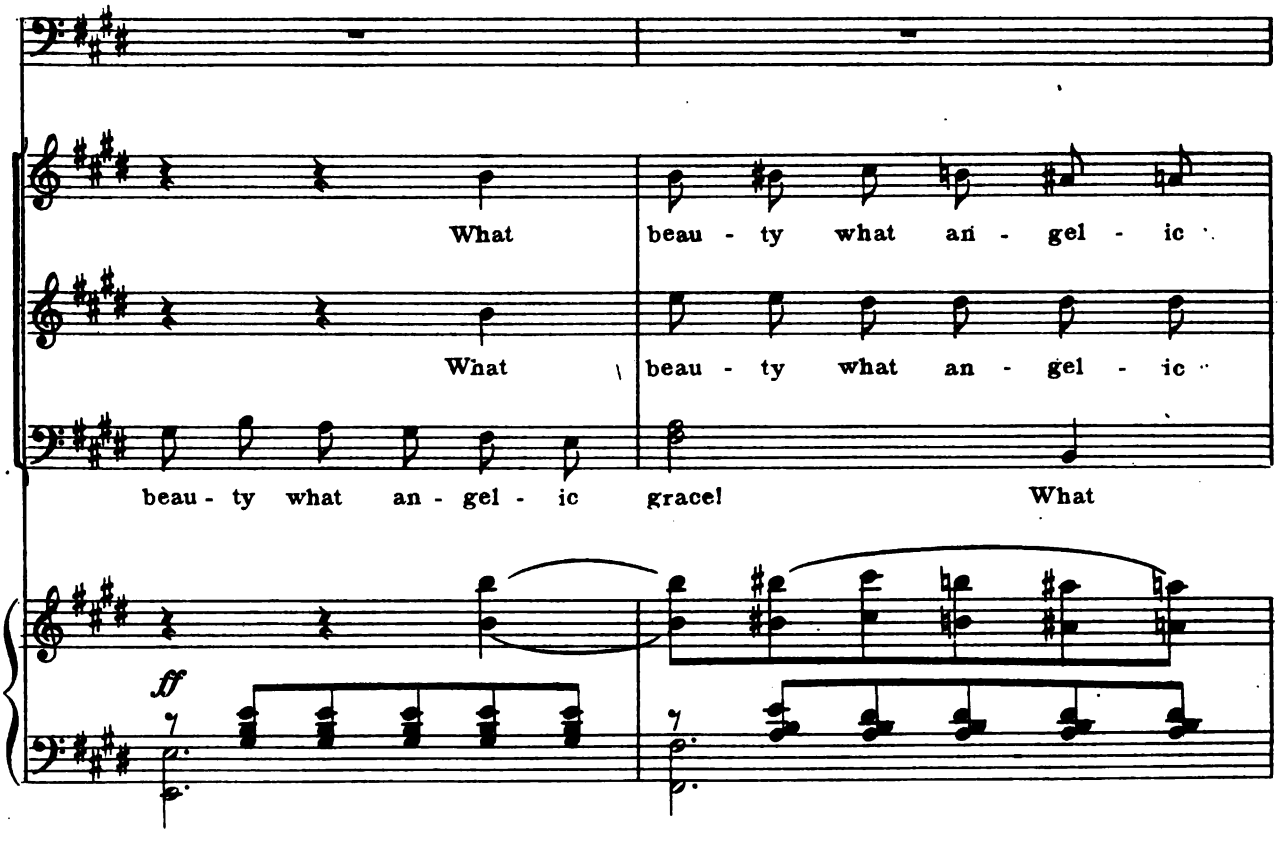
molto espress.

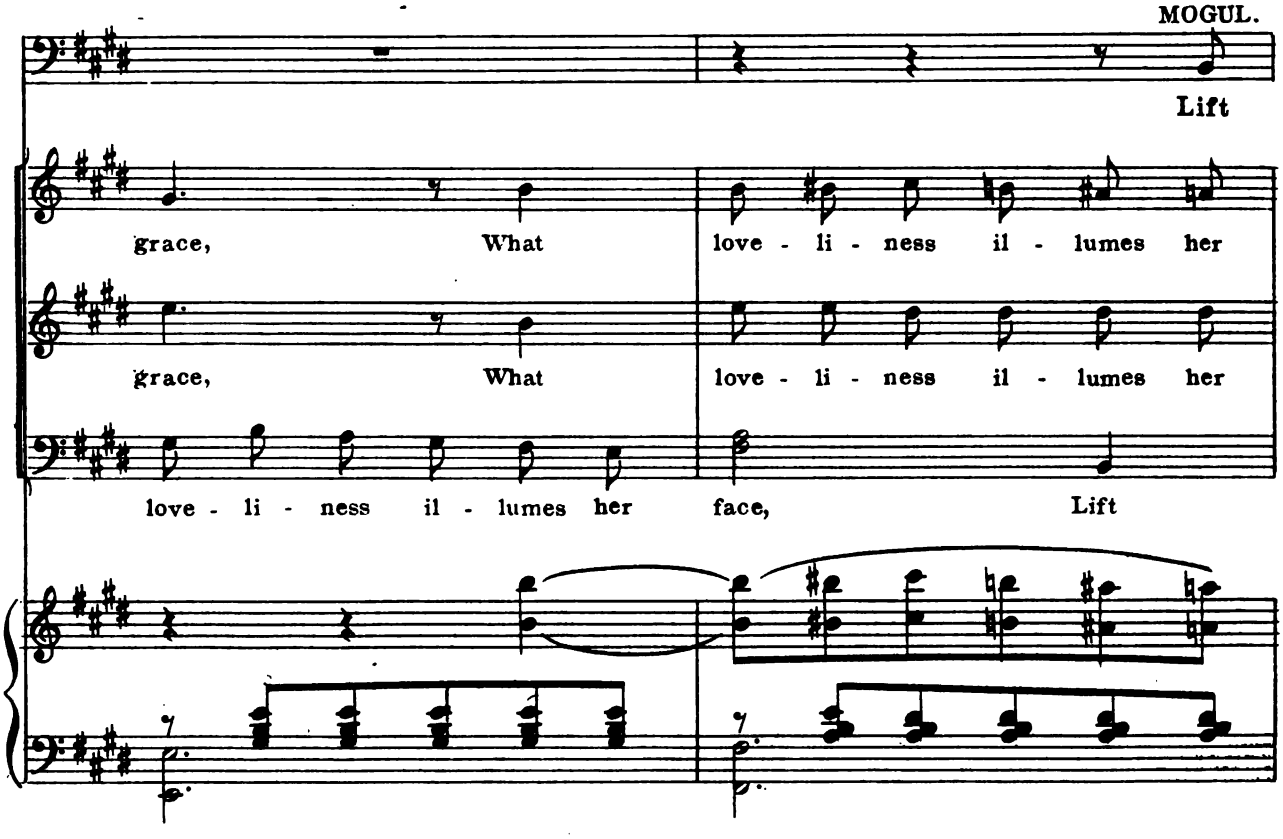
voice from heav'n sa - lutes our ear, No an - gel ev - er sang so

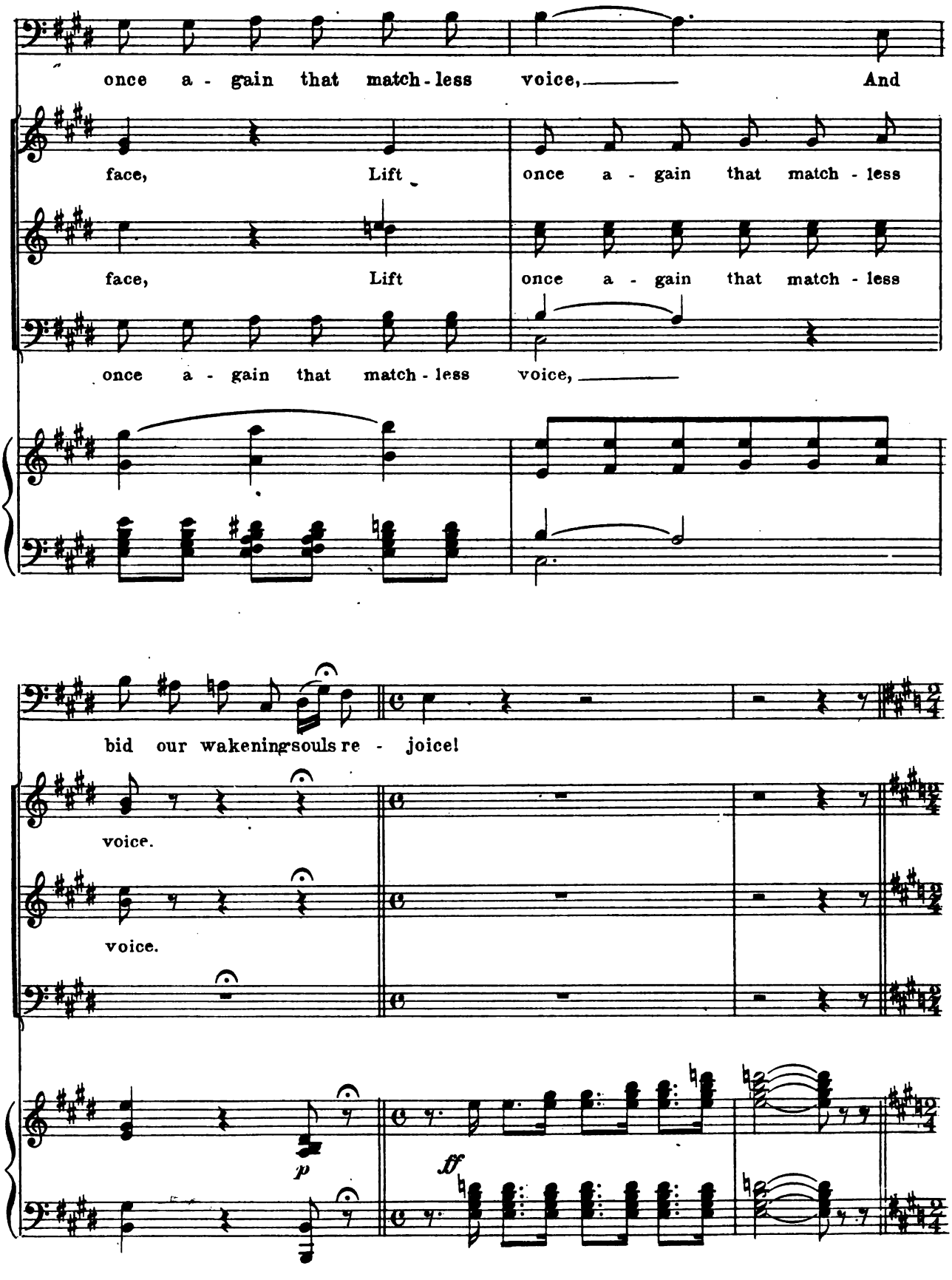
p

dolce.


clear! What beau-ty, what an-gel-ic grace! What
espress.
love-li-ness illumes! her face! Fair la-dy who-so-e'er thou
art! Know thou hast won our roy-al heart.
What

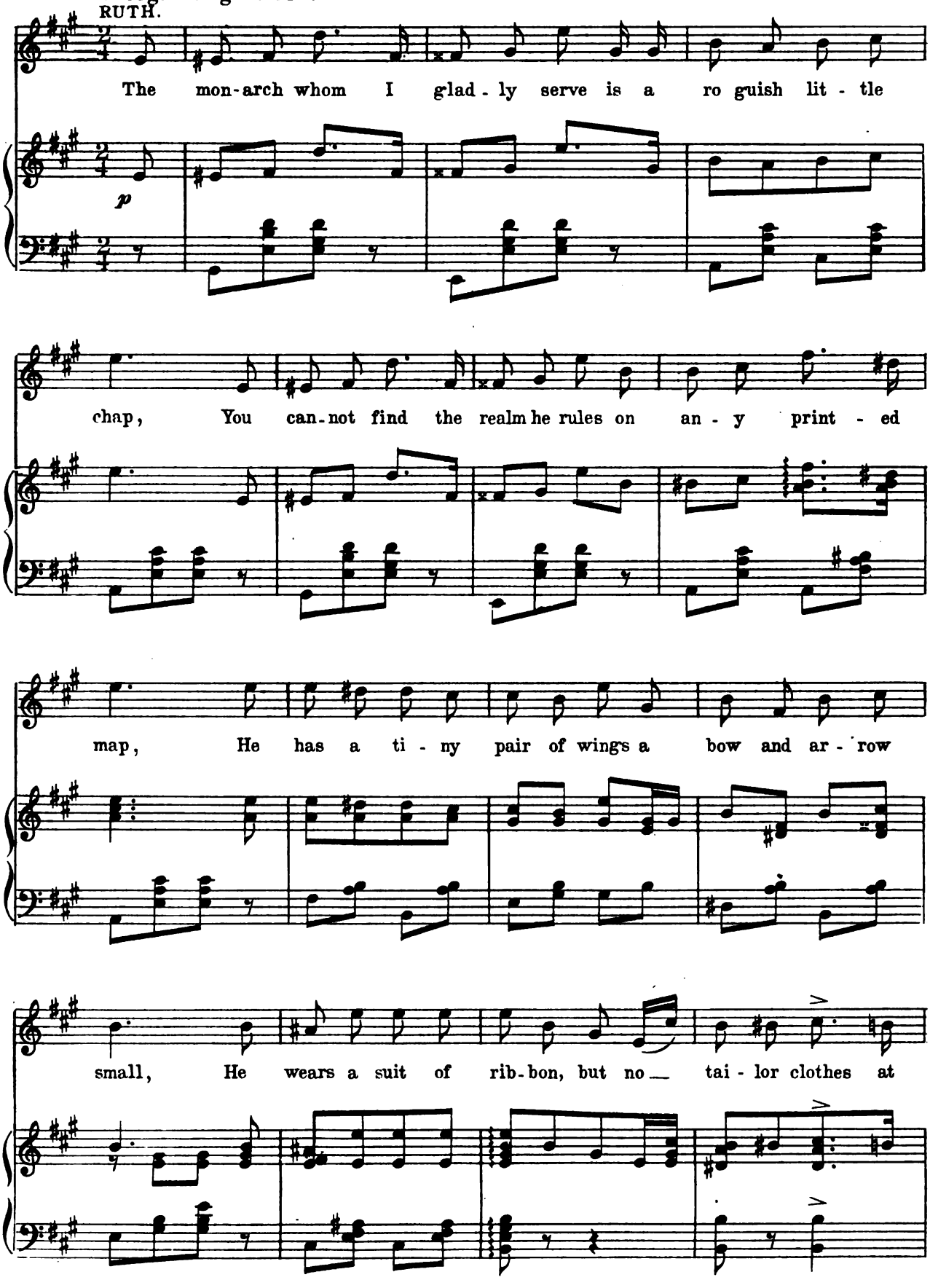

What
beau - ty what an - gel - ic
What
beau - ty what an - gel - ic
beau - ty what an - gel - ic
grace! What
ff

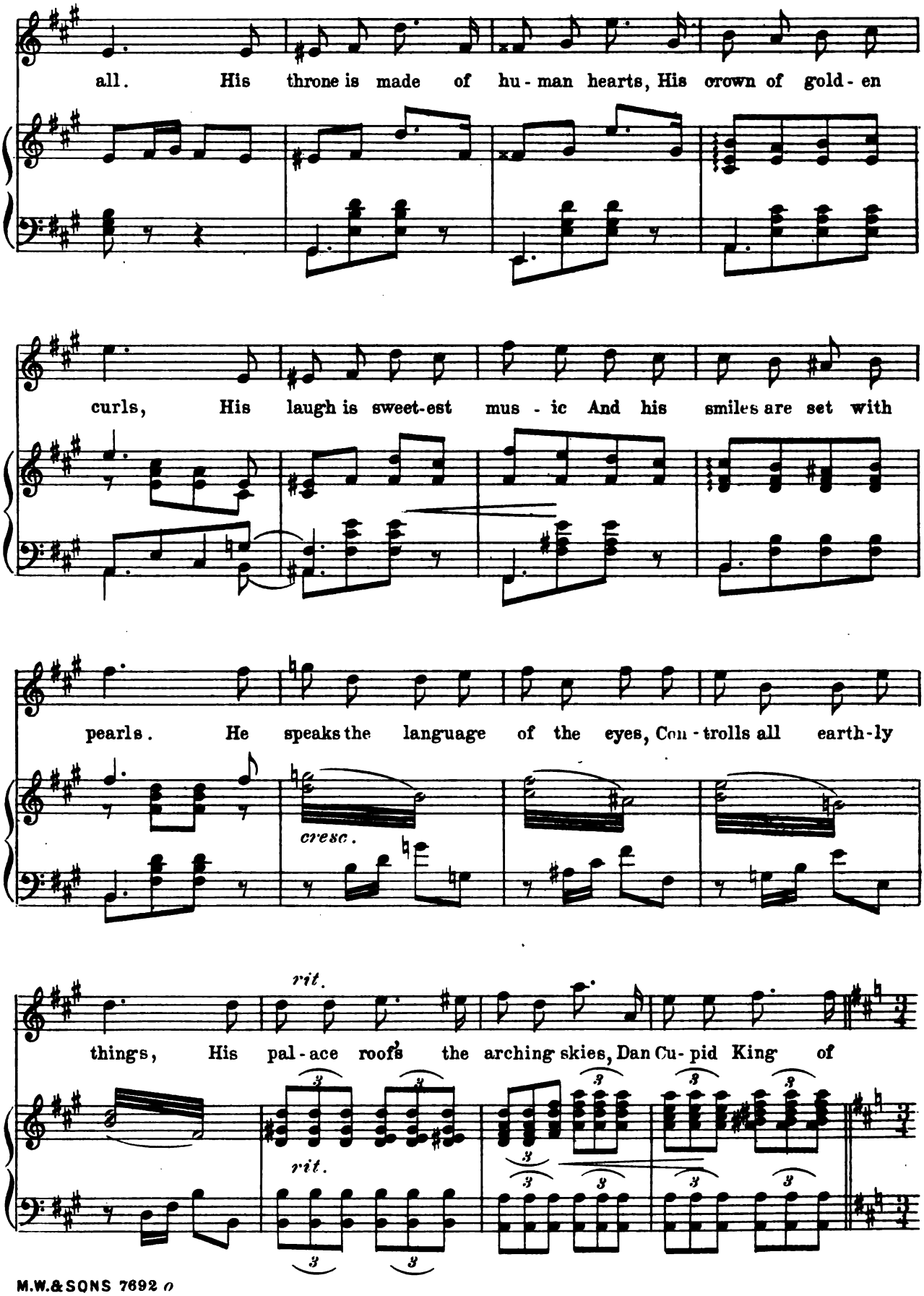

MOGUL.
Lift
grace, What
love - li - ness il - lumes her
grace, What
love - li - ness il - lumes her
love - li - ness il - lumes her
face, Lift


once a - gain that match - less voice, And
face, Lift
once a - gain that match - less
face, Lift
once a - gain that match - less
once a - gain that match - less voice,
bid our wakening souls re - joice!
voice.
voice.
p
ff

Allegretto grazioso.

RUTH.




all. His throne is made of hu - man hearts, His crown of gold - en
curls, His laugh is sweet-est mus - ic And his smiles are set with
pearls. He speaks the language of the eyes, Con - trolls all earth-ly
cresc.
rit.
things, His pal - ace roofs the arching skies, Dan Cu - pid King of
rit.

Tempo di Valse.

a tempo.

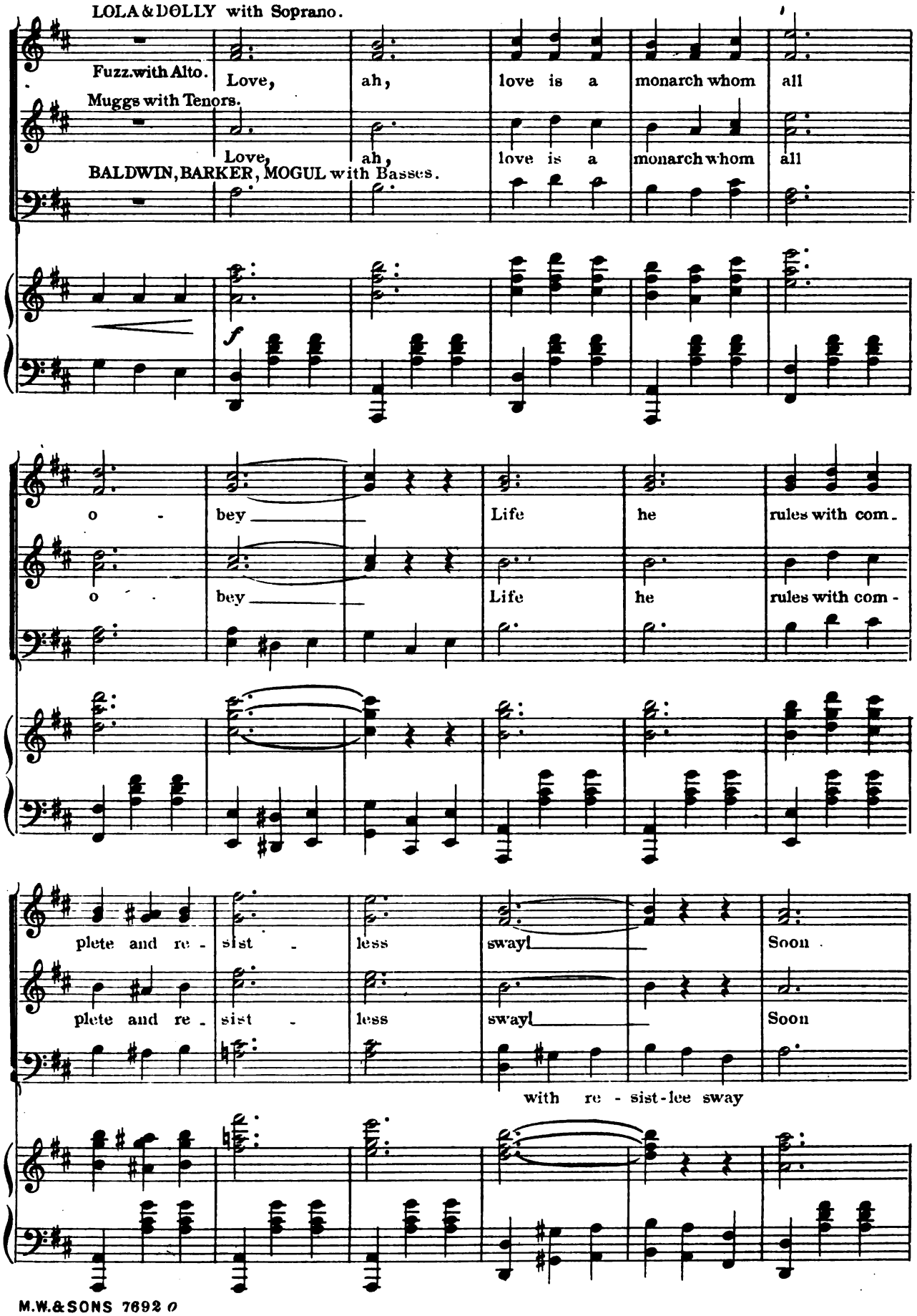
King! Love, Ah, love is a monarch whom all o -

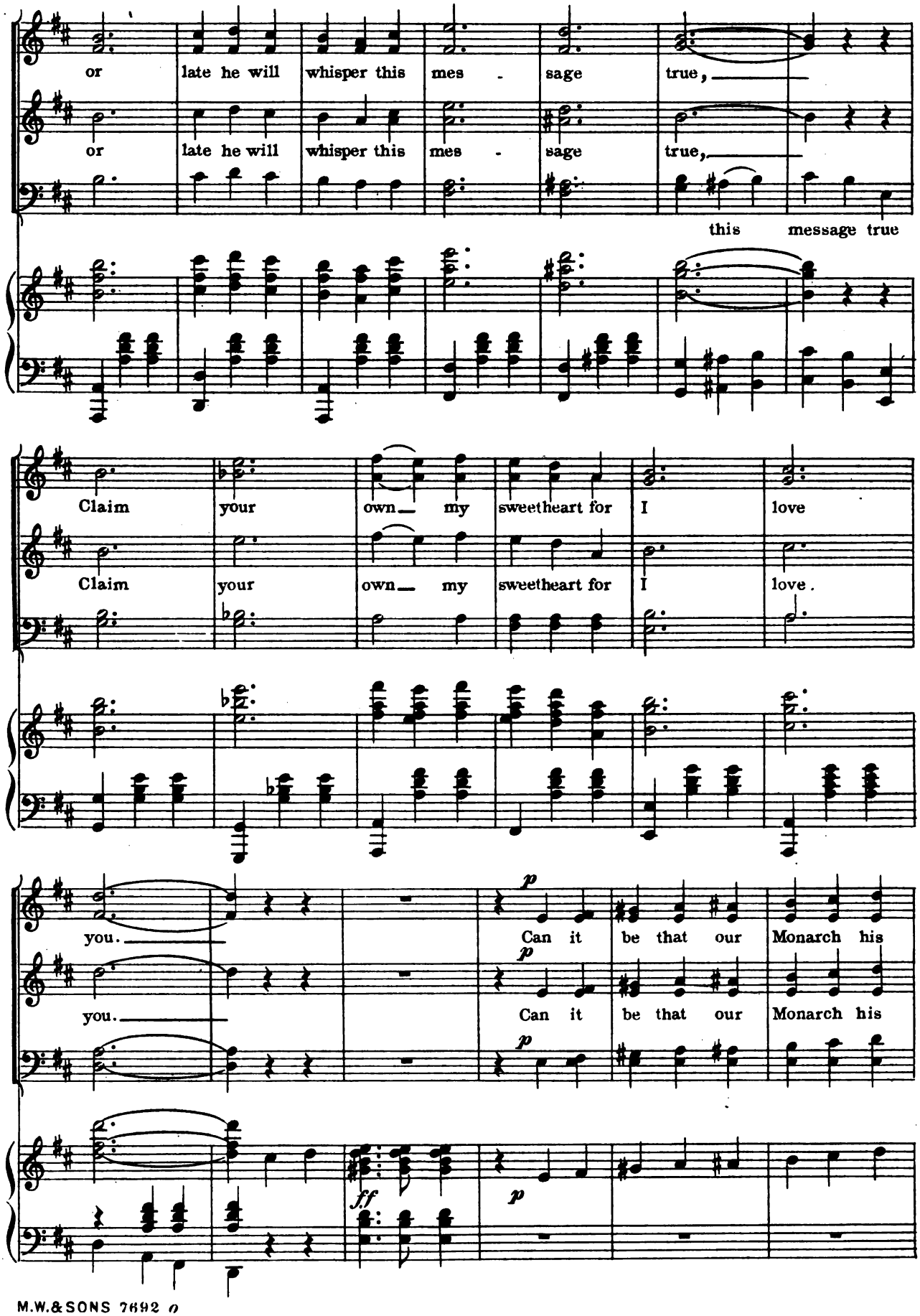
ff *rit.* *a tempo.*

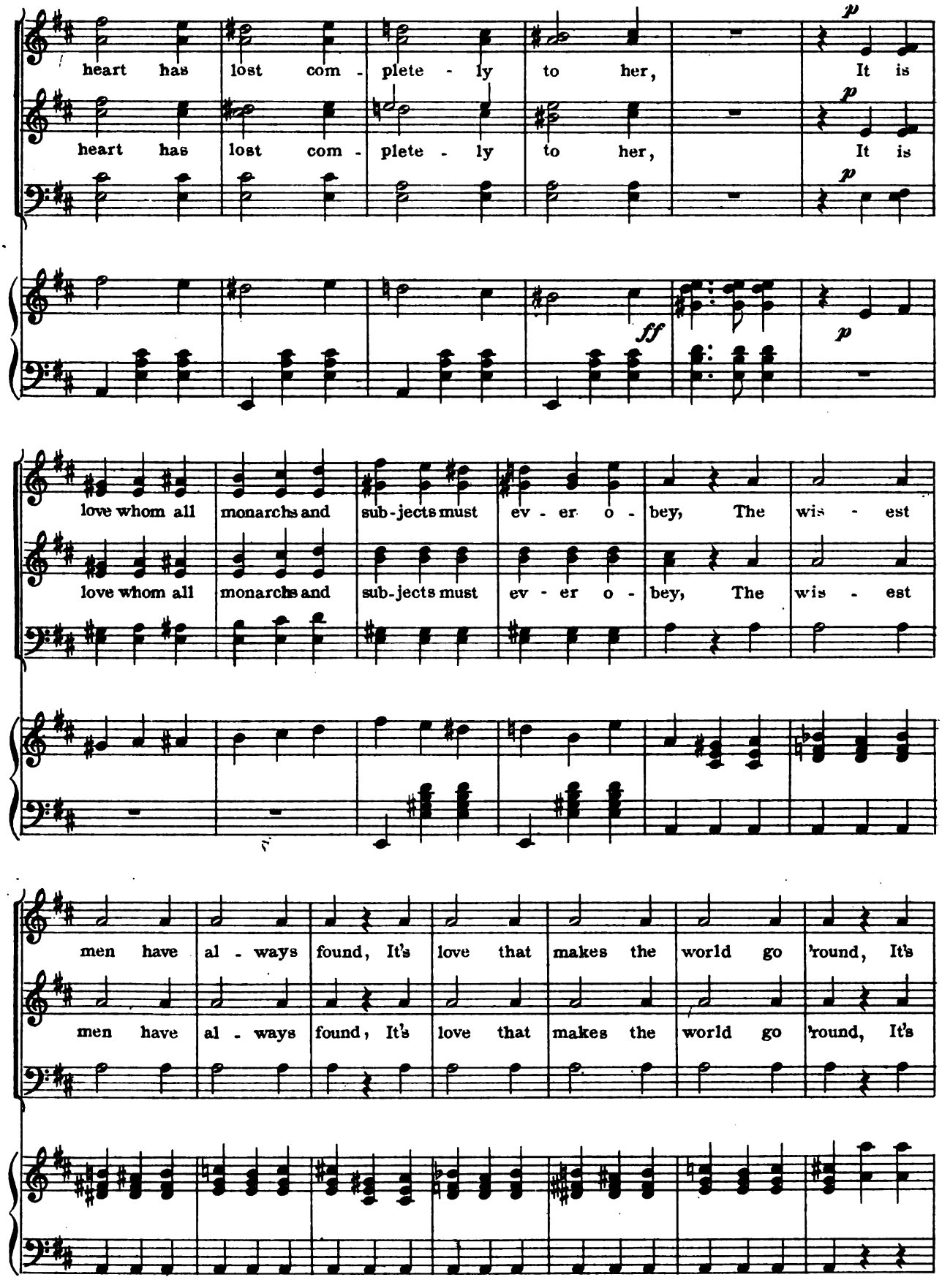
bey. Life he rules with com-plete and re - sist - less

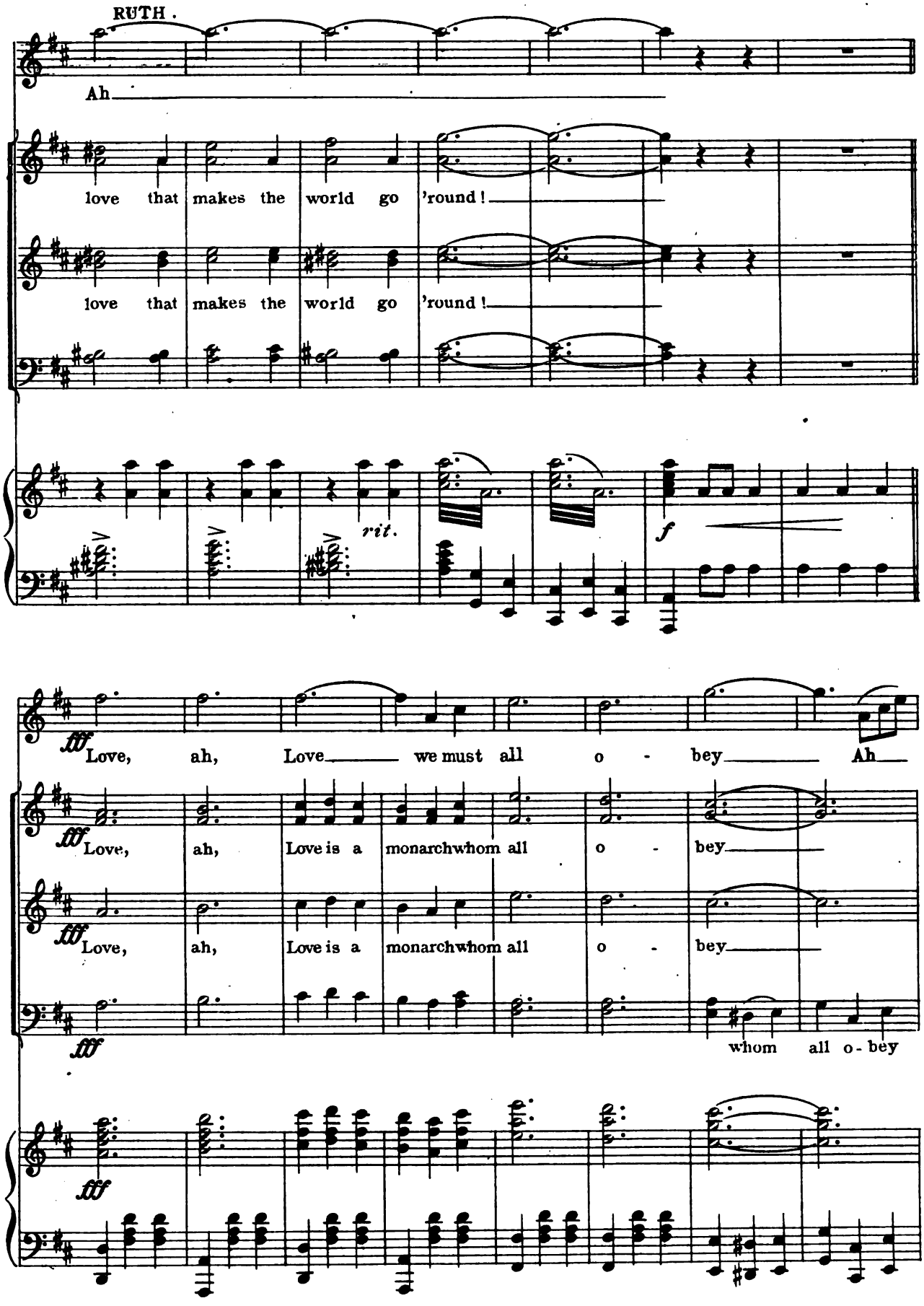
sway! Soon or late he will whisper this mes - sage

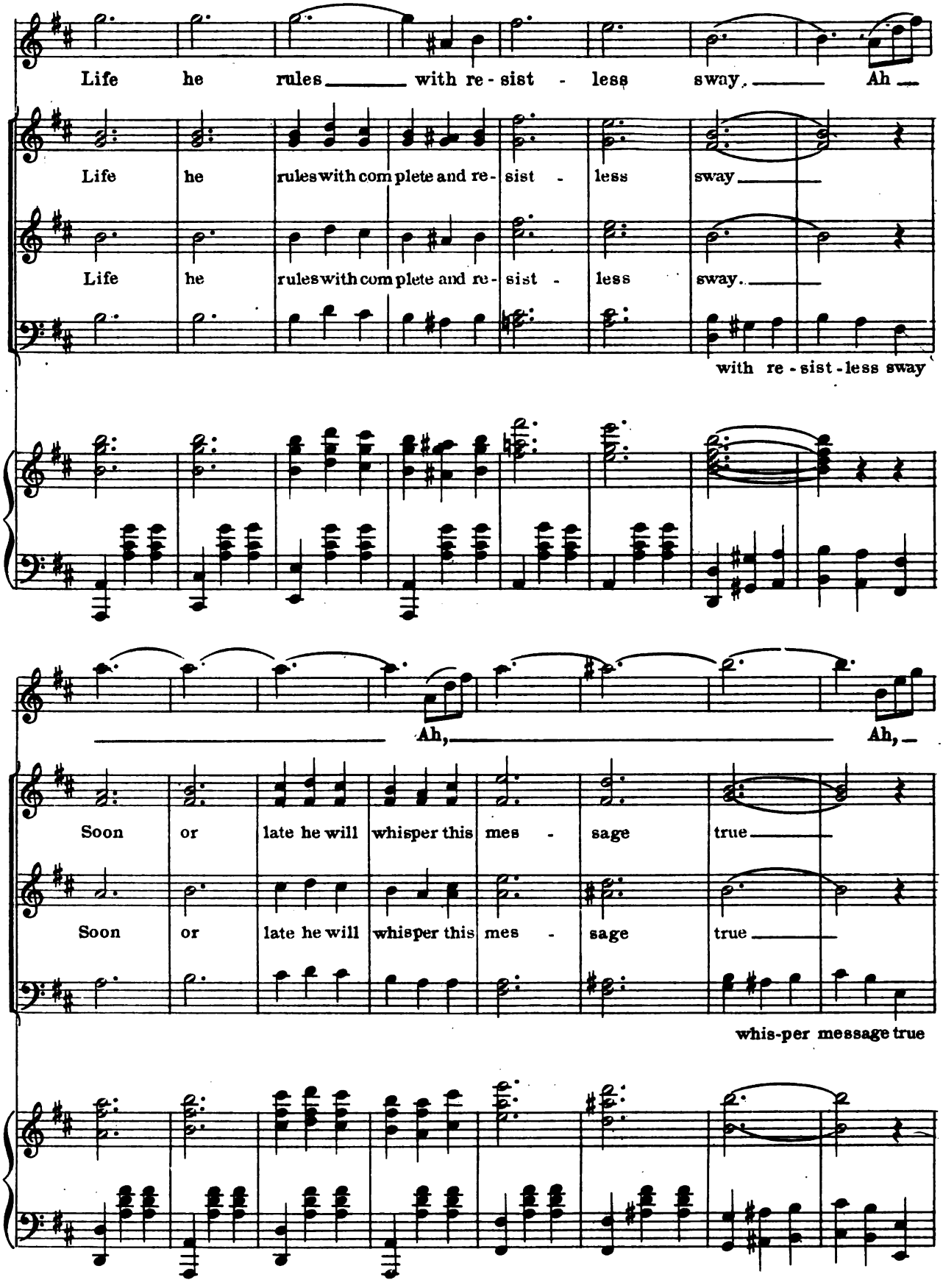
true, Claim your own my sweetheart for I love you!

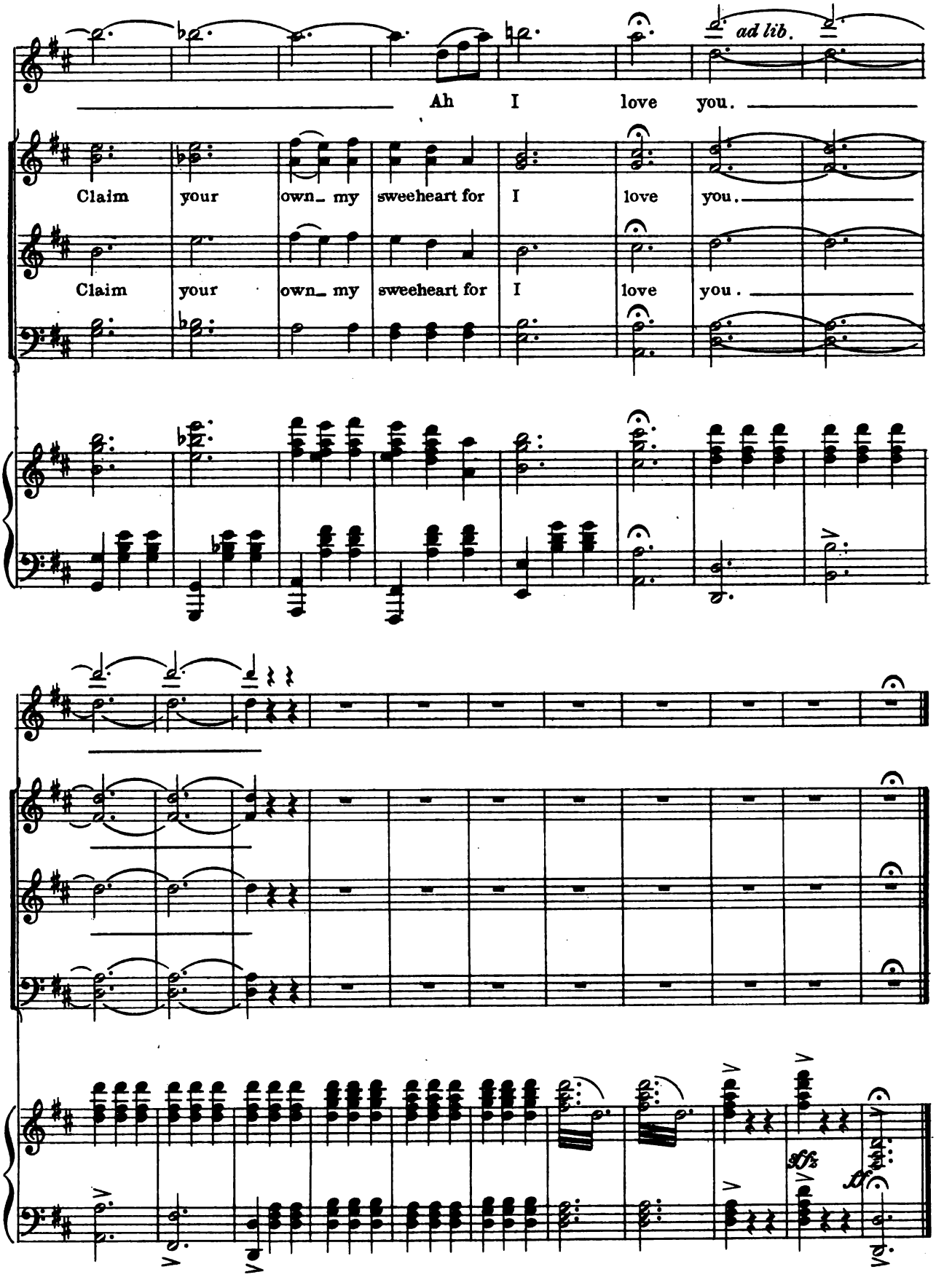

LOLA & DOLLY with Soprano.
Fuzz.with Alto.
Muggs with Tenors.
BALDWIN, BARKER, MOGUL with Basses.
Love, ah, love is a monarch whom all
Love, ah, love is a monarch whom all
f
o - bey Life he rules with com -
o - bey Life he rules with com -
plete and re - sist - less swayl Soon
plete and re - sist - less swayl Soon
with re - sist-lee sway


or late he will whisper this mes - sage true,
or late he will whisper this mes - sage true,
this message true
Claim your own my sweetheart for I love
Claim your own my sweetheart for I love.
you.
you.
p
Can it be that our Monarch his
p
Can it be that our Monarch his
p
ff
p


heart has lost com - plete - ly to her, It is
heart has lost com - plete - ly to her, It is
p
p
p
ff
p
love whom all monarchs and sub-jects must ev - er o - bey, The wis - est
love whom all monarchs and sub-jects must ev - er o - bey, The wis - est
men have al - ways found, It's love that makes the world go 'round, It's
men have al - ways found, It's love that makes the world go 'round, It's


RUTH.
Ah
love that makes the world go 'round!
love that makes the world go 'round!
rit.
f
fff Love, ah, Love we must all o - bey Ah
fff Love, ah, Love is a monarchwhom all o - bey
fff Love, ah, Love is a monarchwhom all o - bey
whom all o - bey
fff


Life he rules with re - sist - less sway. Ah
Life he rules with com plete and re - sist - less sway
Life he rules with com plete and re - sist - less sway.
with re - sist - less sway
Ah, Ah,
Soon or late he will whisper this mes - sage true
Soon or late he will whisper this mes - sage true
whis-per message true


ad lib.
Ah I love you.
Claim your own my sweeheart for I love you.
Claim your own my sweeheart for I love you.

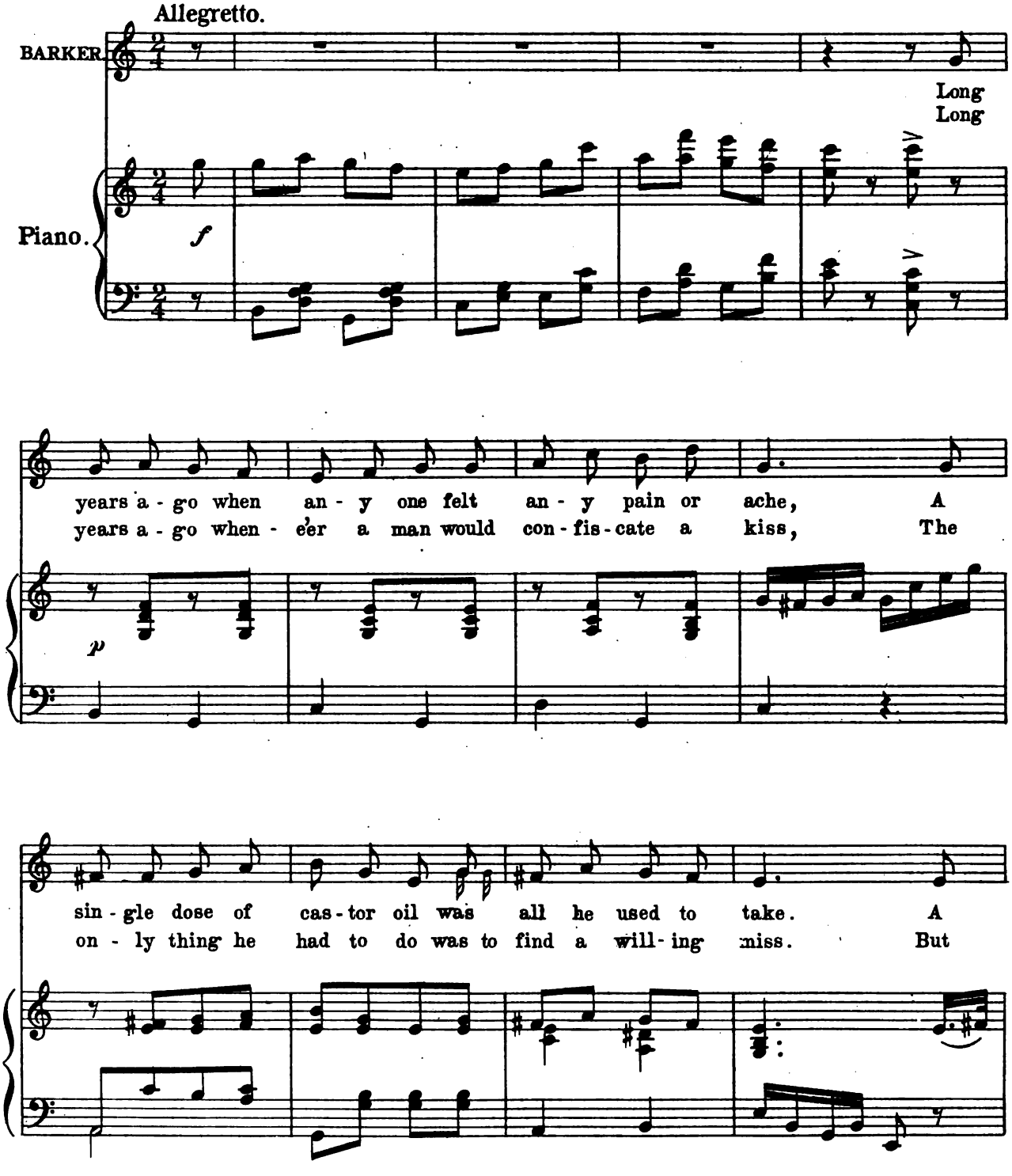
3059

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

Barker.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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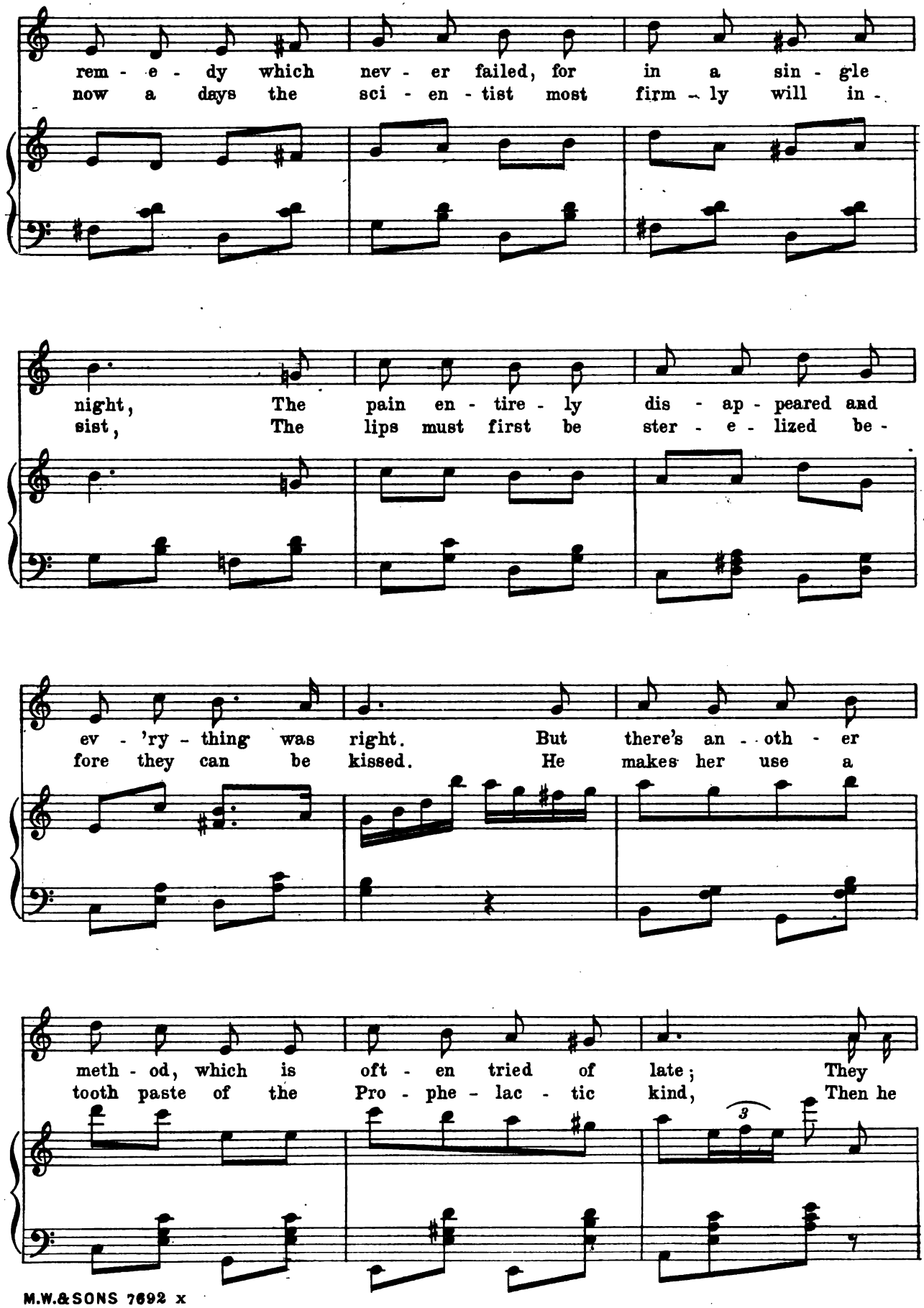
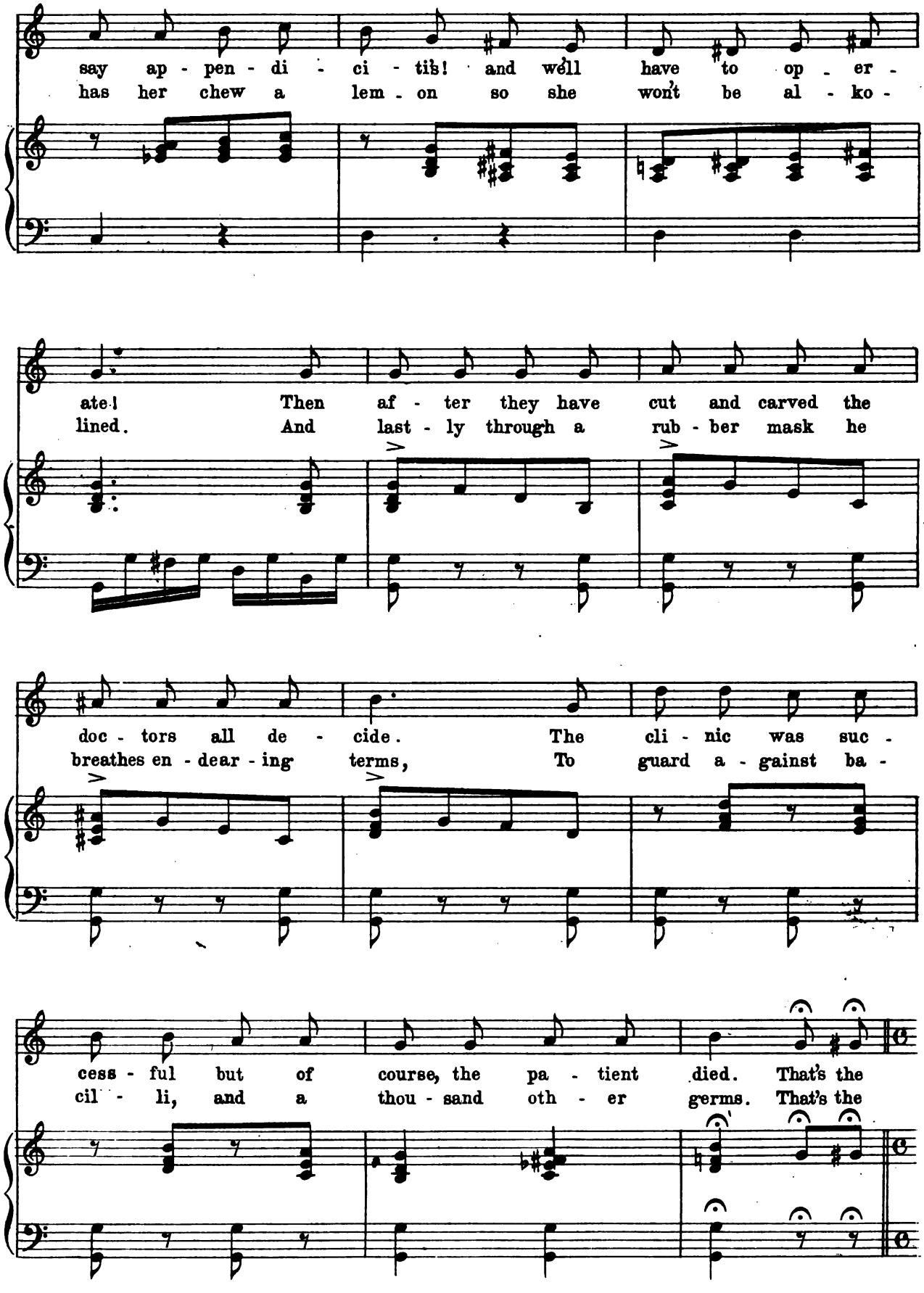
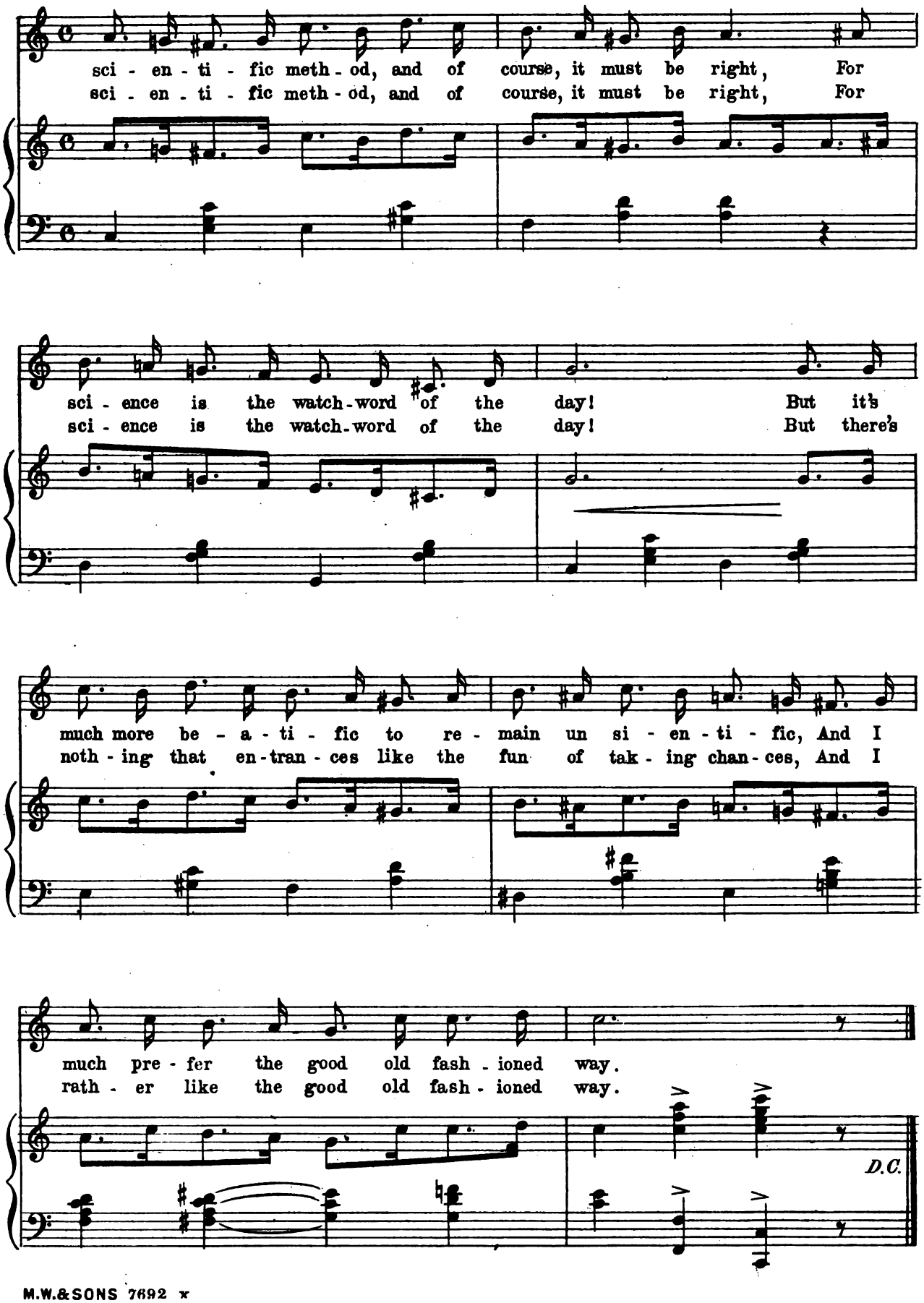

rem - e - dy which nev - er failed, for in a sin - gle
now a days the sci - en - tist most firm - ly will in -
night, The pain en - tire - ly dis - ap - peared and
sist, The lips must first be ster - e - lized be -
ev - 'ry - thing was right. But there's an - oth - er
fore they can be kissed. He makes her use a
meth - od, which is oft - en tried of late; They
tooth paste of the Pro - phe - lac - tic kind, Then he
3


say ap - pen - di - ci - tis! and well have to op - er -
has her chew a lem - on so she won't be al - ko -
ate! Then af - ter they have cut and carved the
lined. And last - ly through a rub - ber mask he
doc - tors all de - cide. The cli - nic was suc -
breathes en - dear - ing terms, To guard a - gainst ba -
cess - ful but of course, the pa - tient died. That's the
cil - li, and a thou - sand oth - er germs. That's the


sci - en - ti - fic meth - od, and of course, it must be right, For
sci - en - ti - fic meth - od, and of course, it must be right, For
sci - ence is the watch - word of the day! But it's
sci - ence is the watch - word of the day! But there's
much more be - a - ti - fic to re - main un si - en - ti - fic, And I
noth - ing that en - tran - ces like the fun of tak - ing chan - ces, And I
much pre - fer the good old fash - ioned way.
rath - er like the good old fash - ioned way.
D.C.

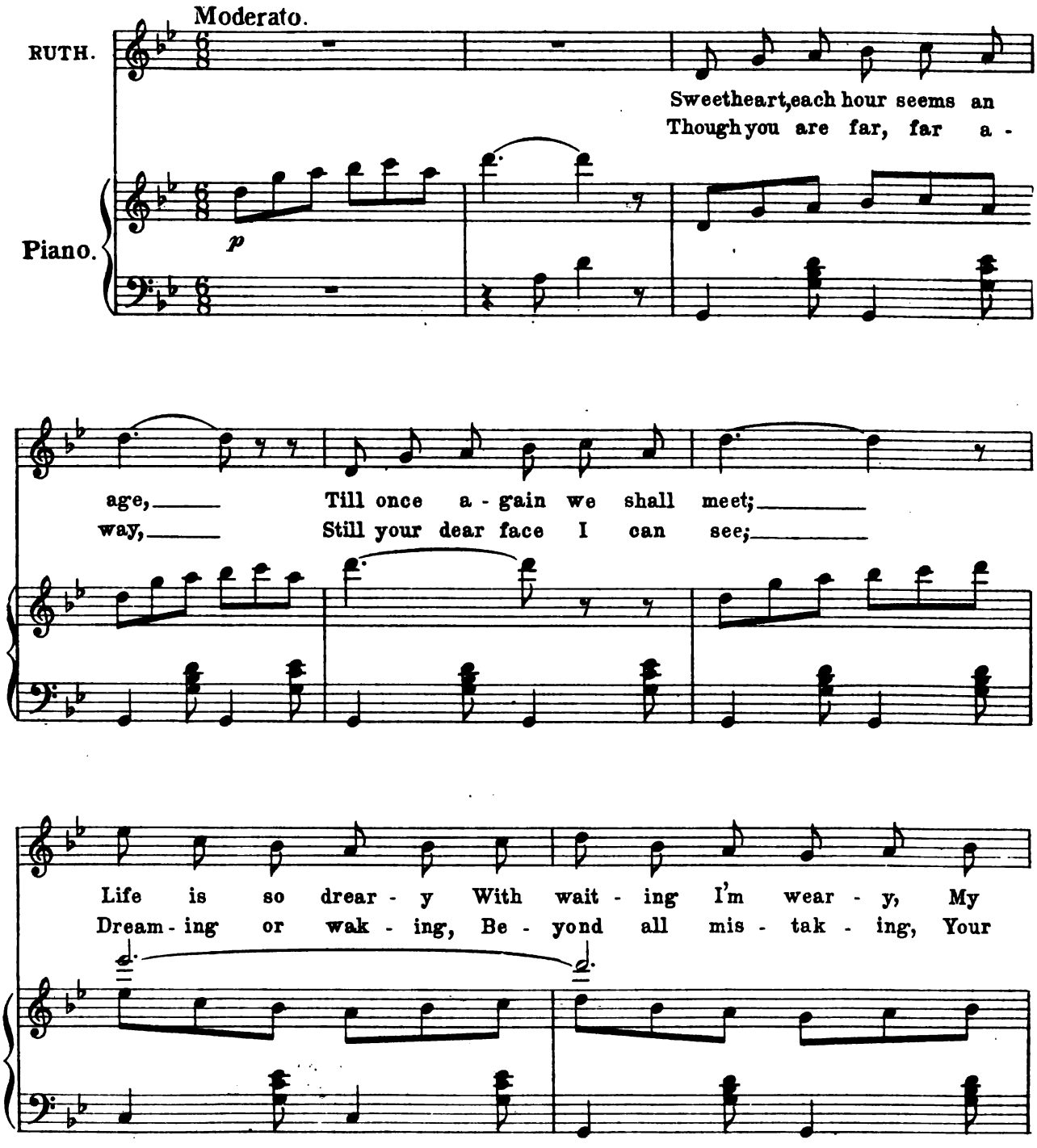
Not For A Day.

3556

Ruth.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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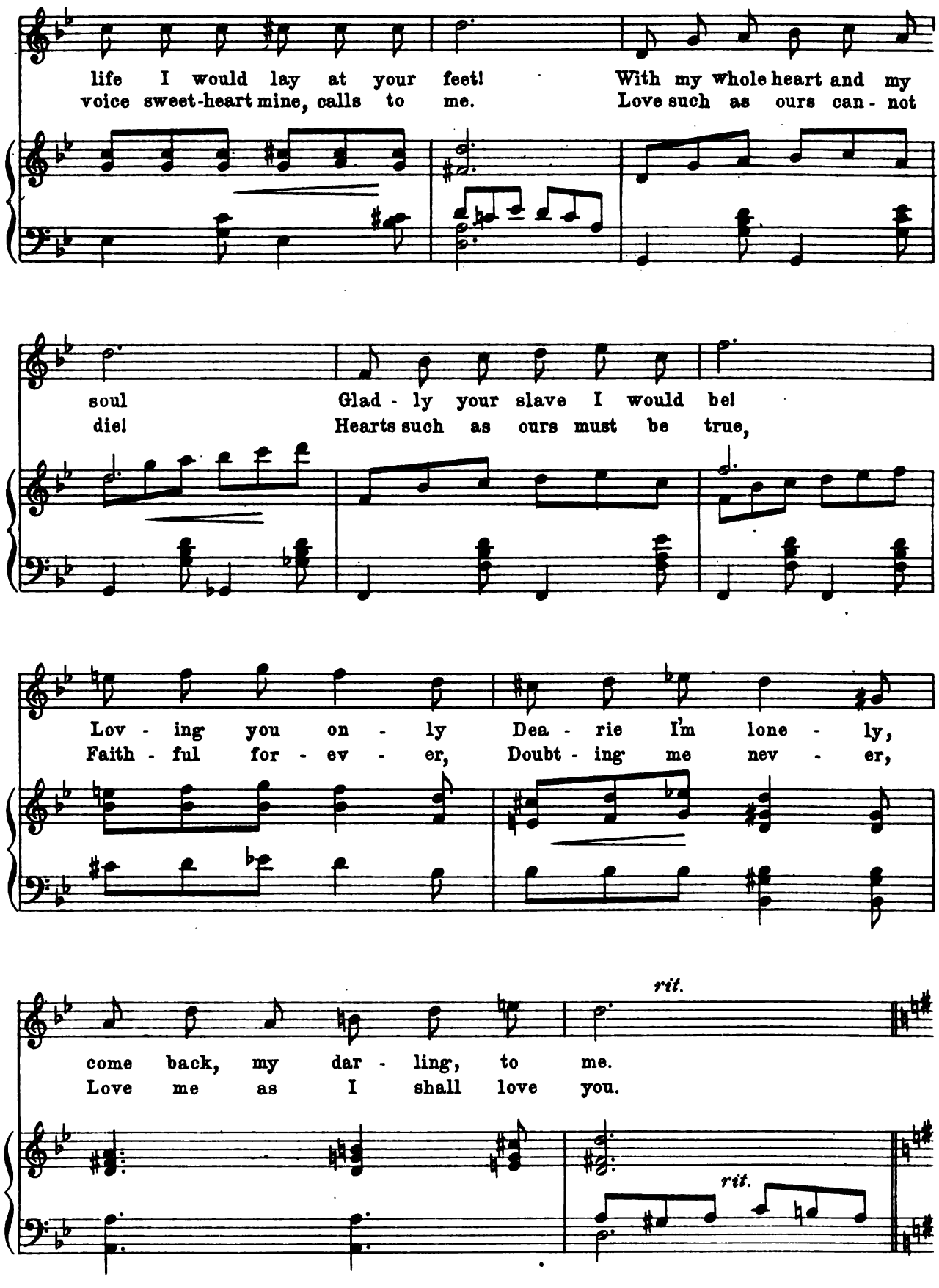
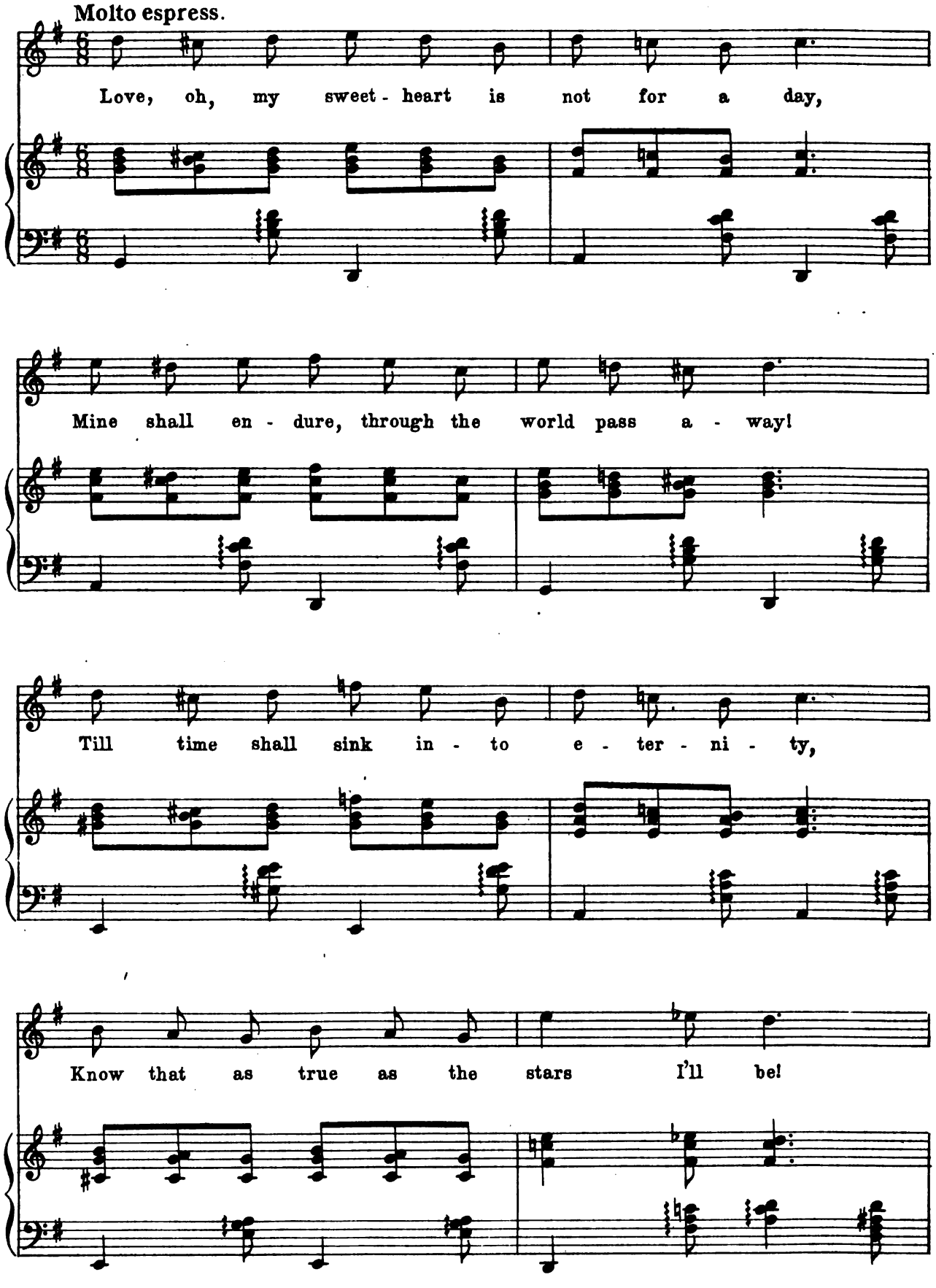
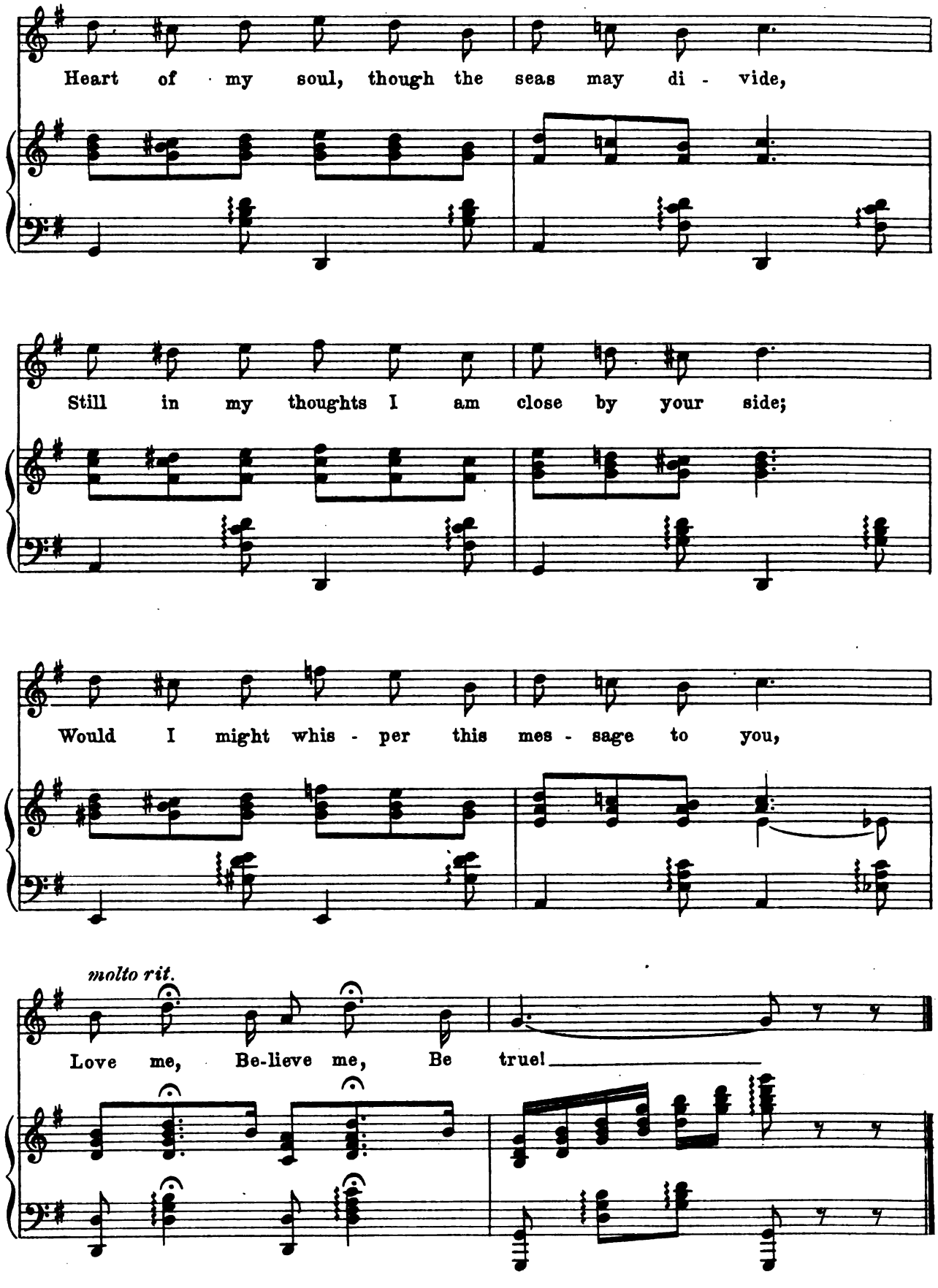

life I would lay at your feet! With my whole heart and my
voice sweet-heart mine, calls to me. Love such as ours can - not
soul Glad - ly your slave I would be!
die! Hearts such as ours must be true,
Lov - ing you on - ly Dea - rie I'm lone - ly,
Faith - ful for - ev - er, Doubt - ing me nev - er,
rit.
come back, my dar - ling, to me.
Love me as I shall love you.
rit.


Molto espress.
Love, oh, my sweet - heart is not for a day,
Mine shall en - dure, through the world pass a - way!
Till time shall sink in - to e - ter - ni - ty,
Know that as true as the stars I'll be!

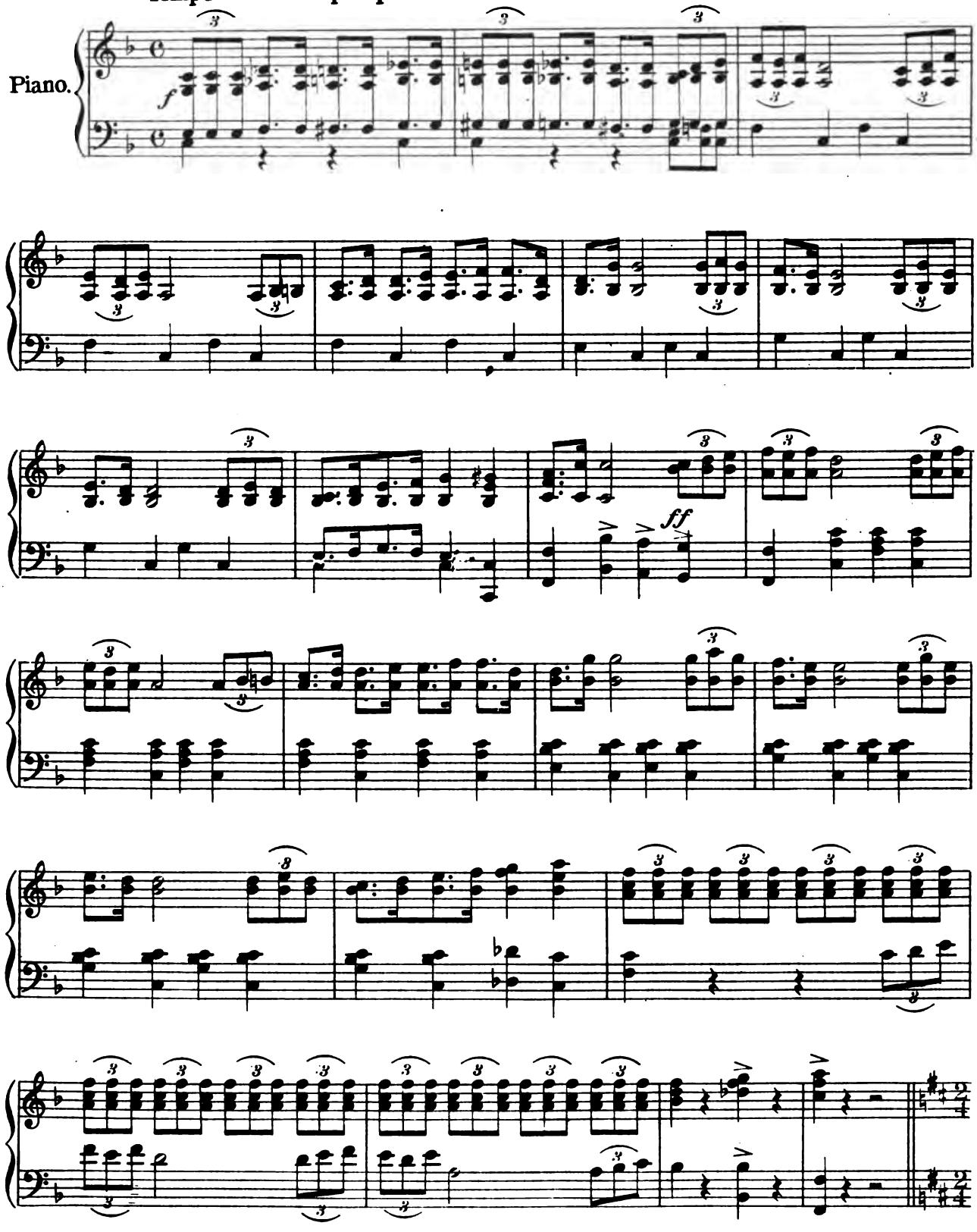

Heart of my soul, though the seas may di - vide,
Still in my thoughts I am close by your side;
Would I might whis - per this mes - sage to you,
molto rit.
Love me, Be-lieve me, Be true!

Entrance to Drill.

GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di marcia pomposo.

Piano.



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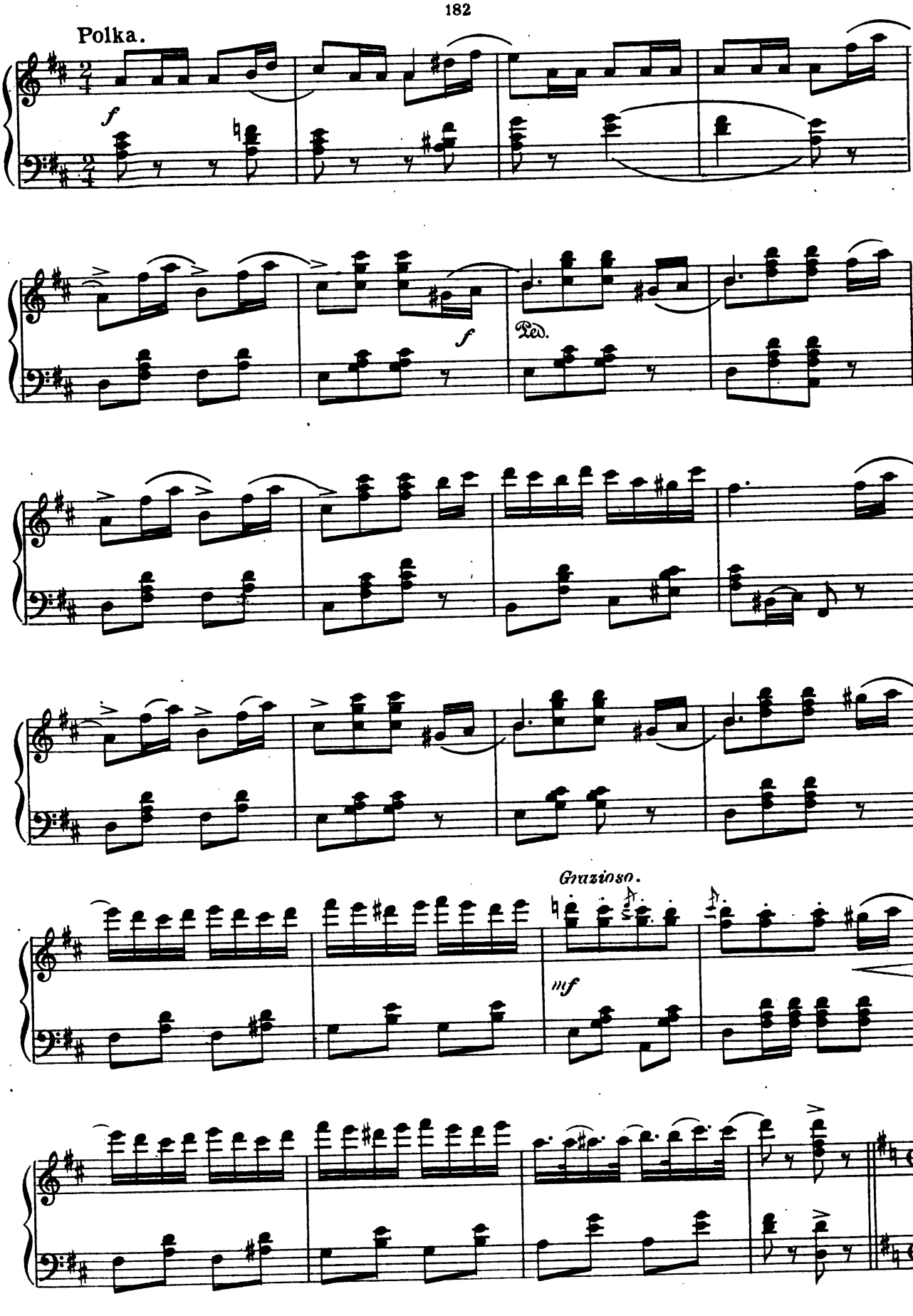
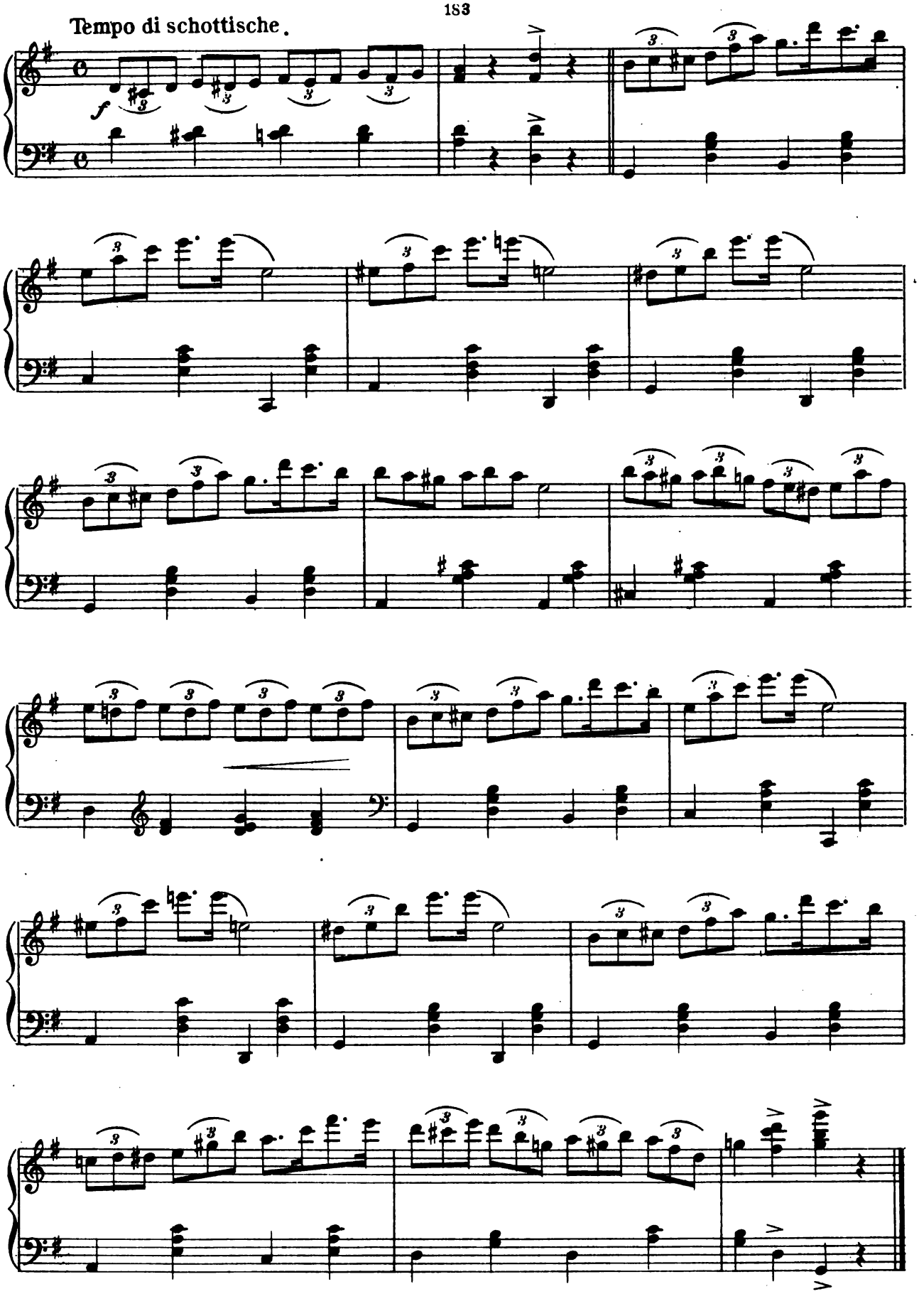
Polka.



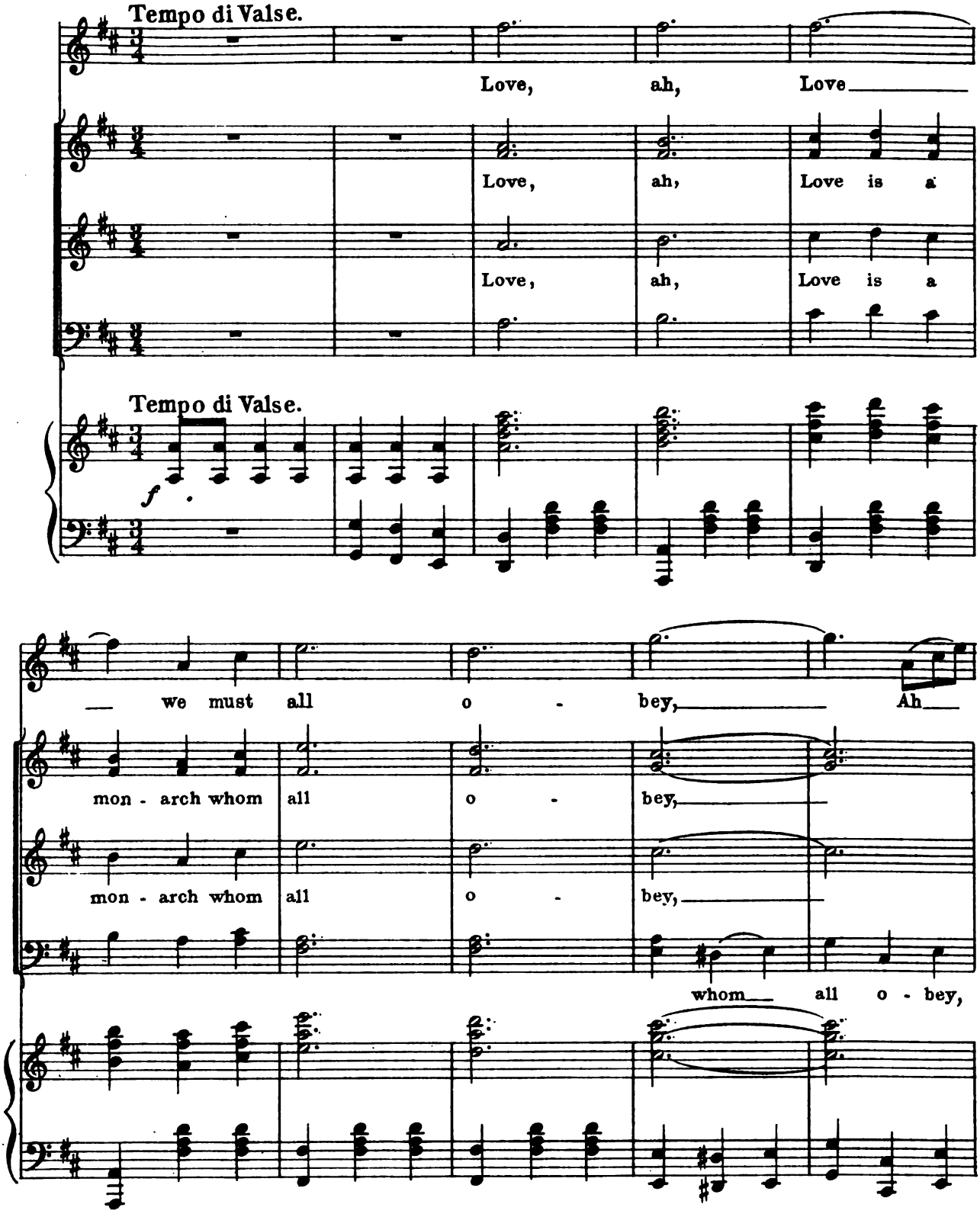
Tempo di schottische.



Finale III.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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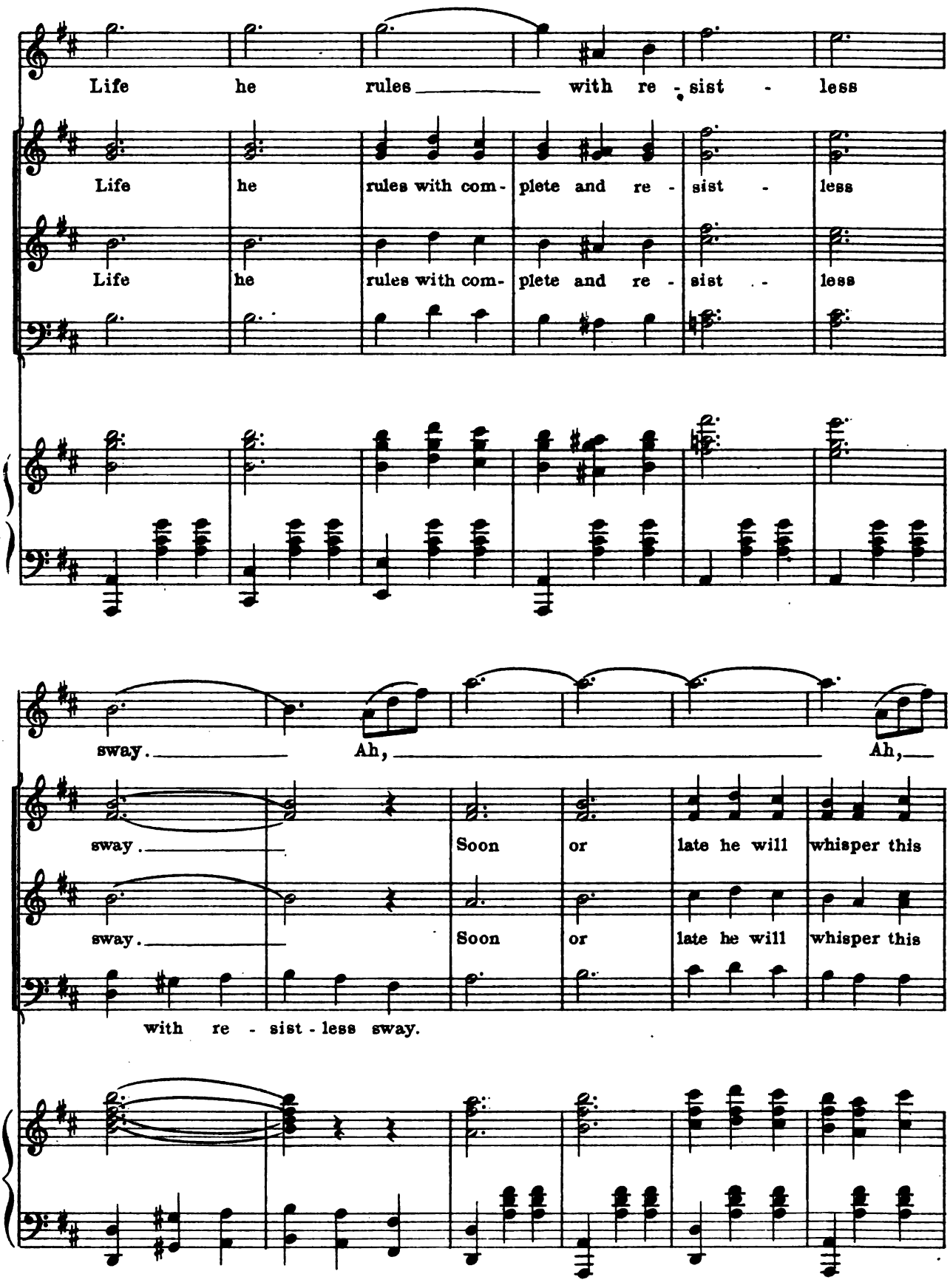
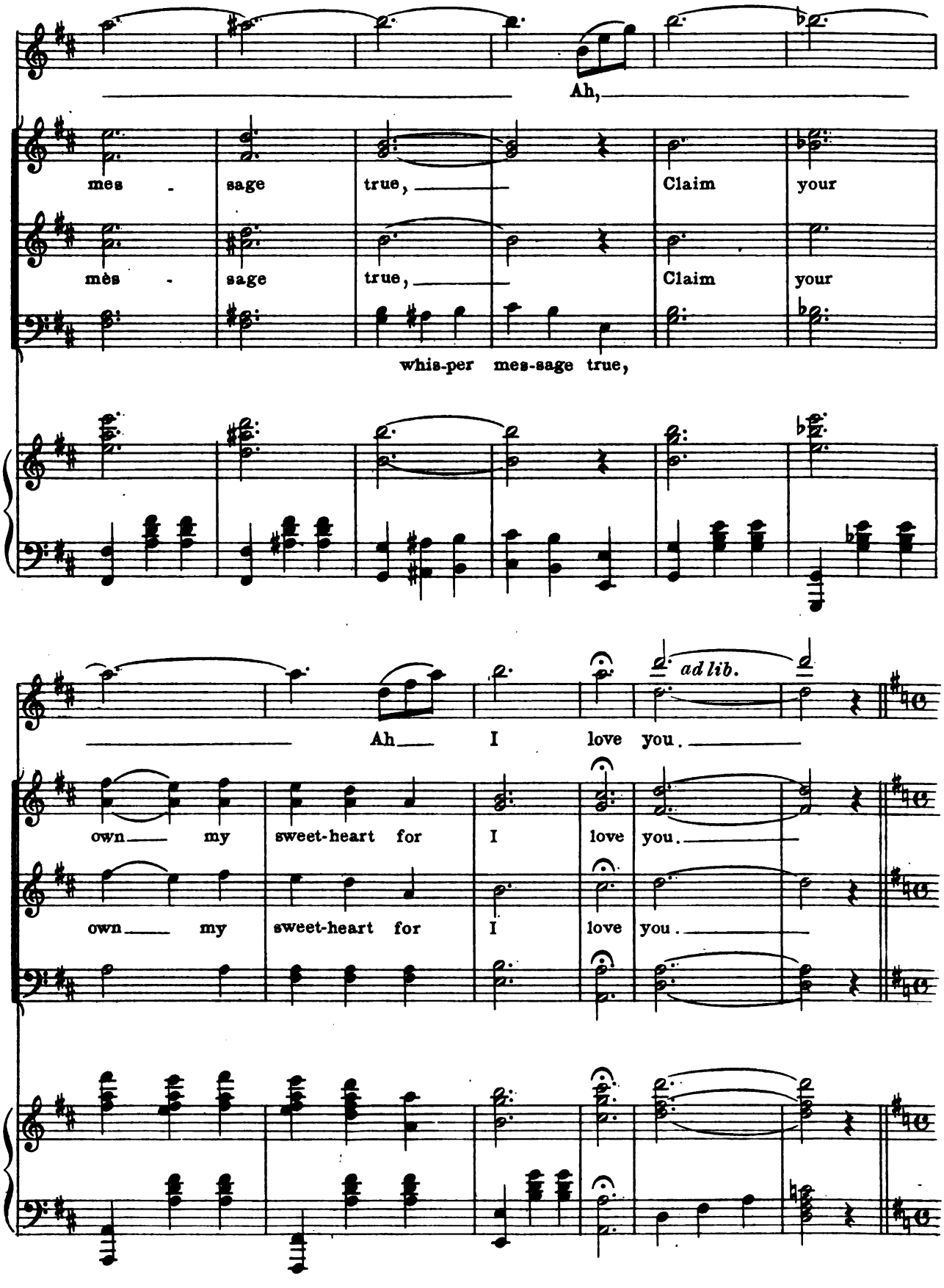
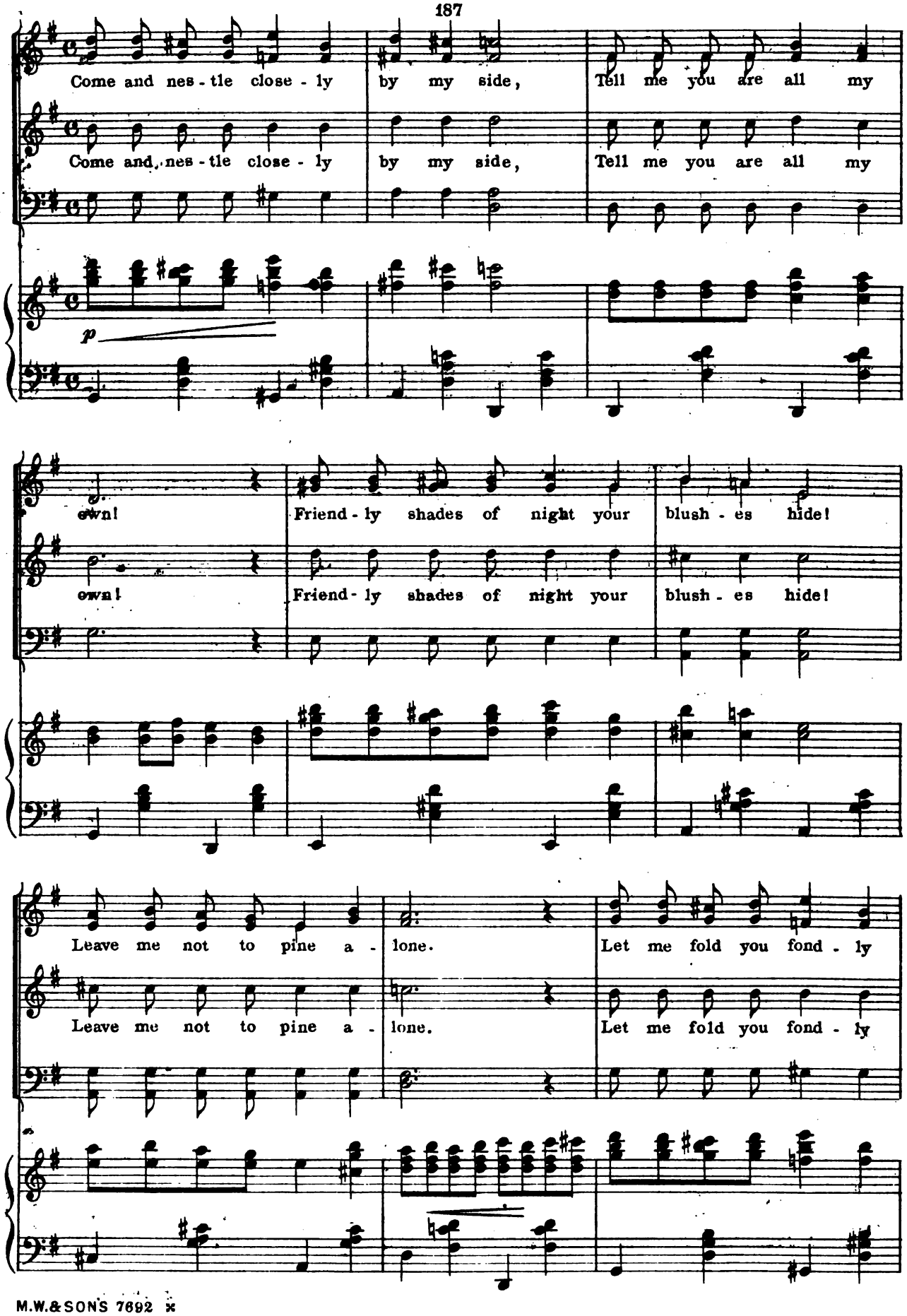
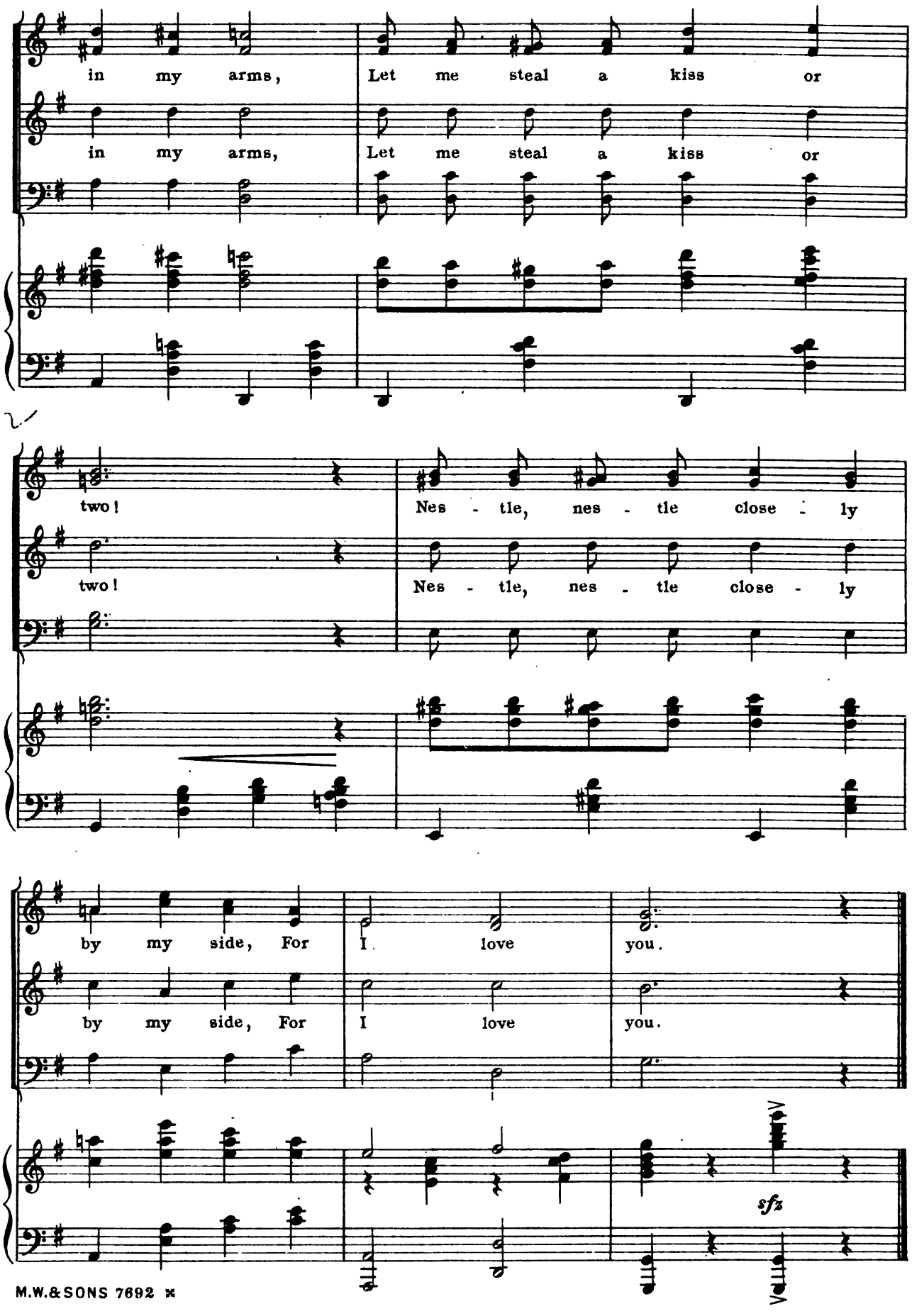

Life he rules with re - sist - less
Life he rules with com- plete and re - sist - less
Life he rules with com- plete and re - sist - less
sway. Ah, Ah,
sway. Soon or late he will whisper this
sway. Soon or late he will whisper this
with re - sist - less sway.


Ah,
mes - sage true, Claim your
mès - sage true, Claim your
whis-per mes-sage true,
ad lib.
Ah I love you.
own my sweet-heart for I love you.
own my sweet-heart for I love you.


Come and nes - tle close - ly by my side, Tell me you are all my
Come and nes - tle close - ly by my side, Tell me you are all my
p
own! Friend - ly shades of night your blush - es hide!
own! Friend - ly shades of night your blush - es hide!
Leave me not to pine a - lone. Let me fold you fond - ly
Leave me not to pine a - lone. Let me fold you fond - ly


in my arms, Let me steal a kiss or
in my arms, Let me steal a kiss or
two! Nes - tle, nes - tle close - ly
two! Nes - tle, nes - tle close - ly
by my side, For I love you.
by my side, For I love you.
sfz

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